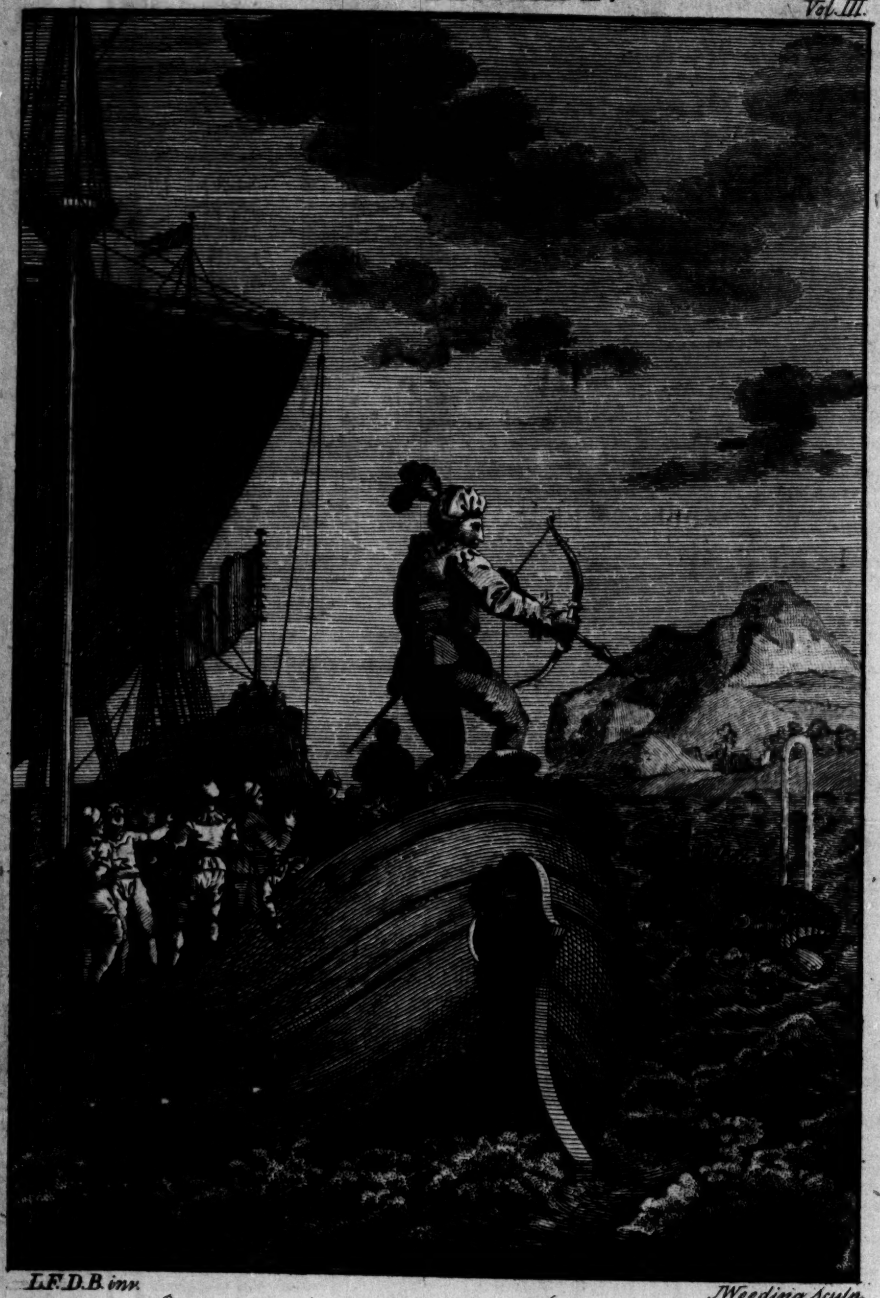
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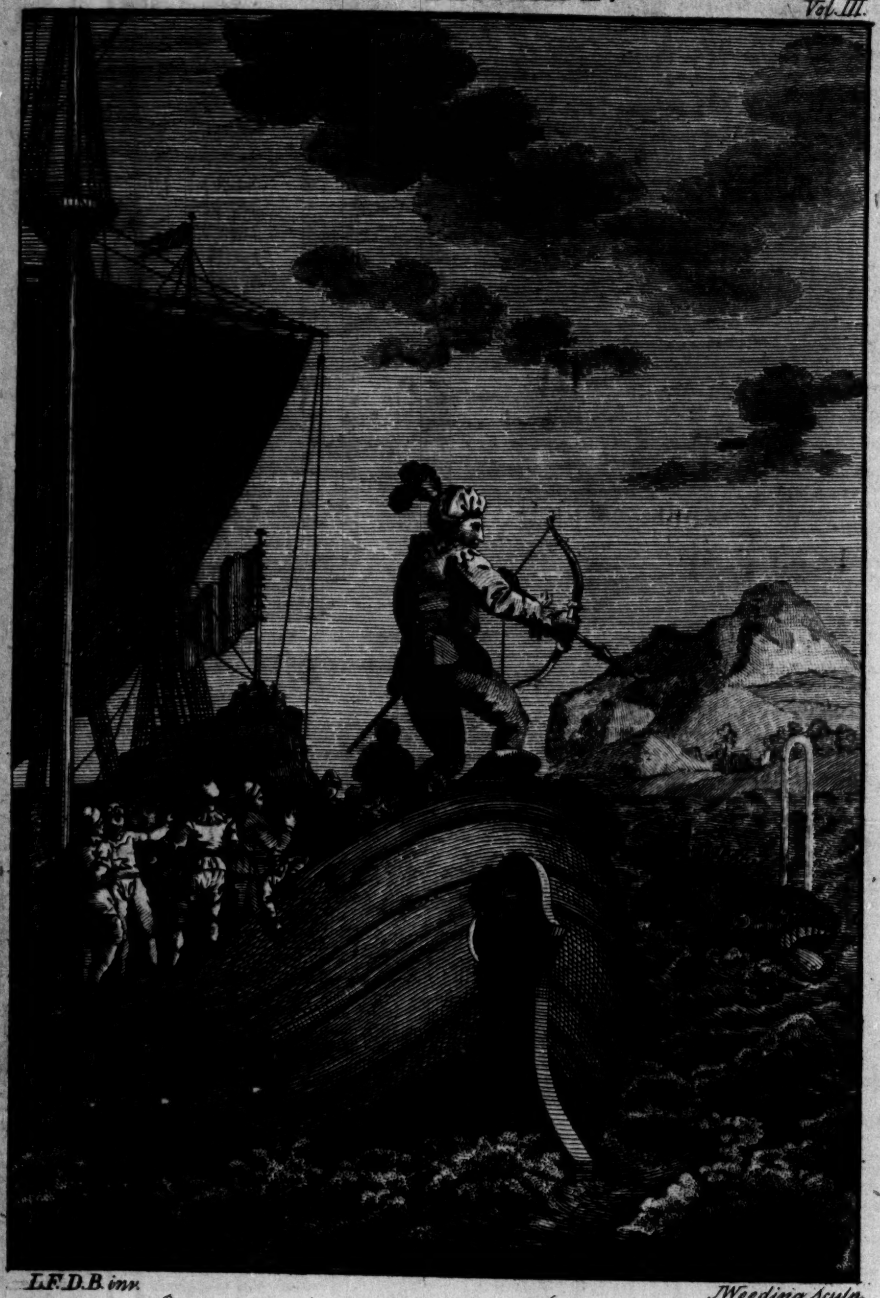


L.F.D.B. inv. J. Wooding. Sculp.

Pantagruel kills the Sea Monster Physeterra.

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THE WORKS OF FRANCIS RABELAIS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

AND ILLUSTRATED WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY

M. LE DU CHAT, AND OTHERS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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THE THIRD BOOK OF *RABELAIS's* WORKS. CONTINUED.

CHAP. XXVIII.

How Frier John *comforteth* Panurge *in the doubtful Matter of Cuckoldry.*

I UNDERSTAND thee well enough, ſaid Frier *John*; but *Time makes all Things plain.* The moſt durable Marble or Porphyry is ſubject to old Age and Decay. Though, for the preſent, thou poſſibly be not weary of the Exerciſe, yet is it like I ſhall hear thee confeſs, a few Years hence, that thy Cods hang dangling downwards for Want of a better Truſs. I ſee thee waxing a little hoar-headed already: thy Beard, by the Diſtinction of grey, white, tawny, and black, hath, to my Thinking, the Reſemblance

of a Map of the Terreſtrial Globe, or Geographical Chart. Look attentively upon, and take Inſpection of, what I ſhall ſhew unto thee. Behold there *Aſia*; here are *Tigris* and *Euphrates*: Lo there *Afric*; here is the Mountain of the *Moon*: Yonder thou mayſt perceive the fenny Marſhes of *Nilus*; on this Side lieth *Europe*. Doſt thou not ſee the Abbey of *Thelema*? This little Tuft, which is altogether white, is the *Hyperborean Hills*. By the Thirſt of my Throple, Friend, when Snow is on the Mountains, (I mean the Head and the Chin,) there is not then any conſiderable Heat to be expected in the Valleys and Low-Countries of the Codpiece. By the Kibes of thy Heels, quoth *Panurge*, thou doſt not underſtand the Topics (1). When the Snow is on the Tops of the Hills, Lightning, Thunder, Tempeſt, Whirlwinds, Storms, Hurricanes, and all the Devils of Hell, rage in the Valleys. Wouldſt thou ſee the Experience thereof, go to the Territory of the *Swiſſers*, and earneſtly perpend with thyſelf there the Situation of the Lake of *Wunderberlich* (2), about four Leagues diſtant from *Berne*, on the *Sion* Side of the Land. Thou twitteſt me with my grey Hairs, yet conſidereſt not how I am of the Nature of Leeks, which, with a white Head, carry a green, freſh, ſtrait, and vigorous, Tail.

The Truth is, nevertheleſs, (why ſhould I deny it?) that I now and then diſcern in myſelf ſome indicative Signs of old Age. Tell this, I prithee, to Nobody, but let it be kept very cloſe and ſecret betwixt us two; for I find the Wine much ſweeter now, more ſavoury to my Taſte, and unto my Palate of a better Reliſh, than formerly I was wont to do; and withal, beſides mine accuſtomed Manner, I have a more dreadful Apprehenſion, than I ever heretofore have had, of lighting on bad

(1) *Topics,*] Places, or Books, of logical Invention.

(2) *Lake of* Wunderberlich.] If, as 'tis more than probable, this is *Pilate*'s Lake, of which *Vadianus* on *Pomponius Mela* has written ſome Things very like what's ſaid here, it muſt be in Reference to the wonderful Things related of this Lake that the *Swiſſers* have given it the Surname of *Wunderberlich*, or *Admirable*. *Rabelais* was deceived in taking this *German* Adjective for the Name of the Lake itſelf.

Wine,

Wine. Note and obſerve, that this doth argue and portend I know not what of the *Weſt* and *Occident* of my Time, and ſignifieth that the *South* and *Meridian* of mine Age is paſt. But what then, my gentle Companion? That doth but betoken that I ſhall hereafter drink ſo much the more. That is not, the Devil hale it, the Thing that I fear; nor is it there where my Shoe pinches. The Thing that I doubt moſt, and have greateſt Reaſon to dread and ſuſpect, is, that, through ſome long Abſence of our King *Pantagruel*, (to whom I muſt needs bear Company, ſhould he go to all the Devils of *Barathrum*,) my future Wife will make me a Cuckold. This is, in Truth, the long and the ſhort of it; for I am, by all thoſe whom I have ſpoke to, menaced and threatened with a horned Fortune; and all of them affirm it is the Lot to which from Heaven I am predeſtinated. Every one, anſwered Frier *John*, that would be a Cuckold, is not one. If it be thy Fate to be hereafter of the Number of that *horned* Cattle, then may I conclude with an *ergo*, thy Wife will be beautiful, and *ergo* thou wilt be kindly uſed by her: Likewiſe with this *ergo* thou ſhalt be bleſſed with the Fruition of many Friends and Well-willers; and finally with this other *ergo* thou ſhalt be ſaved and have a Place in *Paradiſe*. Theſe are monachal Topics (3) and Maxims of the Cloiſter: thou mayſt take more Liberty to ſin: thou ſhalt be more at eaſe than ever: there will be never the leſs left for thee, Nothing diminiſhed, but thy Goods ſhall increaſe notably; and, if ſo be it was pre-ordinated for thee, wouldſt thou be ſo impious as not to acquieſce in thy Deſtiny? Speak, thou jaded Cod,

Faded c.	Foundred c.	Stupid c.
Mouldy c.	Diſtempered c.	Seedleſs c.
Muſty c.	Bewrayed c.	Soaked c.
Paultry c.	Inveigled c.	Louting c.
Senſeleſs c.	Dangling c.	Diſcouraged c.

(3) *Monachal Topics*, &c.] We have before ſeen *Panurge* uſing the *Topics*, or logical Inventions, to Frier *John*; and here we have Frier *John*, in his Turn, doing the like to him, in diſplaying the claustral Maxims, which are ſuch as ſhew how little the State of married People is regarded by Men of his Character.

Surfeited c.
Peeviſh c.
Tranſlated c.
Forlorn c.
Unſavoury c.
Worm-eaten c.
Over-toiled c.
Miſerable c.
Steeped c.
Kneaded with cold Water c.
Appealant c.
Swagging c.
Withered c.
Broken-reined c.
Defective c.
Creſt-fallen c.
Felled c.
Fleeted c.
Cloyed c.
Squeezed c.
Reſtive c.
Pounded c.
Looſe c.
Coldiſh c.
Pickled c.
Churned c.
Filiped c.
Singlefied c.
Begrimed c.
Wrinkled c.
Fainted c.
Extenuated c.
Grim c.
Waſted c.
Inflamed c.
Unhinged c.
Scurvy c.
Straddling c.
Putrified c.
Maimed c.
Over-lechered c.

Druggely c.
Mitified c.
Goat-ridden c.
Weakened c.
Aſs-ridden c.
Puff-paſted c.
St. Antonified c.
Untriped c.
Blaſted c.
Cut-off c.
Beveraged c.
Scarified c.
Daſh'd c.
Slaſh'd c.
Infeebled c.
Whore-hunting c.
Deteriorated c.
Chill c.
Scrupulous c.
Crazed c.
Taſteleſs c.
Hacked c.
Flaggy c.
Scrubby c.
Drained c.
Haled c.
Lolling c.
Drenched c.
Burſt c.
Stirred up c.
Mitred c.
Pedlingly furniſhed c.
Ruſty c.
Exhauſted c.
Perplexed c.
Unhelved c.
Fizzled c.
Leprous c.
Bruiſed c.
Spadonic c.

Boughty c.
Mealy c.
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Antedated c.
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Fruitleſs c.
Riven c.
Purſy c.
Fuſty c.
Jadiſh c.
Fiſtulous c.
Languiſhing c.
Maleficiated c.
Hectic c.
Worn-out c.
Ill-favoured c.
Duncified c.
Macerated c.
Paralytic c.
Degraded c.
Benummed c.
Bat-like c.
Fart-ſhotten c.
Sun-burnt c.
Pacified c.
Blunted c.
Rankling-taſted c.

Rooted-

Rooted-out c.
Coſtive c.
Hailed-on c.
Cuffed c.
Buffeted c.
Whirreted c.
Robbed c.
Neglected c.
Lame c.
Confuſed c.
Unſavoury c.
Overthrown c.
Boulted c.
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Spent c.
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Undone c.
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Jagged c.
Pining c.
Deformed c.
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Tired c.
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Poor c.
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Shrunken c.
Abhorred c.
Troubled c.
Scornful c.
Diſhoneſt c.
Reproved c.
Cocketed c.
Filthy c.
Shred c.
Chawned c.
Short-winded c.
Branchleſs c.
Chapped c.
Failing c.
Deficient c.
Lean c.
Conſumed c.
Uſed c.
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Allayed c.
Spoiled c.
Clagged c.
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Sunk-in c.
Ghaſtly c.
Unpointed c.
Bebliſtered c.
Wizened c.
Beggar-plated c.
Douf c.
Clarty c.

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Side c.
Choked-up c.
Backward c.
Prolix c.
Spotted c.
Crumpled c.
Frumpled c.
State c.
Corrupted c.
Beflowered c.
Amated c.
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Miſuſed c.
Adamitical c.

Balockatſo to the *Devil*, my dear Friend *Panurge*, ſeeing it is ſo decreed by the Gods, wouldſt thou invert the Courſe of the Planets, and make them retrograde? Wouldſt thou diſorder all the celeſtial Spheres, blame the Intelligences, blunt the Spindles, join the Wherves, ſlander the Spinning-quills, reproach the Bobbins, revile the Clew-bottoms, and finally ravel and untwiſt all the Threads of both the Warp and the Waſt of the weird Siſter-*Parcæ*? What, a Pox to thy Bones, doſt thou mean, ſtony Cod? Thou wouldſt, if thou couldſt, a great Deal worſe than the Giants of old intended to have done. Come hither, *Billicullion*; whether wouldſt thou be jealous without Cauſe, or be a Cuckold and know Nothing of it? Neither the one nor the other, quoth *Panurge*, would I chooſe to be: but, if I get an Inkling of the Matter, I will provide well enough, or there ſhall not be one Stick of Wood, within five hundred Leagues about me, whereof to make a Cudgel. In good Faith, Frier *John*, I ſpeak now ſeriouſly unto thee; I think it will be my beſt not to marry: hearken to what the Bells do tell me, now that we are nearer to them: *Do not marry; marry not, not, not, not, not; marry, marry, not, not, not, not, not: if thou marry, thou wilt miſcarry, carry, carry, thou'lt repent it, reſent it, ſent it: if thou marry, thou a Cuckold, a Cou-cou--Cuckoe, Cou-cou, Cuckold thou ſhalt be.* By the worthy Wrath of God,

I begin to be angry; this *Campanilian* Oracle fretteth me to the Guts; a *March Hare* was never in ſuch a Chafe as I am. O how I am vexed! You Monks and Friers of the Cowl-pated and Hood-poll'd Fraternity, have you no Remedy nor Salve againſt this Malady of grafting Horns in Heads? Hath Nature ſo abandoned human Kind, and of her Help left us ſo deſtitute, that married Men cannot know how to ſail through the Seas of this mortal Life, and be ſafe from the Whirlpools, Quickſands, Rocks, and Banks, that lie along the Coaſt of *Cornwall*.

I will, ſaid Frier *John*, ſhew thee a Way, and teach thee an Expedient, by Means whereof thy Wife ſhall never make thee a Cuckold without thy Knowledge and thine own Conſent. Do me the Favour, I pray thee, quoth *Panurge*, my pretty ſoft downy Cod; now tell it, *Billy*, I beſeech thee. Take, quoth Frier *John*, *Hans* (4) *Carvel*'s Ring upon thy Finger, who was the King of *Melinda*'s chief Jeweller: Beſides that this *Hans Carvel* had the Reputation of being very ſkilful and expert in the Lapidary's Profeſſion, he was a ſtudious, learned, and ingenious, Man, a ſcientific Perſon, full of Knowledge, a great Philoſopher, of a ſound Judgement, of a prime Wit, good Senſe, clear-ſpirited, an honeſt Creature, courteous, charitable, Giver of Alms, and of a jovial Humour, a boon Companion, and a merry Blade, if ever there was any in the World: He was ſomewhat gorbellied, had a little Shake in his Head, and in Effect unweildy of his Body: In his old Age he took to Wife the Bailiff of *Concordat*'s Daughter, a young, fair, jolly, gallant, ſpruce, friſky, briſk, neat, feat, ſmirk, ſmug, compt, quaint, gay, fine, trixy, trim, decent, proper, graceful, handſome, beautiful, comely, and kind, a little too much, to her Neighbours, and Acquaintance.

Hereupon it fell out, after the Expiring of a Scantling of Weeks, that Maſter *Carvel* became as jealous as a Tiger, and entered into a very profound Suſpicion that his new-married Gixy did keep a Buttock-ſtirring with

(4) Hans Carvel's *Ring*.] This Tale has *Poggius* for it's Author, in his *Facetiæ*; but, before *Rabelais*, *Arioſto* had brought it into his Fifth Satyr.

others:

others: To prevent which Inconvenience, he did tell her many tragical Stories of the total Ruin of ſeveral Kingdoms by Adultery; did read unto her the Legend of chaſte Wives; then made ſome Lectures to her in the Praiſe of the choice Virtue of Pudicity, and did preſent her with a Book in Commendation of conjugal Fidelity, wherein the Wickedneſs of all licentious Women was odiouſly deteſted; and withal he gave her a Chain enriched with pure oriental Sapphires. Notwithſtanding all this, he found her always more and more inclined to the Reception of her Neighbour Copes-mates, that Day by Day his Jealouſy increaſed; in Sequel whereof, one Night, as he was lying by her, whilſt in his Sleep, the rambling Fancies of the lecherous Deportments of his Wife did take up the Cellules of his Brain: He dreamt that he encountered with the Devil, to whom he had diſcovered to the full the Buzzing of his Head, and Suſpicion that his Wife did tread her Shoe awry: The Devil, he thought, in this Perplexity, did, for his Comfort, give him a Ring, and therewithal did kindly put it on his Middle-finger, ſaying, *Hans Carvel*, I give thee this Ring: Whilſt thou carrieſt it upon that Finger, thy Wife ſhall never carnally be known by any other than thyſelf, without thy ſpecial Knowledge and Conſent. Grammercy, quoth *Hans Carvel*, my Lord Devil, I renounce *Mahomet* if ever it ſhall come off my Finger. The Devil vaniſhed, as is his Cuſtom, and then *Hans Carvel*, full of Joy, awaking, found that his Middle-finger was as far as it could reach within the *What-do-you-call-it* of his Wife. I did forget to tell thee, how his Wife, as ſoon as ſhe had felt the Finger there, ſaid, in recoiling her Buttocks, Off, yes, nay, tut, piſh, tuſh, aye, Lord, that is not the Thing which ſhould be put up in that Place. With this, *Hans Carvel* thought that ſome pilfering Fellow was about to take the Ring from him.

Is not this an infallible and ſovereign Preſervation? Therefore, if thou wilt believe me, in Imitation of this Example, never fail to have continually the Ring of thy Wife's Commodity upon thy Finger. When that was ſaid, their Diſcourſe and their Way ended.

CHAP. XXIX.

How Pantagruel *convocated together a* Theologian, Phyſician, Lawyer, *and* Philoſopher, *for extricating* Panurge *out of the Perplexity wherein he was.*

NO ſooner were they come into the royal Palace than they, to the full, made Report unto *Pantagruel* of the Succeſs of their Expedition, and ſhew'd him the Reſponſe of *Rominagrobis*. When *Pantagruel* had read it over and over again, the oftener he peruſed it, being the better pleaſed therewith, he ſaid, in addreſſing his Speech to *Panurge*, I have not as yet ſeen any Anſwer framed to your Demand which affordeth me more Contentment; for, in this his ſuccinct Copy of Verſes, he ſummarily and briefly, yet fully enough, expreſſeth how he would have us to underſtand, that every one, in the Project and Enterpriſe of Marriage, ought to be his own Carver, ſole Arbitrator of his proper Thoughts, and from himſelf alone take Counſel in the main and peremptory Cloſure of what his Determination ſhould be, in either his Aſſent to, or Diſſent from, it. Such always hath been my Opinion to you; and, when at firſt you ſpoke thereof to me, I truly told you this ſame very Thing: But tacitly you ſcorned my Advice, and would not harbour it within your Mind. I know for certain, and therefore may I with the greater Confidence utter my Conception of it, that *Philauty*, or Self-love, is that which blinds your Judgement and deceiveth you.

Let us do otherwiſe, and that is this: Whatever we are, or have, conſiſteth in three Things; the Soul, the Body, and the Goods: now, for the Preſervation of theſe three, there are three Sorts of learned Men ordained, each reſpectively to have Care of that one which is recommended to his Charge. *Theologues* are appointed for the Soul, *Phyſicians* for the Welfare of the Body, and *Lawyers* for the Safety of our Goods: Hence it is that it is my Reſolution to have, on *Sunday* next, with me at Dinner, a *Divine*, a *Phyſician*, and

and a *Lawyer*; that, with thoſe three aſſembled thus together, we may, in every Point and Particle, confer at large of your Perplexity. By (1) St. *Picot*, anſwered *Panurge*, we never ſhall do any Good that Way: I ſee it already, and you ſee yourſelf, how the World is vilely abuſed, as when with a Fox-tail one claps another's Breech to cajole him. We give our Souls, to keep, to the *Theologues*, who for the greater Part are *Heretics*: Our Bodies we commit to the *Phyſicians*, who never themſelves take any *Phyſic*: And then we intruſt our Goods to *Lawyers*, who never go to *Law* againſt one another. (2) You ſpeak like a Courtier, quoth *Pantagruel*: But the firſt Point of your Aſſertion is to be denied; for we daily ſee how good *Theologues* make it their chief Buſineſs, their whole and ſole Employment, by their Deeds, and their Words and Writings, to extirpate Errors and Hereſies out of the Hearts of Men, and in their Stead profoundly plant the true and lively Faith. The ſecond Point you ſpoke of I commend; for, whereas the Profeſſors of the Art of *Medicine* give ſo good Order to the *prophylactic* or *conſervative* Part of their Faculty in what concerneth their proper Healths, they ſtand in no Need of making Uſe of the other Branch, which is the *curative*, or *therapeutic*, by Medicaments. As for the third, I grant it to be true; for learned *Advocates* and *Counſellors* at *Law* are ſo much taken up with the Affairs of others in their Conſultations, Pleadings, and ſuch like Patrocinations of thoſe who are their Clients, that they have no Leiſure to attend any Controverſies of their own. Therefore, on the next enſuing *Sunday*, let the Divine be our godly Father *Hippothadeus*, the Phyſician our honeſt Maſter *Rondibilis*, and the Legiſt our good Friend *Bridlegooſe*: Nor will it be (to my Thinking) amiſs, that we enter into the *Pythagoric Tetrade*, and chooſe, for an Aſſiſtant to the three afore-named Doctors, our ancient faithful Acquaintance the Philoſopher *Trouillogan*;

(1) *St.* Picot.] See this explained elſewhere.

(2) *You ſpeak like a Courtier.*] Courtiers deſpiſe Men of Letters, becauſe themſelves are illiterate.

eſpecially ſeeing a perfect Philoſopher, ſuch as is (3) *Trouillogan*, is able poſitively to reſolve all whatſoever Doubts you can propoſe. *Carpalim*, have you a Care to have them here all four, on *Sunday* next, at Dinner, without Fail.

I believe, quoth *Epiſtemon*, that, throughout the whole Country, in all the Corners thereof, you could not have pitched upon ſuch other four: Which I ſpeak not ſo much in Regard of the moſt excellent Qualifications and Accompliſhments wherewith all of them are endowed for the reſpective Diſcharge and Management of each his own Vocation and Calling (wherein, without all Doubt or Controverſy, they are the Paragons of the Land, and ſurpaſs all others): Beſides that *Rondibilis* is married now, who before was not: *Hippothadeus* was not before, nor is yet: *Bridlegooſe* was married once, but is not now; and *Trouillogan* is married now, who wedded was to another Wife before. Sir, if it may ſtand with your good Liking, I will eaſe *Carpalim* of ſome Parcel of his Labour, and invite *Bridlegooſe* myſelf, with whom I of a long Time have had a very intimate Familiarity, and unto whom I am to ſpeak on the Behalf of a pretty hopeful Youth, who now ſtudieth at *Toulouſe*, under the moſt learned, virtuous, Dr. *Boiſſonnet*. Do what you deem moſt expedient, quoth *Pantagruel*, and tell me if my Recommendation can in any Thing be ſerviceable for the promoting of the Good of that Youth, or otherwiſe tend to the bettering of the Dignity and Office of the worthy *Boiſſonnet*, whom I do ſo love and reſpect, for one of the ableſt and moſt ſufficient in his Way that any where are extant. Sir, I will uſe therein my beſt Endeavours, and heartily beſtir myſelf about it.

(3) *Trouillogan.*] A Man who, for Want of Thought, is continually twiſting and twirling his Gloves *(gants)*. *Trouiller*, from *torculare*, is *to twiſt*. *Treuil*, from *torculum*, is *a Preſs*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

How the Theologue, Hippothadeus, *giveth Counſel to* Panurge *in the Matter and Buſineſs of his nuptial Enterprize.*

THE Dinner, on the ſubſequent *Sunday*, was no ſooner made ready, than the afore-named invited Gueſts gave thereto their Appearance, all of them, *Bridlegooſe* only excepted, who was the Deputy-Governor of the *Fonſbeton*. At the uſhering in of the ſecond Service, *Panurge*, making a low Reverence, ſpake thus: Gentlemen, the Queſtion I am to propound unto you ſhall be uttered in very few Words; *Should I marry or not?* If my Doubt herein be not reſolved by you, I ſhall hold it altogether inſolvable, as are the *Inſolubilia* (1) *de Aliaco*; for all of you are elected, choſen, and culled out, from amongſt others, every one in his own Condition and Quality, like ſo many picked Peas on a Carpet.

The Father *Hippothadeus*, in Obedience to the Bidding of *Pantagruel*, and with much Courteſy to the Company, anſwered exceeding modeſtly, after this Manner: My Friend, you are pleaſed to aſk Counſel of us; but firſt you muſt conſult with yourſelf. Do you find any Trouble or Diſquiet in your Body, by the importunate Stings and Pricklings of the Fleſh? That I do, quoth *Panurge*, in a hugely ſtrong and almoſt irreſiſtible Meaſure: Be not offended, I beſeech you, good Father, at the Freedom of my Expreſſion. No, truly, Friend, not I, quoth *Hippothadeus*; there is no Reaſon why I ſhould be diſpleaſed therewith: But, in this carnal Strife and Debate of yours, have you obtained from God the Gift and *ſpecial Grace* of Continency? In good Faith, not, quoth *Panurge*. My Counſel to you in that Caſe, my Friend, is, that you marry, quoth *Hippothadeus*; for you ſhould rather chooſe to marry once than to burn ſtill in Fires of Concupiſ-

(1) *Inſolubilia de Aliaco.*] *Peter d'Ailly*; one of whoſe *Inſolubilia* was: *An porcus, qui ad venalitium agitur, ab homine an a funiculo teneatur?*

cence.

cence. Then *Panurge*, with a jovial Heart and a loud Voice, cried out, That is ſpoke gallantly, without circumbilivaginating about and about, and never hitting it in its centered Point. Grammercy, my good Father: In Truth, I am reſolved now to marry, and without Fail I ſhall do it quickly. I invite you to my Wedding: By the Body of a Hen we ſhall make good Cheer and be as merry as Crickets: You ſhall wear the Bridegroom's Colours; and, if we eat a Gooſe, my (2) Wife ſhall not roaſt it for me. I ſhall intreat you to lead up the firſt Dance of the Bride's Maids, if it may pleaſe you to do me ſo much Favour and Honour. There reſteth yet a ſmall Difficulty, a little Scruple, yea, even leſs than Nothing, whereof I humbly crave your Reſolution: Shall I be a Cuckold, Father, yea or no? By no Means, anſwered *Hippothadeus*, will you be cuckolded, if it pleaſe God. O the Lord help us now, quoth *Panurge*; whither are we driven, good Folks? To the *Conditionals*, which, according to the Rules and Precepts of the dialectic Faculty, admit of all Contradictions and Impoſſibilities. *If my Tranſalpine Mule had Wings, my Tranſalpine Muſe would fly.* If it pleaſe God, I ſhall not be a Cuckold; but I ſhall be a Cuckold, if it pleaſe him. Good God! if this were a Condition which I knew how to prevent, my Hopes ſhould be as high as ever, nor would I deſpair: But you here ſend me to God's Privy-Council, to the Cloſet of his *little* Pleaſures. You, my *French* Countrymen, which is the Way you take to go thither?

My honeſt Father, I believe it will be your beſt not to come to my Wedding: The Clutter and dingle-dangle Noiſe of Marriage Gueſts will diſturb you and break the ſerious Fancies of your Brain. You love Repoſe, with Solitude and Silence: I really believe you won't come; And then you dance but indifferently, and would be

(2) *My Wife ſhall not roaſt it for me.*] In the Farce of *Patelin*, the Woollen-draper, whom *Patelin* promiſed to treat that very Evening with a Gooſe of his (*Patelin*'s) Wife's own Roaſting, was deceived by that Impoſtor, who had not wherewithal to buy a Gooſe. Here *Panurge*, to let *Hippothadeus* know that he would in good Earneſt regale him with a roaſted Gooſe, tells him, before-hand, that it ſhall not fare with his Gooſe as with *Patelin*'s.

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out of Countenance at the firſt Entry. I will ſend you ſome good Things to your Chamber, together with the *Bride's Favour*, and there you may drink our Health, if it may ſtand with your good Liking. My Friend, quoth *Hippothadeus*, take my Words in the Senſe wherein I meant them, and do not miſinterpret me. When I tell you, *if it pleaſe God*, do I to you any Wrong therein? is it an ill Expreſſion? is it a blaſpheming Clauſe or Reſerve, any Ways ſcandalous unto the World? Do not we thereby honour the Lord God Almighty, Creator, Protector, and Conſerver, of all Things? Is not that a Mean whereby we do acknowledge him to be the ſole Giver of all whatſoever is good? Do not we in that manifeſt our Faith, that we believe all Things to depend upon his infinite and incomprehenſible Bounty; and that without him Nothing can be produced, nor after its Production be of any Value, Force, or Power, without the concurring Aid and Favour of his aſſiſting Grace? Is it not a canonical and authentic Exception, worthy to be premiſed to all our Undertakings? Is it not expedient that what we propoſe unto ourſelves be ſtill referred to what ſhall be diſpoſed of by the ſacred Will of God, unto which all Things muſt acquieſce, in the Heavens as well as on the Earth? Is not that verily a Sanctifying of his holy Name? My Friend, you ſhall not be a Cuckold, if it pleaſe God; nor ſhall we need to deſpair of the Knowledge of his Good-will and Pleaſure herein, as if it were ſuch an abſtruſe and myſteriouſly-hidden Secret that for the clear Underſtanding thereof it were neceſſary to conſult with thoſe of his celeſtial Privy-Council, or expreſſly make a Voyage into the *empyrean* Chamber, where Order is given for the Effectuating of his moſt holy Pleaſures. The great God hath done us this Good, that he hath declared and revealed them to us openly and plainly, and deſcribed them in the Holy Bible. There will you find that you ſhall never be a Cuckold; that is to ſay, your Wife ſhall never be a Strumpet, if you make Choice of one of a commendable Extraction, deſcended of honeſt Parents, and inſtructed in all Piety and Virtue; ſuch a one as hath not at any Time haunted or frequented the Company or Converſation of thoſe that are of corrupted or depraved

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out of Countenance at the firſt Entry. I will ſend you ſome good Things to your Chamber, together with the *Bride's Favour*, and there you may drink our Health, if it may ſtand with your good Liking. My Friend, quoth *Hippothadeus*, take my Words in the Senſe wherein I meant them, and do not miſinterpret me. When I tell you, *if it pleaſe God*, do I to you any Wrong therein? is it an ill Expreſſion? is it a blaſpheming Clauſe or Reſerve, any Ways ſcandalous unto the World? Do not we thereby honour the Lord God Almighty, Creator, Protector, and Conſerver, of all Things? Is not that a Mean whereby we do acknowledge him to be the ſole Giver of all whatſoever is good? Do not we in that manifeſt our Faith, that we believe all Things to depend upon his infinite and incomprehenſible Bounty; and that without him Nothing can be produced, nor after its Production be of any Value, Force, or Power, without the concurring Aid and Favour of his aſſiſting Grace? Is it not a canonical and authentic Exception, worthy to be premiſed to all our Undertakings? Is it not expedient that what we propoſe unto ourſelves be ſtill referred to what ſhall be diſpoſed of by the ſacred Will of God, unto which all Things muſt acquieſce, in the Heavens as well as on the Earth? Is not that verily a Sanctifying of his holy Name? My Friend, you ſhall not be a Cuckold, if it pleaſe God; nor ſhall we need to deſpair of the Knowledge of his Good-will and Pleaſure herein, as if it were ſuch an abſtruſe and myſteriouſly-hidden Secret that for the clear Underſtanding thereof it were neceſſary to conſult with thoſe of his celeſtial Privy-Council, or expreſſly make a Voyage into the *empyrean* Chamber, where Order is given for the Effectuating of his moſt holy Pleaſures. The great God hath done us this Good, that he hath declared and revealed them to us openly and plainly, and deſcribed them in the Holy Bible. There will you find that you ſhall never be a Cuckold; that is to ſay, your Wife ſhall never be a Strumpet, if you make Choice of one of a commendable Extraction, deſcended of honeſt Parents, and inſtructed in all Piety and Virtue; ſuch a one as hath not at any Time haunted or frequented the Company or Converſation of thoſe that are of corrupted or depraved

praved Manners; one loving and fearing God, who taketh a ſingular Delight in drawing near to him by Faith and the cordial Obſerving of his ſacred Commandments; and, finally, one who, ſtanding in Awe of the divine Majeſty of the Moſt High, will be loth to offend him and loſe the favourable Kindneſs of his Grace, through any Defect of Faith, or Tranſgreſſion againſt the Ordinances of his holy Law, wherein Adultery is moſt rigorouſly forbidden, and a cloſe Adherence to her Huſband alone moſt ſtrictly and ſeverely enjoined; yea, in ſuch Sort, that ſhe is to cheriſh, ſerve, and love, him, above any Thing, next to God, that meriteth to be beloved. In the Interim, for the better Schooling of her in theſe Inſtructions, and that the wholeſome Doctrine of a matrimonial Duty may take the deeper Root in her Mind, you muſt needs carry yourſelf ſo on your Part, and your Behaviour is to be ſuch, that you are to go before her in a good Example, by entertaining her unfeignedly with a conjugal Amity, by continually approving yourſelf, in all your Words and Actions, a faithful and diſcreet Huſband, and by living, not only at Home and privately with your own Houſehold and Family, but in the Face alſo of all Men and open View of the World, devoutly, virtuouſly, and chaſtely, as you would have her on her Side to deport and demean herſelf towards you, as becomes a godly, loyal, and reſpectful, Wife, who maketh Conſcience to keep inviolable the Tie of the matrimonial Oath: For, as that *Looking-glaſs* is not the beſt which is moſt deck'd with Gold and precious Stones, but that which repreſenteth to the Eye the livelieſt Shapes of Objects ſet before it; even ſo that Wife ſhould not be moſt eſteemed who richeſt is, and of the nobleſt Race, but ſhe who, fearing God, conforms herſelf neareſt unto the Humour of her Huſband. Conſider how the *Moon* doth not borrow her Light from *Jupiter*, *Mars*, *Mercury*, or any other of the Planets; nor yet from any of thoſe ſplendid Stars which are ſet in the ſpangled Firmament; but from her Huſband only, the bright *Sun*, which ſhe receiveth from him more or leſs, according to the Manner of his *Aſpect* and variouſly-beſtowed Eradiations. Juſt ſo ſhould you be a Pattern to your Wife, in Virtue,

tue, goodly Zeal, and true Devotion; that, by your Radiance in darting on her the *Aſpect* of an exemplary Goodneſs, ſhe, in your Imitation, may outſhine the Luminaries of all other Women. To this Effect you daily muſt implore God's Grace to the Protection of you both. You would have me then (quoth *Panurge*, twiſting the Whiſkers of his Beard on either Side with his Thumb and Fore-Finger of his Left-Hand) to eſpouſe and take to Wife the prudent frugal Woman deſcribed by *Solomon:* Without all Doubt ſhe is dead, and truly, to my beſt Remembrance, I never ſaw her; the Lord forgive me! Nevertheleſs I thank you, Father: Eat this Slice of Marchpane; it will help your Digeſtion; then ſhall you be preſented with a Cup of Claret Hypocras, which is right healthful and ſtomached. Let us proceed.

CHAP. XXXI.

How the Phyſician Rondibilis *counſelleth* Panurge.

Panurge, continuing his Diſcourſe, ſaid, The firſt Word which was ſpoken by him who gelded the lubbardly quaffing Monks of *Sauſſiniac*, (1) after that he had unſtoned Frier *Caulderiel*, was this, *To the Reſt.* In like Manner I ſay, *To the Reſt.* Therefore I beſeech you, my good Maſter *Rondibilis*, ſhould *I marry or not?* By the Ambling of my Mule, (2) quoth *Rondibilis*, I know not what Anſwer to make to this Problem of yours. You ſay that you feel in you the *pricking Stings* of Senſuality, by which you are ſtirred up to Venery. I find, in our Faculty of *Medicine*, (and we have founded our Opinion therein upon the deliberate Reſolution and final Deciſion of the ancient *Platonics*,) that

(1) *Monks of* Sauſſiniac.] May not this be the Story which *Thevet* (l. iii. c. 45, of his *eminent Men*) relates of certain Monks of the Abbey of *Cluny*, whom, becauſe of their irregular, diſſolute, Lives, their Prior *Philip Bourgoing* had all cut, one after another, in a Place of the Convent whither he had ſent for them ſeparately?

(2) *By the Ambling of my Mule.*] So it is in the Original; *par les ambles de mon mulet.* I know not what Sir *T. U.* means by *the raking*

that *carnal Concupiſcence* is cooled and quelled five ſeveral Ways.

Firſt, By the Means of *Wine* (3). I ſhall eaſily believe that, quoth Frier *John*; for, when I am well whittled with the Juice of the Grape, I care for Nothing elſe, ſo I may ſleep. When I ſay, quoth *Rondibilis*, that *Wine* abateth Luſt, my Meaning is, *Wine* immoderately taken; for, by Intemperance proceeding from the exceſſive Drinking of ſtrong Liquor, there is brought upon the Body of ſuch a Swill-down Bouſer a Chillneſs in the Blood, a Slackening in the Sinews, a Diſſipation of the generative Seed, a Numbneſs and Hebetation of the Senſes, with a perverſive Wryneſs and Convulſion of the Muſcles; all which are great Lets and Impediments to the Act of Generation. Hence it is that *Bacchus*, the God of Bibbers, Tipplers, and Drunkards, is moſt commonly painted beardleſs, and clad in a Woman's Habit, as a Perſon altogether effeminate, or like a libbed Eunuch. *Wine*, nevertheleſs, taken moderately, worketh quite contrary Effects, as is implied by the old Proverb, which ſaith, That *Venus* takes Cold when not accompanied with *Ceres* and *Bacchus*. This Opinion is of great Antiquity, as appeareth by the Teſtimony of *Diodorus* the *Sicilian*, (4) and con-

king Pace of my Mule. In *Rondibilis*, the Author touches *William Rondelet*, a Phyſician of *Montpellier*, a huge corpulent Man (ſee *de Thou*). *Rabelais* makes him ſwear in this Manner becauſe there was Nothing more valuable to him than the Ambling of his Mule, which might often have endangered his Neck had he put the Beaſt upon a Trot or a Gallop.

(3) *By Means of Wine.*] *Scævola de St. Marthe* ſays, of *Rondibilis*, that he drank Nothing but Water; whether becauſe he had a natural Averſion to Wine, or that, his Nurſe having given him the foul Diſeaſe, an Indiſpoſition, occaſioned by the Relics of it, obliged him to refrain from Wine the remaining Part of his Life. See the Hiſtory, which *John Stephen Strobelberg* has publiſhed, of the Univerſity of *Montpellier*.

(4) Diodorus *the* Sicilian.] *Fabulantur antiqui, filium Dionyſii ac Veneris Priapum fuiſſe: ducti verò ſatis ſimili conjectura, quod qui vino indulgent ſunt natura ad Venerem promptiores.* L. v. c. 1. of *Diodorus Siculus*. Theſe are Words quoted from an ancient Tranſlation of that Author printed by *Gryphius*'s Heirs. The *Greek* Text, Edition of *Hanau*, 1604, ſays much the ſame Thing; but then it is in l. iv.

firmed

firmed by *Pauſanias*, (5) and univerſally held amongſt the *Lampſacians*, that Don *Priapus* was the Son of *Bacchus* and *Venus*.

Secondly, The Fervency of Luſt is abated by certain Drugs, Plants, Herbs, and Roots, which make the Taker cold, maleficiated, unfit for, and unable to perform, the Act of Generation; as hath been often experimented in the Water-lily, *Heraclea*, *Agnus-caſtus*, Willow-twigs, Hemp-ſtalks, Woodbind, Honeyſuckle, Tamariſk, Chaſte-tree, Mandrake, Bennet, Kecbugloſs, the Skin of *Hippopotamus*, and many other ſuch, which by convenient Doſes, proportioned to the peccant Humour and Conſtitution of the Patient, being duly and ſeaſonably received within the Body, what by their elementary Virtues on the one Side, and peculiar Properties on the other, do either benumb, mortify, and beclumpſe with Cold, the prolific Semence; or ſcatter and diſperſe the Spirits, which ought to have gone along with and conducted the Sperm to the Places deſtinated and appointed for its Reception; or, laſtly, ſhut up, ſtop, and obſtruct, the Ways, Paſſages, and Conduits, through which the Seed ſhould have been expelled, evacuated, and ejected. We have nevertheleſs of thoſe Ingredients which, being of a contrary Operation, heat the Blood, bend the Nerves, unite the Spirits, quicken the Senſes, ſtrengthen the Muſcles, and thereby rouſe up, provoke, excite, and enable a Man to the vigorous Accompliſhment of the Feat of amorous Dalliance. I have no Need of thoſe, quoth *Panurge*, God be thanked, and you, my good Maſter. Howſoever, I pray you take no Exception or Offence at theſe my Words; for what I have ſaid was not out of any Ill-Will I did bear to you, the Lord knows.

Thirdly, The Ardour of Lechery is very much ſubdued and mated (check'd) by frequent *Labour* and continual Toiling; for, by painful Exerciſes and laborious Working, ſo great a Diſſolution is brought upon the whole Body, that the Blood, which runneth along the Channels of the Veins thereof for the Nouriſhment and Alimentation of each of its Members, hath neither

(5) Pauſanias.] In his *Bœotics*.

Time,

Time, Leiſure, nor Power, to afford the ſeminal Reſudation, or Superfluity of the third Concoction, which Nature moſt carefully reſerves for the Conſervation of the Individual, whoſe Preſervation ſhe more heedfully regardeth than the Propagating of the Species, and Multiplication of human Kind. Whence it is that *Diana* is ſaid to be chaſte, becauſe ſhe is never idle, but always buſied about her Hunting. For the ſame Reaſon was a Camp, or Leaguer, of old called *Caſtrum*, (6) as if they would have ſaid *Caſtum*; becauſe the Soldiers, Wreſtlers, Runners, Throwers of the Bar, and other ſuch like athletic Champions as are uſually ſeen in a military Circumvallation, inceſſantly travel and turmoil, and are in a perpetual Stir and Agitation. To this Purpoſe *Hippocrates* alſo writeth in his Book, *De Aëre, Aqua, et Locis*, that in his Time there were People in *Scythia* as impotent as Eunuchs in the Diſcharge of a venereal Exploit; becauſe that, without any Ceſſation, Pauſe, or Reſpite, they were never from off Horſeback, or otherways aſſiduouſly employed in ſome troubleſome and moleſting Drudgery. On the other Part, in Oppoſition and Repugnance hereto, the Philoſophers ſay, *that Idleneſs is the Mother of Lechery*. When it was aſked *Ovid* (7) why *Ægyſtus* became an Adulterer, he made no Anſwer but this, *Becauſe he was idle*. Who were able to rid the World of Loitering and Lazineſs might eaſily fruſtrate and diſappoint *Cupid* (8) in all his Deſigns, Aims, Engines, and Devices, and ſo diſable and appall him, that his Bow, Quiver, and Darts, ſhould from thenceforth be a mere needleſs Load and Burthen to him; for that it could not then lie in his Power to ſtrike or wound any

(6) Caſtrum, *quaſi* Caſtum.] *Caſtra*, ſays *Iſidorus* in his *Etymologies*, lib. ix. *ſunt ubi miles ſteterit; dicta autem caſtra, quaſi caſta, eo quod ibi caſtraretur libido. A Caſtle*, from *Caſtrating of Luſt! Parliament*, from *parler* and *mens*, *ſpeaking one's Mind!! Firmament, firma mentis, a Farm for the Mind!!!*

(7) Ovid, &c. *de Remed. Amoris.*

Quæritur Ægyſtus quare ſit factus adulter:
In promptu cauſa eſt; deſidioſus erat.

(8) Cupid, &c.] *Encore*, Ovid:

Otia ſi tollas, periere Cupidinis artes.

of

of either Sex with all the Arms he had. He is not, I believe, ſo expert an Archer, as that he can hit the Cranes flying in the Air, or yet the young Stags ſkipping through the Thickets, as the *Parthians* knew well how to do; that is to ſay, People moiling, ſtirring, and hurrying up and down, reſtleſs and without Repoſe. He muſt have thoſe huſh'd, ſtill, quiet, lying at ſtay, lither, and full of Eaſe, whom he is able, though his Mother help him, to touch, much leſs to pierce with all his Arrows. In Confirmation hereof, *Theophraſtus* being aſked, on a Time, what Kind of Beaſt or Thing he judged a toyiſh, wanton, Love to be? he made Anſwer, *that it was a Paſſion of idle and ſluggiſh Spirits* (9). From which pretty Deſcription of tickling Love-tricks that of *Diogenes*'s Hatching was not very diſcrepant, when he defined Lechery, *Occupation of Folks deſtitute of all other Occupation.* For this Cauſe, the *Sicyonian* Sculptor, *Canachus*, (10) being deſirous to give to underſtand, that Sloth, Drowſineſs, Negligence, and Lazineſs, were the prime Guardians and Governeſſes of Ribaldry, made the Statue of *Venus* (not ſtanding, as other Sculptors uſed to do, but) ſitting.

Fourthly, The tickling Pricks of Incontinency are blunted by an eager Study; for thence proceedeth an incredible Reſolution of the Spirits, that oftentimes there do not remain ſo many behind as may ſuffice to puſh and thruſt forwards the generative Reſudation to the Places thereto appropriated, and therewithal inflate the cavernous Nerve, whoſe Office is to ejaculate the Moiſture for the Propagation of human Progeny. Leſt you ſhould think it not ſo, be pleaſed but to contemplate a little the Form, Faſhion, and Carriage, of a Man, exceeding earneſtly ſet upon ſome learned Meditation, and deeply plunged therein, and you ſhall ſee how all the Arteries of his Brains are ſtretched forth, and bent like the String of a Croſs-bow, the more promptly, dexterouſly, and

(9) *That it was*, &c.] This Apophthegm is *Diogenes* the *Cynic*'s, not *Diogenes Laertius*'s.

(10) Canachus.] See *Pauſanias*'s *Corinthians*.

copiouſly,

copiouſly, to ſuppeditate, furniſh, and ſupply him with Store of Spirits, ſufficient to repleniſh and fill up the Ventricles, Seats, Tunnels, Manſions, Receptacles, and Cellules, of the common Senſe; of the Imagination, Apprehenſion, and Fancy; of the Ratiocination, Arguing, and Reſolution; as likewiſe of the Memory, Recordation, and Remembrance; and with great Alacrity, Nimbleneſs, and Agility, to run, paſs, and courſe, from the one to the other, through thoſe Pipes, Windings, and Conduits, which, to ſkilful Anatomiſts, are perceivable at the End of the *wonderful Net*, where all the Arteries cloſe in a terminating Point; which Arteries, taking their Riſe and Origin from the *left Capſula* of the Heart, bring, through ſeveral Circuits, Ambages, and Anfractuoſities, the vital Spirits, to ſubtilize and refine them to the æthereal Purity of animal Spirits. Nay, in ſuch a ſtudiouſly-muſing Perſon, you may eſpy ſo extravagant Raptures of one, as it were out of himſelf, that all his natural Faculties for that Time will ſeem to be ſuſpended from each their proper Charge and Office, and his exterior Senſes to be at a Stand. In a Word, you cannot otherways chooſe than think that he is, by an extraordinary Ecſtaſy, quite tranſported out of what he was or ſhould be; and that *Socrates* did not ſpeak improperly when he ſaid, *that Philoſophy was Nothing elſe but a Meditation upon Death*. This poſſibly is the Reaſon why *Democritus* (11) deprived himſelf of the Senſe of Seeing; prizing at a much lower Rate the Loſs of his Sight than the Diminution of his Contemplations; which he frequently had found diſturbed by the vagrant flying-out Strayings of his unſettled and roving Eyes. Therefore is it that *Pallas*, the Goddeſs of Wiſdom, Tutoreſs and Guardianeſs of ſuch as are diligently ſtudious and painfully induſtrious, is and hath been ſtill accounted a Virgin. The *Muſes*, upon the ſame Conſideration, are eſteemed perpetual *Maids*; and the *Graces*, for the like Reaſon, have been held to continue in a ſempiternal

(11) Democritus, &c.] *Vide Cicero*, lib. v. *Tuſc. Queſtions*, and *Plutarch*'s Treatiſe of Curioſity.

Pudicity. I remember to have read, (12) that *Cupid*, on a Time, being aſked of his Mother *Venus* why he did not aſſault and ſet upon the *Muſes*, his Anſwer was, *that he found them ſo fair, ſo ſweet, ſo fine, ſo neat, ſo wiſe, ſo learned, ſo modeſt, ſo diſcreet, ſo courteous, ſo virtuous, and ſo continually buſied and employed*; — one in the Speculation of the Stars; another in the Supputation of Numbers; the third in the Dimenſion of geometrical Quantities; the fourth in the Compoſition of heroic Poems; the fifth in jovial Interludes of a comic Strain; the ſixth in the ſtately Gravity of a tragic Vein; the ſeventh in the melodious Diſpoſition of muſical Airs; the eighth in the completeſt Manner of writing Hiſtories and Books on all Sorts of Subjects; and the ninth in the Myſteries, Secrets, and Curioſities, of all Sciences, Faculties, Diſciplines, and Arts, whatſoever, whether liberal or mechanic; — that, approaching near unto them, he unbended his Bow, ſhut his Quiver, and extinguiſhed his Torch, through mere Shame and Fear, that by Miſchance he might do them ſome Hurt or Prejudice; which done, he thereafter put off the Fillet wherewith his Eyes were bound, to look them in the Face, and to hear their melody and poetic Odes. There took he the greateſt Pleaſure in the World; that many Times he was tranſported with their Beauty and pretty Behaviour, and charmed aſleep by the Harmony; ſo far was he from aſſaulting them or interrupting their Studies. Under this Article may be compriſed what *Hippocrates* wrote in the afore-cited Treatiſe concerning the *Scythians*; as alſo that in a Book of his intitled, *Of Breeding and Production*; where he hath affirmed all ſuch Men, to be unfit for Generation, as have their *Parotid* Arteries cut, whoſe Situation is beſide the Ears: For the Reaſon given already, when I was ſpeaking of the Reſolution of the Spirits, and of that ſpiritual Blood whereof the Arteries are the ſole and proper Receptacles; and that likewiſe he doth maintain a large Portion of the pa-

(12) *To have read.*] In *Lucian*, in the Dialogue intitled, *Venus and Cupid*.

raſtatic

raſtatic Liquor, to iſſue and deſcend from the Brains and Back-bone.

Fifthly, (13) By the too frequent Reiteration of the Act of Venery. There did I wait for you, (quoth *Panurge*,) and ſhall willingly apply it to myſelf, whilſt any one that pleaſeth may, for me, make Uſe of any of the four preceding. That is the very ſame Thing (quoth Frier *John*) which (14) Father *Scyllino*, Prior of Saint *Victor*, at *Marſeilles*, calleth by the Name of *Maceration (Mortification) and Taming of the Fleſh*. I am of the ſame Opinion; and ſo was the Hermit of

(13) *By the too frequent*, &c.] *Rabelais* only ſays, *Quintement, par l'acte venérien*. Which, tho' conciſe, is more ſignificant than that Multiplicity, or rather Superfluity, of Words the Tranſlator uſes here, and indeed every where. *Rabelais* is as much to be admired for the Conciſeneſs of his Style as for the Eaſineſs of it: To which I may add the Correctneſs of his Language and Fitneſs of his Words, almoſt inimitable in a Tranſlation, without the Application of a good Deal of Thought, and that continually. To explain my Meaning by an Example: Speaking of the Weapons the People of *Corinth* provided themſelves with againſt they were beſieg'd, he calls 'em *repugnatory* Weapons, not *expugnatory* Weapons, as our Tranſlator inadvertently turns it.

(14) *Father Scyllino.*] *Rabelais*'s Word is Fray *Scyllino: Fray* means *Frere*, i. e. *Brother* (not *Father*). *Scyllino*, or, as ſome Editions, and particularly this of *M. D. C.* has it, *Scyllo*, may come from *Scilla, a Sea-onion (Squill)*. *Boccace*, in one of his Novels, calls a certain Monk *Brother Onion (Frater Cipolla)*. *Rabelais*, in Imitation of him, might have uſed the ſame Appellation here, *(Frere Oignon, Brother Onion,)* but he choſe rather that of *Brother Sea-Onion, (Fray Scyllo,)* becauſe he was a Monk of *Marſeilles*, a maritime City. The Story itſelf is the ſame with that which *Poggius* tells of a certain Hermit of *Piſa*. *Eremita*, ſays he, *qui Piſis morabatur, tempore Petri Gambacurtæ, meretricem noctu in ſuam cellulam deduxit, vigeſieſque ea nocte mulierem cognovit; ſemper cum moveret clunes, ut crimen fugeret luxuriæ, vulgaribus verbis dicens:* Domati, carne cattivella; *hoc eſt, Doma te, miſerrima caro Scyllo*, as the Edition of 1626 has it, inſtead of *Scyllino*, ſeeming to allude to the Greek Verb, σκύλλω, *moleſtiam exhibeo, fatigo*, to deſcribe a Monk who, like him here, fatigues himſelf in taming his Fleſh; and this Name does not ill ſuit a Religious of a Houſe like that of St. *Victor*, at *Marſeilles*, where, 'tis ſaid, they take the Vow of Chaſtity only *in quantum poteſt humana fragilitas pati*. This is the Abbé *Guyet*'s Remark, written with his own Hand in the Margin of his *Rabelais*, in this Place I ſhall conclude this *long* (tho', I hope, not *tedious*) Note with obſerving, that almoſt all the Printers of *Rabelais*, not underſtanding the Word *Fray*, put it, ſome of 'em *ferai*, others *je ferai*.

Saint

Saint Radegonde, a little above *Chinon*: For, quoth he, the Hermits of *Thebaide* can no more aptly or expediently macerate and bring down the Pride of their Bodies, daunt and mortify their lecherous Senſuality, or depreſs and overcome the Stubbornneſs and Rebellion of the Fleſh, than by *dufling* and *fanferluching* it five-and-twenty or thirty Times a Day. I ſee *Panurge*, quoth *Rondibilis*, neatly featured, and proportioned in all the Members of his Body, of a good Temperament in his Humours, well complexioned in his Spirits, of a competent Age, in an opportunate Time, and of a reaſonable forward Mind, to be married. Truly, if he encounter with a Wife of the like Nature, Temperament, and Conſtitution, he may beget upon her Children worthy of ſome (15) *Tranſpontine* Monarchy; and, the ſooner he marry, it will be the better for him, and the more conducible for his Profit, if he would ſee and have his Children in his own Time well provided for. Sir, my worthy Maſter, (quoth *Panurge,*) I will do it, do not you doubt thereof; and that quickly enough, I warrant you. Nevertheleſs, whilſt you were buſied in the uttering of your learned Diſcourſe, this Flea, which I have in mine Ear, hath tickled me more than ever. I retain you in the Number of my Feſtival Gueſts, and promiſe you that we ſhall not want for Mirth, and good Cheer enough; yea, over and above the ordinary Rate. And, if it may pleaſe you, deſire your Wife to come along with you, together with her She-Friends and Neighbours, that is to be underſtood; and there ſhall be fair Play. (16)

CHAP.

(15) *Tranſpontine Monarchy*] Beyond-Sea. Some ſuch Monarchies were form'd in the Eaſt, in the Age of *Croiſades*.

(16) *And there ſhall be fair Play.*] Rightlier, *And there ſhall be Sport, but without Rudeneſs. Et jeu ſans villenie.* That is, you ſhall want for no Diverſion, in a civil Way; and, as no one is ignorant of the Proverb, *Jeu de main, jeu de villain*, I depend upon't you will all ſo far bear it in Mind as not to towze my Wife, or uſe any Horſe-play to her. (*Welcome to Bell-bar, Bar-bell*, was a no leſs merry than memorable Saying of Sir *Robt. How—d* to ſome noble Gueſts he had invited to come and ſee him at *Bell-bar, Northall.*) The French Proverb above is of great Antiquity, and *Brantome*, in his 7th Diſc. of his *Dames Illuſtres*, p. 359, obſerves, that *Froiſſard* relates that

CHAP. XXXII.

How Rondibilis *declareth Cuckoldry to be naturally one of the Appendances of Marriage.*

THere remaineth as yet, quoth *Panurge*, going on in his Diſcourſe, one ſmall Scruple to be cleared: You have ſeen heretofore, I doubt not, in the *Roman* Standards, *S. P. Q. R*, Si, Peu, Que, Rien: *Shall not I be a Cuckold?* (1) By the Haven of Safety, cried out *Rondibilis*, what is this you aſk of me? If you ſhall be a Cuckold? My Noble Friend, I am married, and you are like to be ſo very ſpeedily; therefore be pleaſed, from my Experiment in the Matter, to write in your Brain, with a Steel-pen, this ſubſequent Ditton, *There is no married Man who doth not run the Hazard of being made a Cuckold.* Cuckoldry naturally attendeth Marriage; the Shadow doth not more naturally follow the Body than Cuckoldry enſueth after Marriage, to place fair Horns upon the Huſbands Heads.

And, when you ſhall happen to hear any Man pronounce theſe three Words, *He is married*, if you then ſay he is, hath been, ſhall be, or may be, a Cuckold, you will not be accounted an unſkilful Artiſt in framing of true Conſequences. Tripes and Bowels of all the Devils, cries *Panurge*, what do you tell me? My dear

Jeanne of *France*, the firſt of the Name, Queen of *Naples*, preſented herſelf before the *Pope* at *Fondi*, confeſt to him and ſhew'd him all her Ware and *jeu ſans villenie*, *all the Game without Naughtineſs*. In Heraldry, a Lion *ſans villenie* is a Lion without his Pizzle and Stones. (Such a Lion is more a Lamb than a Lion, for all his fierce Looks.)

(1) *By the Haven of Safety.*] In the Original, *Aure de Graee*, a Languedocian Exclamation us'd by the Phyſician *Rondibilis*, who, 'tis likely, was uſed in this Manner to call upon the H. Ghoſt and implore the Aid of the *Spirit* of Grace. The 32d. Stanza of the 1ſt. Cant. of *Taſſo's Jeruſalem*:

Hor quai penſieri, quai petti,
Son chiuſi a te, ſant aura!

What Thoughts, what Hearts, are ſhut to thee, bleſt Air!

Friend,

Friend, (anſwered *Rondibilis,*) as *Hippocrates*, on a Time, was in the very Nick of ſetting forwards (2) from *Lango* to *Poliſtillo*, to viſit the Philoſopher *Democritus*, he wrote a familiar Letter to his Friend *Dionyſius*, wherein he deſired him, That he would, during the Interval of his Abſence, carry his Wife to the Houſe of her Father and Mother, who were an honourable Couple, and of good Repute; becauſe I would not have her at my Home (ſaid he) to make Abode in Solitude: Yet, notwithſtanding this her Reſidence before her Parents, do not fail (quoth he) with a moſt heedful Care and Circumſpection to pry into her Ways, and to eſpy what Places ſhe ſhall go to with her Mother, and who thoſe be that ſhall repair unto her: Not (quoth he) that I do miſtruſt her Virtue, or that I ſeem to have any Diffidence of her Pudicity and chaſte Behaviour, for of that I have frequently had good and real Proofs; but I muſt freely tell you, *She is a Woman:* There lies the Suſpicion.

My worthy Friend, the Nature of Women is ſet forth before our Eyes, and repreſented to us by the *Moon*, in divers other things as well as in this, that they ſquat, ſculk, conſtrain their own Inclinations, and, with all the Cunning they can, diſſemble and play the Hypocrite in the Sight and Preſence of their Huſbands; who come no ſooner to be out of the Way, but that forthwith they take their Advantage, paſs the Time merrily, deſiſt from all Labour, frolic it, gad abroad, lay aſide their counterfeit Garb, and openly declare and manifeſt the interiour of their Diſpoſitions; even as the (3) *Moon*, when ſhe is in *Conjunction* with the *Sun*, is neither ſeen in the Heavens nor on the Earth, but, in her *Oppoſition*, when remoteſt from him, ſhineth in her greateſt Fulneſs, and wholly appeareth in her brighteſt Splendour whilſt it is Night: *Thus Women are but Women.*

(2) *From* Lango *to* Poliſtillo.] *Lango* is the ancient *Côs*, *Hippocrates*'s Country. *Poliſtillo* is the ancient *Abdera*, the Philoſopher *Democritus*'s Country. This Letter of *Hippocrates* is fictitious. See *le Clerc*'s Hiſt. of Phyſic.

(3) *Moon.*] Compariſon taken from *Plutarch* in his Precepts on Marriage.

When I ſay *Womankind*, I ſpeak of a Sex ſo frail, ſo variable, ſo changeable, ſo fickle, inconſtant, and imperfect, that, in my Opinion, *Nature* (under Favour nevertheleſs of the prime Honour and Reverence which is due unto her) did in a Manner miſtake the Road which ſhe had traced formerly, and ſtray exceedingly from that Excellence of providential Judgement by the which ſhe had created and formed all other Things, when ſhe built, framed, and made up, the *Woman*. And, having thought upon it a hundred and five Times, I know not what elſe to determine therein, ſave only that, in the deviſing, hammering, forging, and compoſing, of the *Woman*, ſhe hath had a much tenderer Regard, and by a great Deal more reſpectful Heed, to the delightful Conſortſhip and ſociable Delectation of the *Man* than to the Perfection and Accompliſhment of the individual *Womaniſhneſs*, or *Muliebrity*. The divine Philoſopher *Plato* was doubtful in what Rank of living Creatures to place and collocate them, whether amongſt the *rational Animals*, by elevating them to an upper Seat in the ſpecifical Claſſes of *Humanity*; or with the *irrational*, by degrading them to a lower Bench on the oppoſite Side, of a brutal Kind, and mere *Beſtiality*: For Nature hath poſited, in a privy, ſecret, and inteſtine, Place of their Bodies, a Sort of Member (by ſome not impertinently termed an *Animal*) which is not to be found in Men. Therein ſometimes are engendered certain Humours, ſo ſaltiſh, brackiſh, clammy, ſharp, nipping, tearing, prickling, and moſt eagerly tickling, that, by their ſtinging Acrimony, rending Nitroſity, figging Itch, wriggling Mordicancy, and ſmarting Salſitude, (for the ſaid Member is altogether ſinewy, and of a moſt quick and lively Feeling,) their whole Body is ſhaken and ebranled, their Senſes totally raviſhed and tranſported, the Operations of their Judgement and Underſtanding utterly confounded, and all diſordinate Paſſions and Perturbations of the Mind thoroughly and abſolutely allowed, admitted, and approved of; yea, in ſuch Sort, that, if Nature had not been ſo favourable unto them as to have ſprinkled their Forehead with a little Tincture of Baſhfulneſs and Modeſty,

deſty, you ſhould ſee them, in a frantic Mood, (4) run mad after Lechery, and hie apace up and down with Haſte and Luſt, in Queſt of, and to fix ſome Chamber-Standard in, their *Paphian* Ground, that never did the *Proetides*, *Mimallonides*, nor *Lyæan Thyads*, deport themſelves, in the Time of their *Bacchanalian Feſtivals*, more ſhameleſly, or with ſo effronted and brazen-faced Impudency; becauſe this terrible *Animal* is knit unto, and hath an Union with, all the chief and moſt principal Parts of the Body, as to Anatomiſts is evident. Let it not here be thought ſtrange that I ſhould call it an *Animal*, ſeeing therein I do no otherwiſe than follow and adhere to the Doctrine of the *Academic* and *Peripatetic* Philoſophers. For, if a proper Motion be a certain Mark and infallible Token of the Life and Animation of the Mover, (as *Ariſtotle* writeth,) and that any ſuch Thing as *moveth of itſelf* ought to be held *animated* and of a *living Nature*, then aſſuredly *Plato*, with very good Reaſon, did give it the Denomination of an *Animal*; for that he perceived and obſerved in it the proper and *ſelf-ſtirring Motion* of Suffocation, Precipitation, Corrugation, and of Indignation, ſo extremely violent, that oftentimes by them is taken and removed from the Woman all other Senſe and Moving whatſoever, as if ſhe were in

(4) *Run mad after Lechery*, &c.] It is, in the Original, *Run for the Codpiece-point*, *Courir l'aguillete*. The Learned may ſee, in *Du Chat*, a curious Criticiſm, and ſome pleaſant hiſtorical Remarks on this Phraſe and Cuſtom, but both too long to find a Place here. The Subſtance of 'em is, That in *Rabelais*'s Time, and ever ſince, ti'l about the Year 1676, it was cuſtomary at *Beaucairo*, the Eve of the Great Fair, to make the Madams, that came thither to trade, run Races naked, and ſhe that beat had for her Prize a Bundle of Codpiece-points. Again, At *Toulouſe*, and other Places, the common Wenches are (or at leaſt were in old Time) enjoined to wear Codpiece-points on one of their Shoulders, to diſtinguiſh them from thoſe that profeſt Honeſty. And, now I'm upon this *Point*, I'll conclude with *Cotgrave*'s Words on *Aguillette nouée*. It ſignifies, ſays he, *The charming of a Man's Codpiece-point ſo, as he ſhall not be able to uſe his own Wife, or Woman, (tho' he may uſe any other.) Hence* avoir Aguillette nouée *ſignifies to want Erection: This Impotency is ſuppos'd to come by the Force of certain Words utter'd by the Charmer, while he (Q.* whether a *She* mayn't *do't?) ties a Knot on the Party's Codpiece-point.* To conclude, *Courir Aguillete* ordinarily ſignifies *to be troubled with a* Furor Uterinus.

a ſwounding *Lipothymy*, benumming *Syncope*, *Epileptic*, apoplectic Palſy, and true Reſemblance of a pale-faced Death.

Farthermore, in the ſaid *Member* there is a manifeſt diſcerning Faculty of Scents and Odours very perceptible to Women, who feel it fly from what is rank and unſavoury, and follow fragrant and aromatic Smells. It is not unknown to me how *Cl. Galen* ſtriveth, with Might and Main, to prove, that theſe are not proper and particular Notions proceeding intrinſically from the Thing itſelf, but accidentally and by Chance. Nor hath it eſcaped my Notice, how others of that Sect have laboured hardly, yea, to the utmoſt of their Abilities, to demonſtrate that it is not a ſenſitive Diſcerning or Perception in it of the Difference of Wafts and Smells, but merely a various Manner of Virtue and Efficacy, paſſing forth and flowing from the Diverſity of odoriferous Subſtances applied near unto it. Nevertheleſs, if you will ſtudiouſly examine, and ſeriouſly ponder and weigh, in *Critolaus*'s Balance, the Strength of their Reaſons and Arguments, you ſhall find that they, not only in this, but in ſeveral other Matters alſo of the like Nature, have ſpoken at Random, and rather out of an ambitious Envy to check and reprehend their Betters than for any Deſign to make Enquiry into the ſolid Truth. I will not launch my little Skiff any farther into the wide Ocean of this Diſpute, only will I tell you, that the Praiſe, and Commendation, is not mean and ſlender which is due to thoſe honeſt and good Women, who, living chaſtely and without Blame, have had the Power and Virtue to curb, range, and ſubdue, that unbridled, heady, and wild, *Animal*, to an obedient, ſubmiſſive, and obſequious, Yielding unto Reaſon. Therefore here will I make an End of my Diſcourſe thereon, when I ſhall have told you, that the ſaid *Animal*, being once ſatiated (if it be poſſible that it can be contented or ſatisfied) by that Aliment which Nature hath provided for it out of the epididymal Storehouſe of Man, all it's former irregular and diſordered Motions are at an End, laid, and aſſuaged; all it's vehement and unruly Longings lulled, pacified, and quieted; and all the furious and raging Luſts, Appetites, and Deſires, thereof, appeaſed, ſuppreſſed, calmed, and extinguiſhed.

guiſhed. For this Cauſe let it ſeem Nothing ſtrange unto you, if we be in a perpetual Danger of being *Cuckolds*; that is to ſay, ſuch of us as have not wherewithal fully to ſatisfy the Appetite and Expectation of that voracious Animal. Ods Fiſh! quoth *Panurge*, have you no preventive Cure in all your medicinal Art for hinderring one's Head to be horny-graffed at Home, whilſt his Feet are plodding abroad? Yes that I have, my gallant Friend, anſwered *Rondibilis*, and that which is a Sovereign Remedy, whereof I frequently make Uſe myſelf; which, that you may the better reliſh, it is ſet down and written in the Book of a moſt famous Author, whoſe Renown is of a Standing of two Thouſand Years, Hearken and take good Heed. You are, quoth *Panurge*, by *Cocks-Hobby*, a right honeſt Man, and I love you with all my Heart; eat a little of this (5) Quince-Pie, it is very proper and convenient for the ſhutting up the Orifice of the Ventricle of the Stomach, becauſe of a Kind of aſtringent Stypticity which is in that Sort of Fruit, and is helpful to the firſt Concoction. But what? I think I ſpeak *Latin* before *Clerks*. Stay, fill, I give you ſomewhat to drink out of this *Neſtorian* Goblet. Will you have another Draught of white *Hippocras*? Be not afraid of the (6) Squinzy: No: There is neither Squinanthum, Ginger, or Grains, in it; only a little choice Cinnamon, and ſome of the beſt refined Sugar, with the delicious White-wine of the Growth of that Vine, which was ſet in the Slips of the great Sorbapple, above the Walnut-tree.

(5) *Quince-Pie.*] See a Receipt how to make it in *Du Chat*; (from *Platina*, *de Obſoniis*, l. viii.) In brief, they took out the Cores from the Quinces, and then fill'd them with Beef-marrow, ſeaſoned with Sugar, Cinamon, and a little Salt. Then they made a Pie of 'em, which being baked, or otherwiſe done at a ſlow Fire, either looſen'd or bound up the Body, according as they were eaten at the Beginning or End of a Meal.

(6) *Squinzy*————*Squinanthum.*] The Apothecaries may here conſult the Original about the Diſtemper call'd the *Squincy*, and the Vegetable, *Squinanthum*, or *Juncus Odoratus* of *Pliny*.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Rondibilis *the Phyſician's Cure of Cuckoldry.*

AT what Time (1) (quoth *Rondibilis*) *Jupiter* took a View of the State of his *Olympic* Houſe and Family, and had made the Calendar of all the Gods and Goddeſſes, appointing unto the Feſtival of every one of them it's proper Day and Seaſon, eſtabliſhing certain fixed Places and Stations for the pronouncing of Oracles, and Relief of travelling Pilgrims, and ordaining Victims, Immolations, and Sacrifices, ſuitable and correſpondent to the Dignity and Nature of the worſhipped and adored Deity. Did not he do (aſked *Panurge*) therein, as *Tinteville*, (2) the Biſhop of *Auxerre*, is ſaid once to have done? This noble Prelate loved entirely the pure Liquor of the Grape, as every honeſt and judicious Man doth; therefore was it that he had an eſpecial Care and Regard to the Bud of the Vine-tree, as to the Grandfather of *Bacchus*. But ſo it is, that for ſundry Years together he ſaw a moſt pitiful Havock, Deſolation, and Deſtruction, made among the Sprouts, Shootings, Buds, Bloſſoms, and Scions, of the Vines, by hoary Froſts, dank Fogs, hot Miſts, unſeaſonable Colds, chill Blaſts, thick Hail, and other calamitous Chances of foul Weather, happening, as he thought, by the diſmal Inauſpiciouſneſs of the holy Days of *St. George*, *St. Mary*, *St. Paul*, *St. Eutropius*, *Holy Rood*, the *Aſcenſion*, and other Feſtivals, in that Time when the Sun paſſeth under the Sign of *Taurus*; and thereupon harboured in his Mind this Opinion, that the afore-named *Saints* were *Saint* Hail-flingers, *Saint* Froſt-fenders, *Saint* Fogmongers, and *Saint* Spoilers of

(1) *At what Time*, &c.] This is exactly the Character of Dr. *Rondeletius*, who, being by Nature a pleaſant Man, would be continually enlivening his Lectures with ſuch like Stories as this here, and that in the preceding Chapter, &c.

(2) *Tinteville.*] He died at *Rome* the laſt Day but one of *April*, 1530, according to *Gallia Chriſtiana*, but alive and hearty the 20th of *May*, the next Year, according to *Sebaſtian Rouilard*, p. 602. of his Hiſtory of *Melun*.

the

the Vine-buds; for which Cauſe he went about to have transferr'd their Feaſts from the Spring to the Winter, to be celebrated between *Chriſtmas* (3) and *Epiphany*, (ſo the *Mother of the three Kings* called it,) allowing them, with all Honour and Reverence, the Liberty then to freeze, hail, and rain, as much as they would; for that he knew that, at ſuch a Time, Froſt was rather profitable than hurtful to the Vine-buds; and in their Steads to have placed the Feſtivals of St. *Chriſtopher*, St. *John the Baptiſt*, St. *Magdalene*, St. *Ann*, St. *Domingo*, and St. *Lawrence*; yea, and to have gone ſo far as to collocate and tranſpoſe the Middle of *Auguſt* in and to the Beginning of *May*; becauſe, during the whole Space of their Solemnity, there was ſo little Danger of hoary Froſts and cold Miſts, that no Artificers are then held in greater Requeſt than the Afforders of refrigerating Inventions, Makers of Junkets, fit Diſpoſers of cooling Shades, Compoſers of green Arbours, and Refreſhers of Wine.

Jupiter (ſaid *Rondibilis*) forgot the poor Devil *Cuckoldry*, who was then in the Court at *Paris*, very eagerly ſoliciting a pedling Suit at Law for one of his Vaſſals and Tenants; within ſome few Days thereafter, (I have forgot how many,) when he got full Notice of the Trick, which in his Abſence was done unto him, he inſtantly deſiſted from proſecuting legal Proceſſes, in the Behalf of others, full of Solicitude to purſue after his own Buſineſs, leſt he ſhould be forecloſed: and thereupon he appeared perſonally at the Tribunal of the great *Jupiter*, diſplayed before him the Importance of his preceding Merits, together with the acceptable Services, which, in Obedience to his Commandments, he had formerly performed; and therefore, in all Humility, begged of him, that he would be pleaſed not to

(3) *Between* Chriſtmas *and* Epiphany, *(ſo the Mother of the three Kings called it.)* This is quite murdered. It is in the Original thus: *Between* Chriſtmas *and* Tiphany, *the Mother of the three Kings*, (as he called her). *Tiphany*, by an ignorant Corruption for *Epiphany*, (as the Feaſt of the Kings is called.) Of this Feaſt of *Tiphany* the Vulgar have made a Saint, and even our Prelate too was deceived thereby, as well as the Reſt, ſuch a rare Biſhop was he! and yet he died Embaſſador at *Rome* from *Francis* I.

leave him alone amongſt all the ſacred Potentates, deſtitute and void of Honour, Reverence, Sacrifices, and feſtival Ceremonies. To this Petition *Jupiter*'s Anſwer was excuſatory, That all the Places and Offices of his Houſe were beſtowed. Nevertheleſs ſo importuned was he by the continual Supplications of Monſieur *Cuckoldry*, that he, in Fine, placed him in the Rank, Liſt, Roll, Rubric, and Catalogue; and appointed Honours, Sacrifices, and feſtival Rites, to be obſerved on Earth in great Devotion, and tendered to him with Solemnity. His Feaſt, becauſethere was no void, empty, nor vacant, Place in the Calendar, was to be celebrated jointly with and on the ſame Day that had been conſecrated to the Goddeſs *Jealouſy*: His Power and Dominion ſhould be over married Folks, eſpecially ſuch as had handſome Wives; his Sacrifices were to be Suſpicion, Diffidence, Miſtruſt, a lowring pouting Sullenneſs, Watchings, Wardings, Reſearchings, Plyings, Explorations, together with the Way-layings, Ambuſhes, narrow Obſervations, and malicious Doggings, of the Huſband's Scouts and Eſpials of the moſt privy Actions of their Wives. Herewithal every married Man was expreſsly and rigorouſly commanded to reverence, honour, and worſhip, him; to celebrate and ſolemnize his Feſtival with twice more Reſpect than that of another Saint or Deity, and to immolate unto him, with all Sincerity and Alacrity of Heart, the above-mentioned Sacrifices and Oblations, under Pain of ſevere Cenſures, Threatenings, and Comminations, of theſe ſubſequent Fines, Mulcts, Amerciaments, Penalties, and Puniſhments, to be inflicted on the Delinquents, *viz.* That Monſieur *Cuckoldry* (4) ſhould never be favourable nor propitious to them: That he ſhould never help, aid, ſupply, ſuccour, nor grant them any ſubventitious Furtherance, auxiliary Suffrage, or adminiculary Aſſiſtance: That he ſhould never hold them in any Reckoning, Account, or Eſtimation: That he

(4) *Should never*, &c.] All this is taken from *Plutarch*, except that here *Rondibilis* attributes to *Jealouſy* the ſame Effects which in *Plutarch* are attributed to *Grief*, in a certain Diſcourſe which a Philoſopher made to the Queen *Aſiöe*, to comfort her on the Death of her Son. See *Plutarch* in his Conſolation to *Apollonius* on the Death of his Son.

ſhould

ſhould never deign to enter within their Houſes, neither at the Doors, Windows, nor any other Place thereof: That he ſhould never haunt nor frequent their Companies or Converſations, how frequently ſoever they ſhould invocate him, and call upon his Name; and that not only he ſhould leave and abandon them to rot alone with their Wives in a ſempeternal ſolitarineſs, without the Benefit of the Diverſion of any Copeſmate or Corival at all, but ſhould withal ſhun and eſchew them, fly from them, and eternally forſake and reject them, as impious Heretics and ſacrilegious Perſons, according to the accuſtomed Manner of other Gods, towards ſuch as are too ſlack in offering up the Duties and Reverences which ought to be performed reſpectively to their Divinities; as is evidently apparent in *Bacchus* towards negligent Vine-dreſſers; in *Ceres* againſt idle Plowmen and Tillers of the Ground; in *Pomona* to unworthy Fruiterers and Coſter-mongers; in *Neptune* towards diſſolute Mariners and Sea-faring Men; in *Vulcan* towards loitering Smiths and Forge-men; and ſo throughout the Reſt.

Now, on the contrary, this infallible Promiſe was added: That unto all thoſe who ſhould make a *Holy Day* of the above-recited Feſtival, and ceaſe from all Manner of worldly Work and Negotiation, lay aſide all their own moſt important Occaſions, and be ſo retchleſs, heedleſs, and careleſs, of what might concern the Management of their proper Affairs, as to mind Nothing elſe but a ſuſpicious eſpying and prying into the ſecret Deportments of their Wives, and how to coop, ſhut up, hold at under, and deal cruelly and auſterely with, them, by all the Harſhneſs and Hardſhips that an implacable and every Way inexorable Jealouſy can deviſe and ſuggeſt, conformable to the ſacred Ordinances of the afore-mentioned Sacrifices and Oblations, he ſhould be continually favourable to them, ſhould love them, ſociably converſe with them, ſhould be Day and Night in their Houſes, and never leave them deſtitute of his Preſence. Now, I have ſaid, and you have heard my Cure.

Ha, ha, ha, quoth *Carpalim* laughing, this is a Remedy yet more apt and proper than *Hans Carvel*'s Ring:

the Devil take me if I do not believe it. The Humour, Inclination, and Nature, of Women is like the Thunder, whoſe Force in it's Bolt, or otherways, burneth, bruiſeth, and breaketh, only hard, maſſive, and reſiſting, Objects, without ſtaying or ſtopping at ſoft, empty, and yielding, Matters; for it daſheth into Pieces the Steel Sword, without doing any Hurt to the Velvet Scabbard which inſheatheth it; it ruſheth alſo, and conſumeth the Bones, without wounding or endamaging the Fleſh wherewith they are veiled and covered; juſt ſo it is, that Women, for the greater Part, never bend the Contention, Subtility, and contradictory Diſpoſition, of their Spirits, unleſs it be to do what is prohibited and forbidden.

Verily, quoth *Hippothadeus*, ſome of our Doctors aver for a Truth, That the firſt Woman of the World, whom the *Hebrews* call *Eve*, had hardly been induced or allured into the Temptation of eating of the Fruit of the *Tree of Life* (5) if it had not been forbidden her ſo to do. And, that you may give the more Credit to the Validity of this Opinion, conſider how the cautelous and wily Tempter did commemorate unto her, for an Antecedent to his *Enthymeme*, the *Prohibition* which was made to taſte it, as being deſirous to infer from thence, *It is forbidden thee; therefore thou ſhouldſt eat of it, elſe thou canſt not be a Woman.*

(5) *Tree of Life.*] Should not this be the *Tree of Knowledge?* My Bible tells me ſo, and ſo does *Rabelais*'s Text: *Le fruict de tout ſçavoir*; and yet it is in both Editions of this Tranſlation, in Italic Letters too, *The Tree of Life.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIV.

How Women (1) *ordinarily have the greateſt Longing after Things prohibited.*

WHEN I was, quoth *Carpalim*, a Whore-maſter (2) at *Orleans*, the whole Art of Rhetoric, in all it's Tropes and Figures, was not able to afford unto me a Colour or Flouriſh of greater Force and Value; nor could I, by any other Form or Manner of Elocution, pitch upon a more perſuaſive Argument for bringing young beautiful married Ladies into the Snares of Adultery, through alluring and inticing them to taſte with me of amorous Delight, than with a lively Sprightfulneſs to tell them in downright Terms, and to remonſtrate to them, (with a great Show of Deteſtation of a Crime ſo horrid,) how their Huſbands were jealous. This was none of my Invention. It is written, and we have Laws, Examples, Reaſons, and daily Experiences, confirmative of the ſame. If this (3) Belief once enter into their Noddles, their Huſbands will infallibly be *Cuckolds*, yea, by God, will they, (without ſwearing,) although they

(1) *How Women*, &c.] This XXXIVth Chapter is adjoined to, and made Part of, the preceding by M. *D. C.*

(2) *A Whoremaſter.*] *Ruffien*, in *French*, does indeed ſignify both a *Whore-hunter* and a *Whore-broker*, but M. *D. C.* thinks it here means neither, becauſe of the Indecency of the Word, *&c.* but rather a Student, one that, from reading the *Rubrics* of the Law, may be called (but he does not ſay is actually called) *Ruffien*, (from *rufus*, *red*; as *Rubric*, from *ruber*, *red.*) This is M. *Du Chat*'s Meaning, if I underſtand him right, for he has a little darkly expreſt himſelf. I ſhall only ſay, with the *Italians*,

Se non è vero, è ben trovato.

(3) *If this Belief*, &c.] This whole Period is exceedingly amiſs in both the *Engliſh* Editions, as it is tranſlated by Sir *T. U.* The Original runs thus, *Ayans ceſte perſuaſion en leurs caboches, elles feront leurs maris cocuus infailliblement par Dieu, (ſans jurer,) deuſſent elles faire ce que feirent Semiramis, Paſiphaë, Egiſta, les femmes de l'Iſle Mandez en Egypte, blaſonnées par Herodote & Strabo, & autres telles Maſtines.*

they ſhould do like *Semiramis*, *Paſiphaë*, *Egeſta*, the Women of the Iſle *Mandez* in *Egypt*, and other ſuch like queaniſh flirting Harlots, mentioned in the Writings of *Herodotus*, *Strabo*, and ſuch like Puppies.

Truly, quoth *Ponocrates*, I have heard (4) it related, and it hath been told me for a Verity, that Pope *John* XXII. paſſing on a Day through the Abbey of *Toucherome* (5), was in all Humility required and beſought

Maſtines. The Tranſlator makes *Rabelais* call *Herodotus* and *Strabo* Puppies, whereas he really called *Semiramis*, *Paſiphaë*, &c. Bitches. (For *Maſtine* is a *Maſtiff* Bitch, as *Maſtin* is a *Moſtiff* Dog.) I never heard any thorough Scholar open his Mouth againſt *Herodotus* or *Strabo*, much leſs call them *Puppies*; but, as for thoſe Queens, or rather Queans, above-mentioned, they were worſe than Bitches. *Semiramis*, tho' as famous for heroic Atchievements as ever any Prince was, yet fell to ſuch infamous Senſuality as to ſolicit her own Son to commit Inceſt with her; ſhe was, beſides, ſo cruel as to cut the Throats of all the Inſtruments of her Luſt, (except her Son who ſlew her.) She did indeed erect magnificent Tombs for them afterwards. *Paſiphaë* found Means to be *ſerv'd* (as our Country Folks ſpeak) by a Bull, *Egeſta* by a Dog. What the Beſtiality of the Women of *Mandez* was, I confeſs myſelf ignorant. [*Mandez* is mentioned in the Supplement to *Moreri*, as to it's Situation, in the Middle of the *Delta* in *Egypt*, and that's all.] But to return to our Tranſlator: He makes *Carpalim* ſwear, point-blank, *By God*, whereas the Reader ſees *Rabelais* makes him not ſwear at all; at leaſt not *by God*, but *by Cod. par Bieu*, which indeed is a Salve for *Dieu*. Again, where's the Reader that wou'd readily underſtand the Senſe of *although they ſhould do like Semiramis*, &c. The whole ought to have been tranſlated thus, (at leaſt I think ſo:) *If this Perſuaſion once gets Poſſeſſion of their Pericraniums*, (or as Sir *T. U.* expreſſes it, *If this Belief once enter into their Noddles,*) *they will infallibly make their Huſband's Cuckolds*, (which is *Rabelais*'s accurate Way of expreſſing his Senſe, to make it correſpond with the Verb-active which comes after,) *Yea, by Cod, will they, (without ſwearing,) even tho' they were to do what was done by* Semiramis, Paſiphaë, Egeſta, *the Women of the Iſland of* Mandez *in* Ægypt, (*blazon'd by* Herodotus *and* Strabo,) *with other ſuch like Maſty-Bitches.*

(4) *I have heard*, &c.] This Story is taken out of a Volume intituled, *Sermones Diſcipuli de Tempore*, Serm. 50. The Author of Controverſies between the maſculine and feminine Sexes had before inſerted it in the 8th and 9th Leaves of l. iii.

(5) *Abbey of* Toucherome.] By this Word, *Touch-her-home*, Sir *T. U.* tranſlates *Abbaye de Coingnauſond*, and very rightly as well as wittily, but the Name of the Abby in M. *du Chat*'s Edition is the true Name, not a ludicrous one, and that is *Fonthevrault*, according to the beſt Editions.

by

by the Abbeſs, and other diſcreet Mothers of the ſaid Convent, to grant them an Indulgence, by Means whereof they might confeſs themſelves to one another, alleging, That *Religious* Women were ſubject to ſome petty ſecret Slips and Imperfections, which would be a foul and burning Shame for them to diſcover and to reveal to Men, how ſacerdotal ſoever their Function were; but that they would freelier, more familiarly, and with greater Cheerfulneſs, open to each other their Offences, Faults, and Eſcapes, under the Seal of Confeſſion. There is not any Thing, anſwered the Pope, fitting for you to impetrate of me, which I would not moſt willingly condeſcend unto; but I find one Inconvenience; you know, *Confeſſion ſhould be kept ſecret:* and you Women are not able to do ſo. Exceeding well, quoth they, moſt Holy Father, and much more cloſely than the beſt of Men. The Holy Father, on the very ſame Day, gave them in keeping a pretty Box, wherein he purpoſely cauſed a little Linnet to be put, willing them very gently and cautiouſly to lock it up in ſome ſure and hidden Place; and promiſing them, by the *Faith of a Pope*, that he ſhould yield to their Requeſt, if they would keep ſecret what was incloſed within that depoſited Box; enjoining them withal not to preſume, one Way nor other, directly or indirectly, to go about the opening thereof, under Pain of the higheſt eccleſiaſtical Cenſure, eternal Excommunication. The Prohibition was no ſooner made, but that they did all of them boil with a moſt ardent Deſire to know and ſee what Kind of Thing it was that was within it: They thought it long already that the Pope was not gone, to the End they might jointly, with the more Leiſure and Eaſe, apply themſelves to the Box-opening Curioſity. The Holy Father, after he had given them his Benediction, retired and withdrew himſelf to the pontifical Lodgings of his own Palace; but he was hardly gone three Steps from without the Gates of their *Cloiſter*, when the good Ladies throngingly, and as in a huddled Crowd, preſſing hard on the Backs of one another, ran thruſting and ſhoving who ſhould be firſt at the ſetting open of the forbidden Box, and deſcrying of the *Quod latitat* within. On the very next Day thereafter, the Pope made them another Viſit,

Viſit, of a full Deſign, Purpoſe, and Intention, (as they imagined,) to diſpatch the Grant of their ſought and wiſhed for Indulgence: But, before he would enter into a Chat or Communing with them, he commanded the Caſket to be brought unto him; it was done ſo accordingly; but, by your Leave, the Bird was no more there. Then was it that the Pope did repreſent to their *Maternities*, how hard a Matter and difficult it was for them to keep Secrets revealed to them in *Confeſſion*, unmaniſeſted to the Ears of others; ſeeing, for the Space of four-and-twenty Hours, they were not able to lay up in ſecret a Box, which he had highly recommended to their Diſcretion, Charge, and Cuſtody.

Welcome (6) in good Faith, my dear Maſter, welcome; it did me good to hear you talk, the Lord be praiſed for all. I do (7) not remember to have ſeen you, *before now*, ſince the laſt Time that you acted at *Montpellier* with our antient Friends, *Anthony Saporta* (8), *Guy Bourguyer*, *Balthaſar Noyer*, *Tollet*, (9) *John Quentin*, *Francis Robinet*, *John Perdrier*, and *Francis Rabelais*, the moral Comedy of him who had eſpouſed and married a *dumb Wife*. I was there, quoth *Epiſtemon*; the good honeſt Man, her Huſband, was very earneſtly urgent to have the Fillet of her Tongue untied, and would needs have her ſpeak by any Means: At his Deſire, ſome Pains were taken on her, and, partly by the Induſtry of the Phyſician, other Part by the Ex-

(6) *Welcome.*] It is not ſaid, by *Rabelais*, who it is that ſpeaks here. However it muſt be *Panurge*; and his calling *Carpalim Monſieur Maitre* induces M. *du Chat* ſtill the more to think *Carpalim* was a Student of Law, that being the Compellation by which ſuch are diſtinguiſhed.

(7) *I do not remember*, &c.] This is not a *Scotch-iſm* but an *Iriſh-iſm*. *Rabelais* ſays, *I have not ſeen you ſince you acted at* Montpellier, &c.

(8) *Ant. Saporta.*] Profeſſor of Phyſic at *Montpellier*. He was of *Spaniſh* Extraction. There were ſeveral Sons and Grandſons of the Family, which *Joſ. Scaliger* ſuſpected of *Maraniſm* (Judaiſm). They, about 150 Years ago, turned Proteſtants. There are ſome Prayers of one *Saporta*, a reformed Miniſter, printed *Anno* 1620. See *D C.* more at large upon this Head.

(9) *Tollet.*] *Peter Toll*, Phyſician at the Hoſpital of *Lyons*. He wrote upon the Gout. See more of him in M. *D. C.*

pertneſs

pertneſs of the Surgeon, the *Encyliglotte*, which ſhe had under her Tongue, being cut, ſhe ſpoke and ſpoke again; yea, within few Hours, ſhe ſpoke ſo loud, ſo fiercely, and ſo long, that her poor Huſband returned to the ſame Phyſician for a Recipe to make her hold her Peace; there are, quoth the *Phyſician*, many proper Remedies in our Art to make dumb Women ſpeak, but there is none, that ever I could learn therein, to make them ſilent. The only Cure, which I have found out, is their Huſband's *Deafneſs*. (10). The Wretch became within few Weeks thereafter, by Virtue of ſome Drugs, Charms, or Enchantments, which the *Phyſician* had preſcribed unto him, ſo *deaf* that he could not have heard the Thundering of Nineteen Hundred Cannons at a *Salvo*. His Wife perceiving that indeed he was as *deaf* as a Door-nail, and that her Scolding was but in vain, ſith that he heard her not, ſhe grew ſtark mad.

Some Time after, the Doctor aſked for his Fee of the Huſband; who anſwered, That truly he was *deaf*, and ſo was not able to underſtand what the Tenour of his Demand might be. Whereupon the Leech beduſted him with a little, I know not what, Sort of Powder, which rendered him a Fool immediately: So great was the ſtultificating Virtue of that ſtrange Kind of pulverized Doſe. Then did this Fool of a Huſband and his mad Wife join together, and, falling on the Doctor and the Surgeon, did ſo ſcratch, bethwack, and bang, them, that they were left half-dead upon the Place, ſo furious were the Blows which they received: I never in my Life-time laughed ſo much as at the acting of that Buffoonry.

Let us come to where we left off, quoth *Panurge*; your Words being tranſlated from the Clapper-dudgions *(Gypſy-language)* to plain *Engliſh*, do ſignify, that it is not very inexpedient that I marry, and that I ſhould not care for being a *Cuckold*. You have hit the Nail on the Head. Rarely well! o' my Word. I believe, Maſter Doctor, that on the Day of my Marriage you

(10) *Huſband's Deafneſs.*] *Utinam aut hic ſurdus aut hæc muta fuiſſet*, ſays *Davus*, in *Terence's Andria*.

will

will be ſo much taken up with your Patients, or otherwiſe ſo ſeriouſly employed, that we ſhall not enjoy your Company: Sir, I will heartily excuſe your Abſence.

Stercus & urina medici ſunt prandia prima.
Ex aliis paleas, ex iſtis collige grana.

You are miſtaken, quoth *Rondibilis*, in the ſecond Verſe of our Diſtich; for it ought to run thus:

Nobis ſunt ſigna, vobis ſunt prandia digna.

If my Wife at any Time prove to be unwell and ill at Eaſe (11)———I will look upon the Water which ſhe ſhall have made in a Urinal-glaſs, quoth *Rondibilis*, grope her Pulſe, and ſee the Diſpoſition of her *Hypogaſter*, together with her umbilicary Parts, according to the preſcript Rule of *Hippocrates*, 2 *Aph.* 35. before I proceed any farther in the Cure of her Diſtemper. No, no, quoth *Panurge*, that will be but to little Purpoſe; ſuch a Feat is for the Practice of us that are Lawyers, who have the Rubric, *De Ventre inſpiciendo.* Do not therefore trouble yourſelf about it, Maſter *Doctor*, I will provide for her (12) a Plaſter of warm Guts. Do not neglect your more urgent Occaſions other-where for coming to my Wedding. I will ſend you ſome Supply of Victuals to your own Houſe, without putting you to the Trouble of coming abroad, and you ſhall always be my ſpecial Friend. With this, approaching ſomewhat nearer to him, he clapp'd into his Hand, without the ſpeaking of ſo much as one Word, four *Roſe-Nobles* (13); *Rondibilis* did ſhut his Fiſt upon them right kindly (14); yet, as if it had diſpleaſed him to

(11) *I will look upon her Water.*] *Rondelet* wrote *de Urinis*, and is mightily for the Phyſicians ſeeing People's Water.

(12) *A Plaſter of warm Guts.*) So *Cotgrave* interprets *Rabelais*'s *Clyſtere barbarin. Clyſter*, both in *Greek* and *Latin*, ſignifies as well the *Pipe* as the *Potion. Potion* one may call it. For what elſe is a Clyſter, I think *Tom Brown* ſays, but an Arſe-Vomit, as a Vomit is a Mouth-Clyſter?

(13) *Four* Roſe-Nobles.] Twenty Livres *Tournois*, at the Rate of a hundred *Sous* each of thoſe Nobles, as they were valu'd by the Ordinance of 1532.

(14) *Right kindly.*] It ſhould be *Right haſtily*, for that's what *Rabelais* means by *les print très-bien*; for, as *L. Joubert*, quoted by *Teſſier*, ſays, *Rondelet* uſed to do every Thing in a Hurry.

make

make Acceptance of ſuch golden Preſents, he, in a Start, as if he had been wroth, ſaid, He, he, he, he, he, there was no Need of any Thing, I thank you nevertheleſs: *From wicked Folks I never get enough*; and *from honeſt People I refuſe Nothing*. I ſhall be always, Sir, at your Command. Provided that I pay you well, quoth *Panurge*. That, quoth *Rondibilis*, is to be underſtood.

CHAP. XXXV.

How the Philoſopher Trouillogan *handleth the difficulty of Marriage.*

WHen this Diſcourſe was ended, *Pantagruel* ſaid to the Philoſopher (1) *Trouillogan*, Our loyal, honeſt, true, and truſty, Friend, the Lamp from Hand to Hand is come to you; it falleth to your Turn to give an Anſwer. Should *Panurge*, pray you, marry? yea, or no. He ſhould do both, quoth *Trouillogan*. What ſay you, aſked *Panurge*? That which you have heard, anſwered *Trouillogan*. What have I heard? replied *Panurge*. That which I have ſaid, replied *Trouillogan*. Ha, ha, ha, are we come to that Paſs, quoth *Panurge*? Let it go nevertheleſs, I do not value it a Ruſh, ſeeing we can make no better of the Game. But howſoever tell me, Should I marry or not? Neither the one nor the other, anſwered *Trouillogan*. The Devil take me, quoth *Panurge*, if theſe odd Anſwers do not make me

(1) *Trouillogan.*] The ancient *Dutch Scholiaſt* ſays, This Word is compoſed of a (vulgar) *French* Word and a *Greek* one. For, adds he, *Trouil*, in *Poitevin* and *Tourangeau*, (*i. e.* among the People of *Poitou* and *Touraine*,) means what is elſewhere called *un Devidoire*, (a Reel or Yarn-Windlaſs,) made Uſe of by the good Spinſters to wind off their Work from the Spindle, and which they inceſſantly keep turning, ſo long as there's any Thread or Yarn in the Spindle: the *Greek* Word is ἄγαν, which ſignifies *exceſſive*, (or rather *exceſſively*, for 'tis an Adverb,) *without Meaſure*. He goes on, by a *Synalœpha*; theſe two Words make *Trouillogan*, (rather, I ſhould think, *Trouillagan*,) and it ſignifies a Man who is continually turning and whiffling about to all the Points of the Compaſs like this *Pyrrhonian* Philoſopher.

dote,

dote, and, may he ſnatch me preſently away, if I do underſtand you. Stay awhile until I faſten theſe Spectacles of mine on this left Ear, that I may hear you better. With this *Pantagruel* perceived, at the Door of the great Hall, (which was that Day their Dining-Room,) *Gargantua*'s little Dog, whoſe Name was *Kyne*; for ſo was *Toby*'s Dog called, as is recorded. Then did he ſay to theſe who were there preſent, Our King is not far off, let us all riſe. That Word was ſcarcely ſooner uttered, than that (2) *Gargantua* with his Royal Preſence graced that banqueting and ſtately Hall. Each of their Gueſts aroſe to do their King that Reverence and Duty which became them. After that *Gargantua* had moſt affably ſaluted all the Gentlemen there preſent, he ſaid, Good Friends, I beg this Favour of you, and therein you will very much oblige me, that you leave not the Places where you ſate, nor quit the Diſcourſe you were upon.

Let a Chair be brought hither unto this End of the Table, and reach me a Cup full of the ſtrongeſt and beſt Wine you have, that I may drink to all the Company. You are, in Faith, all welcome, [well-met,] Gentlemen. Now, let me know what Talk you were about. To this *Pantagruel* anſwered, That at the Beginning of the ſecond Service *Panurge* had propoſed a problematic Theme, to wit, *Whether he ſhould marry, or not marry?* That Father *Hippothadeus* and Doctor *Rondibilis* had already diſpatched their Reſolutions thereupon; and that, juſt as his Majeſty was coming in, the faithful *Trouillogan*, in the Delivery of his Opinion, hath thus far proceeded, that, when *Panurge* aſked whether he ought to *marry, yea or no*, at firſt he made this Anſwer, *Both together*. When this ſame Queſtion was again propounded, the ſecond Anſwer was, *Neither the one nor the other*. *Panurge* exclaimeth, that thoſe Anſwers are full of Repugnances and Contradictions, proteſting that he underſtands them not, nor what it is that can be meaned by them. If I be not miſtaken, quoth *Gargantua*, I un-

(2) Gargantua.] This Prince appears now upon the Stage for the firſt Time ſince his being conveyed to the Land of the *Fairies*, *i. e.* inchanted, as is mentioned in p. 23. of l. ii.

derſtand

derſtand it very well: The Anſwer is not unlike to that which was once made by (3) a Philoſopher in ancient Times, who, being interrogated if he had a Woman whom they named him to his Wife; *I have her*, quoth he, *but ſhe hath not me*; *poſſeſſing her, by her I am not poſſeſt*. Such another Anſwer, quoth *Pantagruel*, was once made by a certain bouncing Wench of (4) *Sparta*, who, being aſked, if at any Time ſhe had had to do with a Man? *No*, quoth ſhe, *but ſometimes Men have had to do with me*. Well then, quoth *Rondibilis* let it be a *Neuter* in Phyſic; as when we ſay a Body is *neuter* when it is neither ſick nor healthful; and a *Mean* in Philoſophy; *that* by an Abnegation of both Extremes, and *this* by the Participation of the one and the other; even as when luke-warm Water is ſaid to be both hot and cold; or rather, as when Time makes the Partition, and equally divides betwixt the Two, a while in the one, another while as long in the other oppoſite, Extremity. The holy Apoſtle, quoth *Hippothadeus*, ſeemeth, as I conceive, to have more clearly explained this Point, when he ſaid, *Thoſe that are married, let them be as if they were not married*; *and thoſe that have Wives, let them be as if they had no Wives at all*. I thus interpret, quoth *Pantagruel*, the having and not having of a Wife. To have a Wife, is to have the Uſe of her in ſuch a Way as Nature hath ordained, which is for the Aid, Society, and Solace, of Man, and propagating of his Race: To have no Wife is not to be uxorious, play the Coward, and be lazy about her, and not for her Sake to diſdain the Luſtre of that Affection which Man owes to God; nor yet, for her, to leave thoſe Offices and Duties which he owes unto his Country, unto his Friends, and Kindred; nor on her Account to abandon and forſake his precious Studies, and other Buſineſſes, to wait ſtill on her Will, her Beck, and her Buttocks. If we be pleaſed in this Senſe to take the Having and not Having of a Wife, we ſhall indeed

(3) *A Philoſopher.*] *Ariſtippus.* He ſaid this of *Thaïs*, the famous Curtezan, whom he uſed to viſit.

(4) Sparta.] See *Plutarch* in his Precepts about Matrimony.

find

find no Repugnancy nor Contradiction in the Terms at all.

CHAP. XXXVI.

A Continuation of the Anſwers of the Ephectic and Pyrrhonian Philoſopher Trouillogan.

YOU ſpeak wiſely, quoth *Panurge*, if the Moon were green Cheeſe; ſuch a Tale once piſs'd my Gooſe: I do not think but that I am let down into that dark Pit, in the lowermoſt Bottom whereof the Truth was hid, according to the Saying of (1) *Heraclitus*. I ſee no Whit at all, I hear Nothing, underſtand as little, my Senſes are altogether dull'd and blunted; truly I do very ſhrewdly ſuſpect that I am enchanted. I will now alter the former Style of my Diſcourſe, and talk to him in another Strain. Our truſty Friend, ſtir not, nor imburſe any; but let us vary the Chance, and ſpeak without Disjunctives: I ſee already that theſe looſe and ill-joined Members of an Enunciation do vex, trouble, and perplex, you.

Now go on, in the Name of God, *Should I marry?*

Trouillogan. There is ſome Likelihood therein.

Panurge. But if I do not marry?

Trouil. I ſee in that no Inconvenience.

Pan. You do not?

Trouil. None, truly, if my Eyes deceive me not.

Pan. Yea, but I find more than five hundred.

Trouil. Reckon them.

Pan. This is an Impropriety of Speech, I confeſs; for I do no more thereby but take a certain for an uncertain Number, and poſite the determinate Term for what is indeterminate. When I ſay therefore five hundred, my Meaning is many.

(1) *Heraclitus.*] This is one of *Rabelais*'s affected Negligences, ſo familiar to him. He very well knew that this Sentence was aſcribed to *Democritus*. Nay, he ſays ſo ſomewhere, but he does not vouchſafe to remember it here.

Trouil.

Trouil. I hear you.

Pan. Is it poſſible for me to live without a Wife, in the Name of all the ſubterranean Devils?

Trouil. Away with theſe filthy Beaſts.

Pan. Let it be then in the Name of God; for my *Salmigondiniſh* People uſe to ſay, *To lie alone, or without a Wife, is certainly a brutiſh Life.* And ſuch a Life alſo was it aſſevered to be by *Dido* in her Lamentations.

Trouil. At your Command.

Pan. By the Pody Cody, I have fiſhed fair; where are we now? But will you tell me? Shall I marry?

Trouil. Perhaps.

Pan. Shall I thrive or ſpeed well with it?

Trouil. According to the Encounter.

Pan. But if in my Adventure I encounter aright, as I hope to do, ſhall I be fortunate?

Trouil. Enough.

Pan. Let us turn the clean contrary Way, and bruſh our former Words againſt the Hair: What if I encounter ill?

Trouil. Then blame not me.

Pan. But, of Courteſy, be pleaſed to give me ſome Advice: I heartily beſeech you, what muſt I do?

Trouil. Even what thou wilt.

Pan. Wiſhy, waſhy; Trolly, lolly.

Trouil. Do not invocate the Name of any Thing, I pray you.

Pan. In the Name of God, let it be ſo. My Actions ſhall be regulated by the Rule and Square of your Counſel: What is it that you adviſe and counſel me to do?

Trouil. Nothing.

Pan. Shall I marry?

Trouil. I have no Hand in it.

Pan. Then ſhall I not marry?

Trouil. I cannot help it.

Pan. If I never marry, I ſhall never be a Cuckold!

Trouil. I thought ſo.

Pan. But put the Caſe that I be married.

Trouil. Where ſhall we put it?

Pan. Admit it to be ſo, then, and take my Meaning in that Senſe.

Trouil.

Trouil. I am otherways employed.

Pan. By the Death of a Hog, and the Mother of a Toad, O Lord, if I durſt hazard upon a little Fling at the ſwearing Game, though privily and under Thumb, it would lighten the Burthen of my Heart, and eaſe my Lights and Reins exceedingly; a little Patience nevertheleſs is requiſite. Well then, if I marry, I ſhall be a Cuckold?

Trouil. One would ſay ſo.

Pan. Yet if my Wife prove a virtuous, wiſe, diſcreet, and chaſte, Woman, I ſhall never be cuckolded.

Trouil. I think you ſpeak congruouſly.

Pan. Hearken.

Trouil. As much as you will.

Pan. Will ſhe be diſcreet and chaſte? This is the only Point I would be reſolved in.

Trouil. I queſtion it.

Pan. You never ſaw her?

Trouil. Not that I know of.

Pan. Why do you then doubt of that which you know not?

Trouil. For a Cauſe.

Pan. And if you ſhould know her.

Trouil. Yet more.

Pan. Page, my pretty little Darling, take here my Cap, I give it thee: Have a Care you do not break the Spectacles that are in it; go down to the lower Court: Swear there Half an Hour for me, and I ſhall, in Compenſation of that Favour ſwear hereafter for thee as much as thou wilt. But who ſhall cuckold me?

Trouil. Some Body.

Pan. By the Belly of the wooden Horſe at *Troy*, Maſter *Somebody*, I ſhall bang, belam thee, and claw thee well for thy Labour.

Trouil. You ſay ſo.

Pan. Nay, nay, that *Nick* in the dark Cellar, who hath no White in his Eye, carry me quite away with him, if, in that Caſe, whenſoever I go abroad from the Palace of my domeſtic Reſidence, I do not, with as much Circumſpection as they uſe to ring Mares in our Country

Country to keep them from being ſallied by ſtoned Horſes, clap (2) a *Bergamaſco* Lock upon my Wife.

Trouillogan. Talk better.

Panurge. It is *bien chien, chié, chanté,* well cacked and cackled, ſhitten and ſung in Matter of Talk. Let us reſolve on Somewhat.

Trouillogan. I do not gainſay it.

Panurge. Have a little Patience. Seeing I cannot on this Side draw any Blood of you, I will try if, with the Lancet of my Judgement, I be able to bleed you in another Vein. Are you married, or are you not?

Trouillogan. Neither the one nor the other, and both together.

Panurge. Oh! the good God help us! By the Death of a Buffle-ox, I ſweat with the Toil and Travel that I am put to, and find my Digeſtion broken off, diſturbed, and interrupted: for all my *Phrenes, Metaphrenes,* and *Diaphragms,* Back, Belly, Midriff, Muſcles, Veins, and Sinews, are held in a Suſpenſe, and for a While diſcharged from their proper Offices, to ſtretch forth their ſeveral Powers and Abilities, for (3) *incornifiſtibulating,* and laying up into the Hamper of my Underſtanding, your various Sayings and Anſwers.

Trouillogan. I ſhall be no Hinderer thereof.

Panurge. Tuſh, for Shame: our faithful Friend, ſpeak; are you married?

(2) *A* Bergamaſco *Lock.*] This Precaution, which ſome *Italians* have thought proper to take with their Wives, had like to have been introduced into *France* alſo, in the Reign of *Hen.* II. but ſeveral Gallants of the Court could not, without great Diſſatisfaction, behold the vaſt Trade that was driven in theſe *(ſerrature)* Padlocks by an *Italian* Merchant, who had open'd Shop for that Sort of Ware at the Fair of St. *Germain* Being threatened to be flung into the River if he continued that Traffic, he was forced to pack up his Merchandiſe, and vend no more of his *Italian* Contrivances; and ſince that Time Nobody has dealt in that Commodity in *France.*

(3) *Incornifiſtibulating.*] By *cornifiſtibular,* the People in and about *Toulouſe* mean *troubled, afflicted,* with an Uneaſineſs of Mind: but here we have the proper Signification of this Word, and *Rabelais* ſeems to derive it from *Cornu,* (a Horn,) *Fiſtula,* (a Whiſtle,) and *Stipula,* (a Stubble-Pipe uſed by Shepherds). I ſuppoſe our *Engliſh* Words for thoſe three Things come from thoſe *Latin* ones. So *Rabelais* uſes that made-up Word *(incornifiſtibulate)* to ſignify the beating any Thing into one's Memory or Head, as if it were done by a *Horn,* a *Whiſtle,* and a *Pipe.*

Trouillogan. I think ſo.

Panurge. You were alſo married before you had this Wife.

Trouillogan. It is poſſible.

Panurge. Had you good Luck in your firſt Marriage?

Trouillogan. It is not impoſſible.

Panurge. How thrive you with this ſecond Wife of yours?

Trouillogan. Even as it pleaſeth my fatal Deſtiny.

Panurge. But what, in good Earneſt? tell me: Do you proſper well with her?

Trouillogan. It is likely.

Panurge. Come on, in the Name of God: I vow, by the Burthen of St. *Chriſtopher*, that I had rather undertake the Fetching of a Fart forth of the Belly of a dead Aſs than to draw out of you a poſitive and determinate Reſolution: yet ſhall I be ſure at this Time to have a Snatch at you and get my Claws over you. Our truſty Friend, let us ſhame the Devil of Hell, and confeſs the Verity: Were you ever a Cuckold? I ſay, you who are here, and not that other you who playeth below in the Tennis-Court.

Trouillogan. No, if it was not predeſtinated.

Panurge. By the Fleſh, Blood, and Body, I ſwear, reſwear, foreſwear, abjure, and renounce, he evades and avoids, ſhifts and (4) eſcapes, me, and quite ſlips and winds himſelf out of my Gripes and Clutches.

At theſe Words *Gargantua* aroſe, and ſaid, Praiſed be the good God in all Things, but eſpecially for bringing the World unto that Height of Refinedneſs, beyond what it was when I firſt came to be acquainted therewith, that now the learnedeſt and moſt prudent Philoſophers are not aſhamed to be ſeen entering in at the Porches and Frontiſpieces of the Schools of the *Pyrrhonian*, *Aporrhetic*, *Sceptic*, and *Ephetic*, Sects. Bleſſed be the holy Name of God! Verily it is like henceforth to be found an Enterpriſe of much more eaſy Undertaking, to catch Lions by the Neck, Horſes by the Mane, Oxen by the Horns, Bulls by the Muzzle, Wolves by the Tail, Goats by the Beard, and flying Birds by the Feet,

(4) *Eſcapes me,*] *Il m' eſchappe. Anguilla eſt, elabitur. Plautus* in *Pſeudolo.*

than

than to entrap ſuch Philoſophers in their Words. Farewel, my worthy, dear, and honeſt, Friends.

When he had done thus ſpeaking, he withdrew himſelf from the Company. *Pantagruel*, and others with him, would have followed and accompanied him, but he would not permit them ſo to do. No ſooner was *Gargantua* departed out of the Banqueting-Hall than that *Pantagruel* ſaid to the invited Gueſts: *Plato*'s *Timæus*, at the *Beginning* always of a ſolemn Feſtival Convention, was wont to count thoſe that were called thereto; we, on the contrary, ſhall, at the Cloſure and *End* of this Treatment, reckon up our Number; one, two, three. Where is the fourth? I miſs my Friend *Bridlegooſe*; was not he ſent for? *Epiſtemon* anſwered, that he had been at his Houſe to bid and invite him, but could not meet with him; for that a Meſſenger from the Parliament of *Myrlingois*, in *Myrlingues*, (5) was come from him, with a Writ of Summons, to cite and warn him perſonally to appear before the reverend *Senators* of the High-Court there, to vindicate and juſtify himſelf, at the Bar, of the Crime of *Prevarication* laid to his Charge, and to be peremptorily inſtanced againſt

(5) *Was come from him.*] It ſhould be, *was come to him*, not *from him*. There's no End of theſe *qui pro quo*'s. I ſhall give this Period a literal and exact Tranſlation, for the Sake of a Note of M. *du Chat*'s upon this Place. 'An Uſher or Tipſtaff, from the Parliament of *Myrelingois* in *Myrelingues*, was come to ſummon him perſonally to appear, and, before the Senators, to render the Reaſon of a certain Sentence by him pronounced.' This is all our Author ſays: not a Word of *Prevarication*, &c. Now, M. *du Chat* obſerves, from *Innocent Gentilet*'s *Anti-Machiavel*, *Part* iii. *Max.* xxxv. 'In, and before, the Reign of *Louis* XII. the Magiſtrates *(non-ſouverains)* from whom there lay Appeal were not many in one and the ſame Seat and Degree of Juſtice; nay, there was no more than one in each Tribunal to adminiſter Juſtice; namely, a Provoſt or ordinary Judge in the firſt Degree, and a Lieutenant-General de Bailly or Senêchal in the ſecond Degree. But, in the ſupreme Courts of the Parliaments and Grand Council, there were ſeveral; not, however, in ſo great Number as now.' Thus, adds M. *du C.* our Judge *Bridlegooſe (Bridoie)* was alone reſponſible for a Sentence which he alone had paſſed; and thence it comes, that, in *France*, at this Time, by the Sentence of ſuch and ſuch a Judge, is underſtood a certain Sentence paſſed by the Judge and Counſellors of ſuch a ſubaltern Juriſdiction.

him in a certain Decree, Judgement, or Sentence, lately awarded, given, and pronounced, by him: That therefore he had taken Horſe and departed in great Haſte from his own Houſe, to the End that, without Peril or Danger of falling into a Default or Contumacy, he might be the better able to keep the prefixed and appointed Time.

I will (quoth *Pantagruel*) underſtand how that Matter goeth. It is now above forty Years that he hath been conſtantly the Judge of *Fonſbeton*; during which Space of Time he had given upwards of four thouſand definitive Sentences; two thouſand three hundred and nine whereof (although Appeal was made, by the Parties whom he had judicially condemned, from his inferior Judicatory to the ſupreme Court of the Parliament of *Myrlingois* in *Myrlingues*) were all of them nevertheleſs confirmed, ratified, and approved of, by an Order, Decree, and final Sentence, of the ſaid ſovereign Court, to the Caſting of the *Appellants*, and utter Overthrow of the Suits wherein they had been foiled at Law, for ever and a Day: That now in his old Age he ſhould be perſonally ſummoned, who in all the foregoing Time of his Life hath demeaned himſelf ſo unblameably in the Diſcharge of the Office and Vocation he had been called unto, it cannot aſſuredly be that ſuch a Change hath happened without ſome notorious Misfortune and Diſaſter. I am reſolved to help and aſſiſt him, in Equity and Juſtice, to the uttermoſt Extent of my Power and Ability. I know the Malice, Deſpight, and Wickedneſs, of the World to be ſo much more now-a-days exaſperated, increaſed, and aggravated, than what it was not long ſince, that the beſt Cauſe that is, how juſt and equitable ſoever it be, ſtandeth in great Need to be ſuccoured, aided, and ſupported. Therefore preſently, from this very Inſtant, do I propoſe, till I ſee the Event and Cloſure thereof, moſt heedfully to attend and wait upon it, for Fear of ſome underhand tricky Surpriſal, Cavilling, Pettifoggery, or fallacious Quirks in Law, to his Detriment, Hurt, or Diſadvantage.

Then Dinner being done, and the Tables drawn and removed, when *Pantagruel* had very cordially and affectionately thanked his invited Gueſts for the Favour which

which he had enjoyed of their Company, he preſented them with ſeveral rich and coſtly Gifts, ſuch as Jewels, Rings ſet with precious Stones, Gold and Silver Veſſels, with a great Deal of other Sort of Plate beſides; and, laſtly, taking of them all his Leave, retired himſelf into an inner Chamber.

CHAP. XXXVII.

How Pantagruel *perſuaded* Panurge *to take Counſel of a Fool.*

WHEN *Pantagruel* had withdrawn himſelf, he, by a little ſloping Window in one of the Galleries, perceived *Panurge* in a Lobby not far from thence, walking alone, with the Geſture, Carriage, and Garb, of a fond Dotard, raving, wagging and ſhaking his Hands, dandling, lolling, and nodding with his Head, like a Cow bellowing for her Calf; and, having then called him nearer, ſpoke unto him thus: You are at this preſent, as I think, not unlike to a Mouſe entangled in a Snare, who, the more that ſhe goeth about to rid and unwind herſelf out of the Gin wherein ſhe is caught, by endeavouring to clear and deliver her Feet from the Pitch whereto they ſtick, the foullier ſhe is bewrayed with it, and the more ſtrongly peſtered therein: Even ſo is it with you; for, the more that you labour, ſtrive, and enforce yourſelf, to diſencumber and extricate your Thoughts out of the implicating Involutions and Fetterings of the grievous and lamentable Gins and Springs of Anguiſh and Perplexity, the greater Difficulty there is in the Relieving of you, and you remain faſter bound than ever; nor do I know, for the Removal of this Inconveniency, any Remedy but one.

Take Heed: I have often heard it ſaid, in a vulgar Proverb, *The wiſe may be inſtructed by a Fool.* Seeing the Anſwers and Reſponſes of ſage and judicious Men have in no Manner of Way ſatisfied you, take Advice of ſome Fool, and poſſibly, by ſo doing, you may come to get that Counſel which will be agreeable to your own

Heart's Deſire and Contentment. You know how, by the Advice, and Counſel, and Prediction, of *Fools*, many Kings, Princes, States, and Commonwealths, have been preſerved, ſeveral Battles gained, and divers Doubts of a moſt perplexed Intricacy reſolved. I am not ſo diffident of your Memory as to hold it needful to refreſh it with a Quotation of Examples; nor do I ſo far undervalue your Judgement but that I think it will acquieſce in the Reaſon of this my ſubſequent Diſcourſe.

As he who narrowly takes Heed to what concerns the dexterous Management of his private Affairs, domeſtic Buſineſſes, and thoſe Matters which are confined within the ſtrait-laced Compaſs of one Family; who is attentive, vigilant, and active, in the œconomic Rule of his own Houſe; whoſe frugal Spirit never ſtrays from Home; who loſeth no Occaſion whereby he may purchaſe to himſelf more Riches, and build up new Heaps of Treaſure on his former Wealth, and who knows warily how to prevent the Inconveniences of Poverty, is called a worldly-wiſe Man, though perhaps, in the Judgement of the Intelligences which are above, he be eſteemed a *Fool*; ſo, on the contrary, is he moſt like (even in the Thoughts of all celeſtial Spirits) to be not only *ſage*, but to *preſage* Events to come, by divine Inſpiration, who, laying quite aſide thoſe Cares which are conducible to his Body or his Fortunes, and as it were departing from himſelf, rids all his Senſes of terrene Affections, and clears his Fancies of all thoſe plodding Studies which harbour in the Minds of thriving Men; all which Neglects of ſublunary Things are vulgarly imputed to *Folly*.

After this Manner, the Son of *Picus*, King of the *Latins*, that great Soothſayer *Faunus*, was called *Fatuus* by the witleſs Rabble of the common People. The like we daily ſee practiſed amongſt the comic Players, whoſe dramatic Rolls, in Diſtribution of the Perſonages, appoint the Acting of the *Fool* to him who is the wiſeſt of the Troop. In Approbation alſo of this Faſhion, the *Mathematicians* allow the very ſame *Horoſcope* to Princes and to Sots: whereof a right pregnant Inſtance by them is given in the Nativities of *Æneas* and *Chorœbus*; the latter of which two is by *Euphorion* ſaid

ſaid to have been a *Fool*; and yet had, with the former, the ſame *Aſpects* and heavenly *genethliac* Influences (1).

I ſhall not, I ſuppoſe, ſwerve much from the Purpoſe in Hand, if I relate unto you what *John Andrew* ſaid, upon the Return of a *papal Writ* which was directed to the Mayor of *Rochelle* and Burgeſſes; after him, by *Panormitanus* upon the ſame pontifical Canon, *Barbatias* (2) on the *Pandects*, and recently by *Jaſon* (3) in his Councils, concerning *Seyny John*, (4) the noted Fool of *Paris*, and fore Great-grandfather to *Caillette*. The Caſe is this:

At *Paris*, in the Roaſt-meat Cookery of the *Petit-Chaſtelet*, before the Cook-ſhop of one of the Roaſt-meat Sellers of that Lane, a certain hungry Porter was eating his Bread, after he had by Parcels kept it a While above the Reek and Steam of a fat Gooſe on the Spit turning at a great Fire, and found it ſo beſmoked with the Vapour as to be ſavoury: which the Cook obſerving, took no Notice, till, after having ravened his Penny-loaf, (whereof no Morſel had been unſmokified,) he was about

(1) *Genethliac Influences.*] I am ignorant in what Aſtrologers, unleſs perhaps in *Cardan*, *Rabelais* has found that *Æneas* and *Choræbus* had one and the ſame Horoſcope, and that Fools and Kings are born under the ſame Conſtellation. For Want of Proofs to verify theſe two Articles, I ſhall only ſay, that the ſecond has a great Reſemblance with the Proverb, *Aut regem, aut fatuum, naſci oportere.* See *Eraſmus's Adages.*

(2) *Barbatias.*] *Andrew Barbatias* was a *Sicilian*: his Works were printed at *Bologna* in 1472. See *Naudæus.*

(3) *Jaſon.*] *Bartolus* likewiſe has quoted this Sentence of *Seigny John*, in Confirmation of the Proverb, *Sæpè etiam ſtultus fuit opportunè locutus.*

(4) *Seigny John.*] This *Seyny John*, (or, as *Rabelais* has it, *Seigni Joan,*) Great-grandfather *(biſayeul)* to *Caillete*, was, in his Time, known by the Name of *John the Fool*, and is here called, by *Rabelais*, *Seigni Joan* or *Joban*, from *Senex Johannes*, to diſtinguiſh him from *Joban Fol de Madame*, of whom *Marot* ſpeaks in his Epitaphs. Our Author makes this *Seigni Joan* Great-grandfather to the Fool *Caillete*, becauſe he was prior to him about a Century; *Caillete* flouriſhing, or rather *driv'ling*, about the Year 1494. In the Frontiſpiece of the *Ship of Fools*, printed in 1497, there's the Picture of *Seigni Joan*, and that of *Caillete*; the latter as the Patron of the new Mode, and the former as Head of thoſe who ſtill retain the old Mode.

diſcamping and going away: but by your Leave; as the Fellow thought to have departed thence Shot-free, the Maſter-cook laid Hold upon him by the Gorget, demanding Payment for the Smoke of his Roaſt-meat. The Porter anſwered, that he had ſuſtained no Loſs at all; that, by what he had done, there was no Diminution of the Fleſh; that he had taken Nothing of his, and that therefore he was not indebted to him in any Thing: as for the Smoke in Queſtion, that, although he had not been there, it would howſoever have been evaporated: beſides that, before that Time it had never been ſeen nor heard that Roaſt-meat Smoke was ſold upon the Streets of *Paris*. The Cook hereto replied, that he was not obliged, nor any Way bound, to feed and nouriſh, for Nought, a Porter whom he had never ſeen before, with the Smoke of his Roaſt-meat; and thereupon ſwore, that, if he would not forthwith content and ſatisfy him with preſent Payment for the Repaſt which he had thereby got, he would take his crooked Staves from off his Back; which, inſtead of having Loads thereafter laid upon them, ſhould ſerve for Fuel to his Kitchen-Fires. Whilſt he was going about ſo to do, and to have pulled them to him by one of the Bottom Rings which he had caught in his Hand, the ſturdy Porter got out of his Gripe, drew forth the knotty Cudgel, and ſtood to his own Defence. The Altercation waxed hot in Words; which moved the gaping Hoydens of the ſottiſh *Pariſians* to run from all Parts thereabouts, to ſee what the Iſſue would be of that babbling Strife and Contention. In the Interim of this Diſpute, to very good Purpoſe, *Seyny John*, the *Fool* and Citizen of *Paris*, happened to be there; whom the Cook, perceiving, ſaid to the Porter, Wilt thou refer and ſubmit unto the noble *Seyny John* the Deciſion of the Difference and Controverſy which is betwixt us? Yes, by the Blood of a Gooſe, anſwered the Porter, I am content. *Seyny John* the *Fool*, finding that the Cook and Porter had compromiſed the Determination of their Variance and Debate to the Diſcretion of his Award and Arbitrament, after that the Reaſons on either Side, whereupon was grounded the mutual Fierceneſs of their brawling Jar, had been to the full diſplayed and laid open before him, commanded the Porter

ter to draw, out of the Fob of his Belt, a Piece of Money, if he had it. Whereupon the Porter immediately, without Delay, in Reverence to the Authority of ſuch a judicious Umpire, put the tenth Part of a Silver *Philip* into his Hand. This little Philip *Seyny John* took; then ſet it on his left Shoulder, to try, by feeling, if it was of a ſufficient Weight: after that, laying it on the Palm of his Hand, he made it ring and tingle, to underſtand by the Ear if it was of a good Alloy in the Metal whereof it was compoſed: thereafter he put it to the Ball or Apple of his left Eye, to explore by the Sight if it was well ſtamped and marked. All which being done, in a profound Silence of the whole doltiſh People who were there Spectators of this Pageantry, to the great Hope of the Cook's and Deſpair of the Porter's Prevalency in the Suit that was in Agitation, he finally cauſed the Porter to make it ſound ſeveral Times upon the Stall of the Cook's Shop. Then, with a *preſidential Majeſty*, holding his Bable (Scepter-like) in his Hand, muffling his Head with a Hood of Martern-ſkins, each Side whereof had the Reſemblance of an Ape's Face, ſprucified up with Ears of paſted Paper, and having about his Neck a bucked Ruff, raiſed, furrowed, and ridged, with Ponting-Sticks of the Shape and Faſhion of ſmall Organ-Pipes, he firſt, with all the Force of his Lungs, coughed two or three Times, and then with an audible Voice pronounced the following Sentence. The Court declared, that *the Porter, who ate his Bread at the Smoke of the Roaſt, hath civilly paid the Cook with the Sound of his Money:* And the ſaid Court *ordaineth that every one return to his own Home, and attend his proper Buſineſs, without Coſt and Charges, and for a Cauſe.* This Verdict, Award, and Arbitrament, of the *Pariſian Fool*, did appear ſo equitable, yea, ſo admirable, to the aforeſaid *Doctors*, that they very much doubted, if the Matter had been brought before the *Seſſions for Juſtice* of the ſaid Place, or that the Judges of the *Rota* at *Rome* had been Umpires therein, or yet that the *Areopagites* themſelves had been the Deciders thereof, if by any one Part, or all of them together, it had been ſo judicially ſententiated and awarded. Therefore conſider if you will be counſelled by a *Fool*.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

How Triboulet *is ſet forth and blazoned by* Pantagruel *and* Panurge.

BY my Soul, quoth *Panurge*, that Overture pleaſeth me exceedingly well: I will therefore lay Hold thereon and embrace it. At the very Motioning thereof my very *right Entrail* ſeemeth to be widened and enlarged, which was but juſt now hard-bound, contracted, and coſtive: but, as we have hitherto made Choice of the pureſt and moſt refined Cream of Wiſdom and Sapience for our Council, ſo would I now have, to preſide and bear the prime Sway in our Conſultation, as very a *Fool* in the ſupreme Degree. *Triboulet*, (1) quoth *Pantagruel*, is completely *fooliſh*, as I conceive. Yes truly, anſwered *Panurge*, he is properly and totally a *Fool*, a

Pantagruel.	*Panurge.*
Fatal f.	Arctic f.
Natural f.	Heroic f.
Celeſtial f.	Genial f.
Erratic f.	Inconſtant f.
Eccentric f.	Earthly f.
Ætherial and Junonian f.	

(1) *Triboulet.*] A *Buffoon*, whom *Epiſtemon* ſaw in Hell, had before been called by this Name, and is the ſame that *Francis Hotman*, in his *Matag. de Matagonibus*, ſays that the King *Louis* XII. had in his Retinue. Here an arrant Fool is called *Triboulet*; from whence it is plain that this Word is properly applicable to any poor Wretch that has a *troubled* Spirit. *Froiſſart*, vol. III. c. cxviii. *En Angleterre, pour ceste ſaiſon, ils étoyent tous triboulez et en mauvais arroy.* And *Alain Chartier*, in his Book of the four Ladies:

Et ſont foulez,
Et par fortune triboulez.

At *Toulouſe*, a Man *troubled* with Affliction is ſaid to be *treboulat*: And when *Marot*, in one of his Poems, ſays that *Triboulet has Brothers and Siſters*, he does not mean that that Buffoon of *Louis* XII. was ſtill alive, or that he had Brothers and Siſters; but only that, after *Triboulet*'s Death, there were ſtill left in *France* Fools and People with *troubled Brains*. *Oudin* renders *Triboulet*, *huomo groſſo e corto*; and then *Triboulet* comes from *Tripe*, and means *fat-belly'd*.

Salacious

Pantagruel.

Salacious and ſporting f.
Jocund and wanton f.
Pimpled f. Freckled f.
Jovial f.
Mercurial f.
Lunatic f.
Ducal f.
Common f.
Lordly f.
Palatin f.
Principal f.
Pretorian f.
Elected f.
Courtly f.
Primipilary f.
Triumphant f.
Vulgar f.
Domeſtic f.
Bell-tingling f.
Laughing and lecherous f.
Nimming and filching f.
Unpreſſed f.
Firſt-broached f.
Auguſtal f.
Ceſarine f.
Imperial f.
Royal f.
Patriarchal f.
Original f.
Loyal f.
Epiſcopal f.
Doctoral f.
Monachal f.
Fiſcal f.
Extravagant f.
Writhed f.
Canonical f.
Such another f.
Graduated f.
Commenſal f.
Primolicentiated f.

Panurge.

Trainbearing f.
Supererogating f.
Collateral f.
Haunch and Side f.
Neſtling, Ninny, and Youngling, f.
Exemplary f.
Rare outlandiſh f.
Satrapal f.
Predicamental and categoric f.
Civil f.
Popular f.
Familiar f.
Notable f.
Favourized f.
Latinized f.
Ordinary f.
Tranſcendent f.
Raiſing f.
Papal f.
Conſiſtorian f.
Conclaviſt f.
Bulliſt f.
Synodal f.
Theatrical f.
Flitting, giddy, and unſteady f.
Brancher, Novice, and Cockney, f.
Haggard, croſs, and froward, f.
Gentle, mild, and tractable, f.
Mail-coated f.
Pilfering and purloining f.
Tail-growing f.
Grey-ſpeckled f.
Crimſon or in-grain f.
Doating and raving f.
Singular and ſurpaſſing f.

Pantagruel.

Special and excelling f.
Metaphyſical f.
Ecſtatical f.
Predicable and enunciatory f.
Decumane and ſuperlative f.
Algebraical f.
Talmudical f.
Compendious f.
Hyperbolical f.
Allegorical f.
Solemn f.
Capital f.
Cordial f.
Hepatic f.
Splenetic f.
Windy f.
Almicantarized f.
Chinnified f.
Overcockrilifedlid and fied f.
Sublime f.
Ingrained f.
Baſely accoutred f.
Modal f.
Well-fed f.
Heteroclite f.
Abridging f.
Leaden-ſealed f.
Compaſſionate f.
Crooching, ſhowking, ducking, f.
Well-hung and timbered f.
Crabbed and unpleaſing f.
Lofty and ſtately f.
Dutiful and officious f.
Optical and perſpective f.
Cabbaliſtical and Maſoretical f.

Panurge.

Amalgamized f.
Abbreviated f.
Anatomiſtical f.
Tropological f.
Pleonaſmical f.
Hare-brained f.
Intimate f.
Cupſhotten and ſwilling f.
Legitimate f.
Proportioned f.
Swollen and puffed up f.
Corallery f.
Eaſtern f.
Crimſon f.
City f.
Maſt-headed f.
Second Notial f.
Micher Pinch-cruſt f.
Summiſt f.
Moriſh f.
Mandatory f.
Titulary f.
Grim, ſtern, harſh, and wayward, f.
Ill-clawed, pounced, and Azymathallel, f.
Winded and tainted f.
Kitchen-haunting f.
Spitrack f.
Architrave f.
Tetragonal f.
Cheerful and buxom f.
Solemn f.
Annual f.
Feſtival f.
Recreative f.
Booriſh and counterfeit f.
Pleaſant f.
Privileged f.
Ruſtical f.

Proper

Pantagruel.

Proper and peculiar f.
Ever ready f.
Diapaſonal f.
Reſolute f.
Hieroglyphical f.
Authentic f.
Worthy f.
Precious f.
Fanatic f.
Fantaſtical f.
Symphatic f.
Panic f.
Limbicked and diſtilled f.
Comportable f.
Wretched and heartleſs f.
Fooded f.
Thick and threefold f.
Damaſked f.
Fearny f.
Unleavened f.
Barytonant f.
Pink and Spot-powdered f.
Muſket-proof f.
Pedantic f.
Strouting f.
Pedeſtal f.
Renowned f.
Rheumatic f.
Flaunting and braggadochio f.
Egregious f.
Humorous and capricious f.
Rude, groſs, and abſurd, f.
Large-meaſured f.
Babble f.
Down-right f.
Broad-liſted f.
Downſical-bearing f.
Stale and over-worn f.
Saucy and ſwaggering f.

Panurge.

Full-bulked f.
Gallant and vain-glorious f.
Gorgeous and gaudy f.
Continual and intermitting f.
Rebaſing and roundling f.
Prototypal and precedenting f.
Prating f.
Catechetic f.
Cacodoxical f.
Meridional f.
Nocturnal f.
Occidental f.
Trifling f.
Aſtrological and Figure-flinging f.
Genethliac and horoſcopal f.
Wood f.
Greedy f.
Senſeleſs f.
Godderlich f.
Obſtinate f.
Contradictory f.
Pedagogical f.
Dwaft f.
Drunken f.
Peeviſh f.
Prodigal f.
Raſh f.
Plodding f.
Knaviſh f.
Idiot f.
Blockiſh f.
Beetle-headed f.
Groteſque f.
Impertinent f.
Quarrelſome f.

Unmannerly

Pantagruel.	*Panurge.*
Unmannerly f.	Catholoproton f.
Captious and ſophiſtical f.	Hoti and dioti f.
Soritic f.	Alphos and catatai f.

Pantagruel. If there was any Reaſon why, at *Rome*, the *Quirinal* Holidays of old were called the Feaſt of *Fools*, I know not why we may not, for the like Cauſe, inſtitute, in *France*, the *Triboletic* Feſtivals, to be celebrated and ſolemnized over all the Land.

Panurge. (2) If all *Fools* carried Cruppers.

Pantagruel. If he were the God (3) *Fatuus*, of whom we have already made Mention, the Huſband of the Goddeſs *Fatua*, his Father would be (4) *Good Day*, and his Grandmother *Good Even*.

Panurge. If all *Fools* paced, albeit he be ſomewhat wry-legged, he would overlay at leaſt a Fathom at every Rake. Let us go toward him without any farther Lingering or Delay; we ſhall have, no Doubt, ſome fine Reſolution of him. I am ready to go, and long for the Iſſue of our Progreſs impatiently. I muſt needs, quoth *Pantagruel*, according to my former Reſolution therein, be preſent at *Bridlegooſe*'s Trial: Nevertheleſs, whilſt I ſhall be upon my Journey towards (5) *Mirelingues*,

(2) *If all Fools carried Cruppers.*] What then? —— Add, *Triboulet would have his Buttocks claw'd off.* Left out by Sir *T. U. Il auroit les feſſes bien eſcourchées.* Thus the beſt Editions have it. In the Reſt it is, *Il y auroit des feſſes bien eſcourchée*; which being downright Nonſenſe, I don't wonder Sir *T. U.* did not underſtand it, and ſo left it out.

(3) *Fatuus.*] A rural God: *Rabelais* calls him *Fatuel*, from *Fatuellus*; which likewiſe was the Name he ſometimes went by. King *Oberon* the *Camb.* Dict. calls him.

(4) *Good Day and good Even.*] *Bonadies* and *Bonedée.* Q. Whether this may not refer to the *Bona Dea* of the Antients?

(5) Myrelingues, *which is on the other Side of the River* Loire.] Myrelingues, *qui eſt de là la reviere de* Loire; conformable to the three Editions of *Lyons*, which in this are right; and ſo is Sir *T. U.*'s Verſion.

The other Editions, by omitting the Adverb *là*, and only ſaying, *Myrelingues, qui eſt de la riviere de* Loire, would put one upon hunting for *Myrelingues* on the River *Loire*. Now, it is plain this here means the Parliament of *Toulouſe*, called *Mirelingues*; as if one ſhould ſay, *Millelangues*, on Account of the vaſt Diverſity of Dialects, or rather jargonic Pedlar's *French*, which prevails throughout the Extent of its whole Juriſdiction.

which

which is on the other Side of the River of *Loire*, I will diſpatch *Carpalim*, to bring hither with him, from *Blois*, the *Fool Triboulet*. Then was *Carpalim* inſtantly ſent away, and *Pantagruel*, at the ſame Time, attended by his Domeſtics, *Panurge*, *Epiſtemon*, *Ponocrates*, Frier *John*, *Gymnaſt*, *Ryzotomus*, and others, marched forward on the High-Road to *Mirelingues*.

CHAP. XXXIX.

How Pantagruel *was preſent at the Trial of Judge* Bridlegooſe, *who decided Cauſes and Controverſies in Law by the Chance and Fortune of the Dice.*

ON the Day following, preciſely at the Hour appointed, *Pantagruel* came to *Myrelingues*. At his Arrival, the Preſidents, Senators, and Counſellors, prayed him to do them the Honour to enter in with them, to hear the Deciſion of all the Cauſes, Arguments, and Reaſons, which *Bridlegooſe*, in his own Defence, would produce, why he had pronounced a certain Sentence againſt the Subſidy; Aſſeſſor (1) *Toucheronde*; which did not ſeem very equitable to that (2) *Centumviral Court*. *Pantagruel* very willingly condeſcended to their Deſire, and, accordingly, entering in, found *Bridlegooſe* ſitting within the Middle of the Incloſure of the ſaid Court of Juſtice; who immediately, upon the Coming of *Panta-*

(1) *Toucheronde.*] A Nickname, at Pleaſure, for a Tax-gatherer, who *touches*, *i. e.* receives, the Tax, which thoſe of his Pariſh pay in Money *round*.

(2) *Centumviral Court.*] In the Edition of 1547, and in that of 1553, we read *biſ-centumvirale*: Which ſuppoſes there was at that Time, in *France*, ſuch a Parliament as conſiſted of *two hundred Judges*. The new Editions, alſo the three of *Lyons*, that of 1596, and that of 1626, have *centumvirale*; which quadrates leſs ill with what is ſaid in the *Anti-Machiavel*, Part iii. Max. 35. that anciently the Number of Counſellors of a ſupreme Tribunal was not great in Compariſon of what has ſince been ſeen.

gruel,

gruel, accompanied with the ſenatorian Members of that worſhipful Judicatory, aroſe, went to the Bar, had his Indictment read, and, for all his Reaſons, Defences, and Excuſes, anſwered Nothing elſe but that he was become old, and that his Sight of late had very much failed and become dimmer than it was wont to be; inſtancing therewithal many Miſeries and Calamities which old Age bringeth along with it and are concomitant to wrinkled Elders; which *not. per Archil. D.* 86. *C. tanta.* By Reaſon of which Infirmity he was not able ſo diſtinctly and clearly to diſcern the *Points* of the *Dice* as formerly he had been accuſtomed to do: whence it might very well have happened, ſaid he, as old dim-ſighted *Iſaac* took *Jacob* for *Eſau*, that after the ſame Manner, at the Deciſion of Cauſes and Controverſies in Law, he might have miſtaken in taking a *Quatre* for a *Cinque*, or *Tre* for a *Deuce*. This I beſeech your Worſhip, quoth he, to take into your ſerious Conſideration, and to have the more favourable Opinion of my Uprightneſs, (notwithſtanding the *Prevarication* whereof I am accuſed in the Matter of *Toucheronde*'s Sentence,) that at the Time of that Decree's pronouncing I only had made Uſe of my ſmall *Dice*; and your Worſhips, ſaid he, know very well how, by the moſt authentic Rules of the Law, it is provided, That *the Imperfections of Nature* ſhould never be imputed unto any for Crimes and Tranſgreſſions; as appeareth, *ff. de Re Milit. L. qui cum uno. ff. de Reg. Jur. L. fere. ff. de ædil. edict. per totum, ff. de term. Mod. L. Divus Adrianus*, reſolved by *LUD. RO. in L. Si Vero. ff. Sol. Matr.* And who would offer to do otherways ſhould not thereby accuſe the Man, but Nature and the all-ſeeing Providence of God, as is evident in *L. Maximum Vitium. C. de Lib. præter.*

What Kind of *Dice* (quoth *Trinquamelle*, grand Preſident (3) of the ſaid Court) do you mean, my Friend *Bridlegooſe?*

(3) Trinquamelle, *grand Preſident.*] In old Time, in *France*, they uſed to ſay *grand Preſident* inſtead of *firſt Preſident*. *Trincamillos*, in the *Toulouſan* language, ſignifies a Bully, whoſe whole Courage lies in *backing (trancher)* boldly through the Middle of the Kernels *(amandes)* of all Sorts of Nuts. Under this Name is here characteriſed a firſt Preſident;

Bridlegooſe? The *Dice*, quoth *Bridlegooſe*, of Sentences at Law, Decrees and peremptory Judgements, *Alea Judiciorum*, whereof is written, *Per Doct.* 26. *qu.* 2. *Cap. Sort. L. nec emptio. ff. de contrahend. empt. L. quod debetur. ff. de pecul. & ibi Bartol.* And which your Worſhips do, as well as I, uſe, in this glorious ſovereign Court of yours, ſo do all other righteous Judges, in their Deciſion of Proceſſes and final Determination of legal Differences; obſerving that which hath been ſaid thereof by D. Henri Ferrandat. *& not. Gl. in m. G. fin. de ſortil. & L. ſed cum ambo ff. de jud. ubi Doc.* Where mark, that Chance and Fortune are good, honeſt, profitable, and neceſſary, for ending of, and putting a final Cloſure to, Diſſenſions and Debates in Suits at Law. The ſame hath more clearly been declared by *Bald. Bartol. & Alex. C. communia de Leg. Si duo.* But how is it that you do theſe Things? (aſked *Trinquamelle.*) I very briefly, quoth *Bridlegooſe*, ſhall anſwer you according to the Doctrine and Inſtructions of *Leg. ampliorem* §. *in refutatoriis. C. de Apell.* Which is conformable to what is ſaid in *Gloſs. L.* 1. *ff. quod met. cauſ. gaudent brevitate moderni.* My Practice is therein the ſame with that of your other Worſhips, and as the Cuſtom of the Judicatory requires, unto which our Law commandeth us to have Regard, and by the Rule thereof ſtill to direct and regulate our Actions and Procedures: *un. not. extra. de conſuet. C. ex literis, & ibi Innoc.* for having well and exactly ſeen, ſurveyed, overlooked, reviewed, recognized, read, and read over again, turned and toſſed over, ſeriouſly peruſed and examined, the Bills of Complaint, Accuſations, Impeachments, Indictments, Warnings, Citations, Summonings, Comparitions, Appearances, Mandates, Commiſſions, Delegations, Inſtructions, Informations, Inqueſts, Preparatories, Productions, Evidences, Proofs, Allegations, Depoſitions, croſs Speeches, Contradictions, Supplications, Requeſts, Petitions, Enquiries, Inſtruments of the Depoſition of

Preſident; inaſmuch as the Fines, *(amendes,)* to be levied on the Effects of thoſe condemned by Arrêt, are by him adjudged, one third Part to the public Treaſure, another to the poor, and the other Third to the Proſecutor.

Witneſſes,

Witneſſes, Rejoinders, Replies, Confirmations of former Aſſertions, Duplies, Triplies, Anſwers to Rejoinders, Writings, Deeds, Reproaches, Diſabling of Exceptions taken, Grievances, Salvation-Bills, Re-examination of Witneſſes, Confronting of them together, Declarations, Denunciations, Libels, Certificates, Royal Miſſives, Letters of Appeal, Letters of Attorney, Inſtruments of Compulſion, Delinatories, Anticipatories, Evocations, Meſſages, Dimiſſions, Iſſues, Exceptions, dilatory Pleas, Demurs, Compoſitions, Injunctions, Reliefs, Reports, Returns, Confeſſions, Acknowledgements, Exploits, Executions, and other ſuch-like Confects and Spiceries, both at the one and the other Side, as a good Judge ought to do, conform to what has been noted thereupon. *Spec. de ordination. Paragr.* 3. *& Tit. de Offi. omn. jud. Paragr. fin. & de reſcriptis Præſent. Parag.* 1. I poſite, on the End of a Table in my Cloſet, all the Pokes and Bags of the *Defendant*, and then allow unto him the firſt Hazard of the *Dice*, according to the uſual Manner of your other Worſhips. And it is mentioned, *L. Favorabiliores ff. de Reg. Jur. & in cap. cum ſunt eod. Tit. Lib.* 6. which ſaith, *Quum ſunt partium jura obſcura, reo potius favendum eſt quam actori.* That being done, I thereafter laid down, upon the other End of the ſame Table, the Bags and Satchels of the *Plaintiff*, (as your Worſhips are accuſtomed to do,) (4) *Viſum Viſu*, juſt over-againſt one another; for, *Oppoſita juxta ſe poſita clarius eluceſcunt: ut not. in L.* 1. *Parag. Videamus. F. de his qui ſunt ſui vel alieni juris & in L. Munerum.* §. *Mixta F. de muner. & honor.* Then do I likeways and ſemblably throw the *Dice* for him, and forthwith *livre* him his Chance. But, quoth *Trinquamelle*, my Friend, how came you to know, underſtand, and reſolve, the Obſcurity of theſe various and ſeeming contrary Paſſages in Law, which are laid Claim to by the Suitors and pleading Parties? Even juſt, quoth *Bridlegooſe*, after the Faſhion of (5) your

(4) *Viſum Viſu.*] Thence the French Preposition *vis-à-vis*, I ſuppoſe; over-againſt.

(5) *Your* other *Worſhips.*] *Vous* autres *meſſieurs*; a *Galliciſm.* It only means, in *Engliſh*, *your Worſhips.* This Pronoun *autres* ſounds oddly

your other Worſhips: To wit, when there are many Bags on the one Side and on the other, I then uſe my little ſmall *Dice*, (after the cuſtomary Manner of your other Worſhips,) in Obedience to the Law, *Semper in Stipulationibus F. de Regulis Juris*; and the Law *Verſale* (6) verifieth that, *Eod. tit. ſemper in obſcuris quod minimum eſt ſequimur:* Canonized in *C. in obſcuris, eod. Tit. Lib.* 6. I have other large great *Dice*, fair and goodly ones, which I employ on the Faſhion that your other Worſhips uſe to do when the Matter is more plain, clear, and liquid; that is to ſay, when there are fewer Bags. But, when you have done all theſe fine Things, quoth *Trinquamelle*, how do you, my Friend, award your Decrees and pronounce Judgement? Even as your other Worſhips, anſwered *Bridlegooſe*; for I give out Sentence in his Favour unto whom hath befallen the *beſt* (7) *Chance* by *Dice*; judiciary, tribunian, pretorial, what comes firſt: So our Laws command. *F. qui pot. in Pign. L. Creditor C. de Conſul.* 1. *& de Regul. Juris in* 6. (8) *Qui prior eſt jure.*

oddly in *Engliſh*; but it is a beautiful Redundancy in *French*, and in other Languages too. Thus, I remember, the Anſwer, ſent back by the *Spaniſh* Governor at Port St. *Mary*'s to the late D. of *Ormond*'s Summons to ſubmit to Cha. III. was, *Nos otros Eſpagnoles no mudamos el Rey: We (other)* Spaniards *don't uſe to change our Kings.*

(6) *Verifieth.*] Verifieth, *Rabelais* ſays; for that Law is a perfect Pentameter; *Semper, in obſcuris, quod minimum eſt ſequimur. Verſale* means Royal and ſometimes Text Hand. *Cotgr.*

(7) *Chance by Dice*, &c.] Judiciary, tribunian, pretorial, are three ſynonymous Expreſſions. Chance judiciary, *alea judiciorum*, ſhews the Uncertainty of Judgements. This very Chance is called *tribunian*, from the famous Juriſconſult who, by Order of *Juſtinian*, compiled a Body of the *Roman* Law. *Rabelais*, in Imitation of the *Civilians* who preceded *Budæus* and *Alciatus*, writes *tribunian* here and elſewhere. *Suidas* writes τριβωνιανὸς and τριβουνιανός.

(8) Qui prior eſt jure.] This is but Half the Rule, and that unintelligibly quoted. The Rule in Law, as *Rabelais* quotes it, is, *Qui prior eſt tempore, potior eſt jure.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XL.

How Bridlegooſe *giveth Reaſons why he looked over thoſe Law-Papers which he decided by the Chance of the Dice.*

YEA, but, quoth *Trinquamelle*, my Friend, ſeeing it is by the Lot, Chance, and Throw, of the *Dice*, that you award your Judgements and Sentence, why do not you livre up theſe fair Throws and Chances, the very ſame Day and Hour, without any farther Procraſtination or Delay, that the controverting Party-pleaders appear before you? To what Uſe can thoſe Writings ſerve you, thoſe Papers, and other Procedures contained in the Bags and Pokes of the Law-Suitors? To the very ſame Uſe, quoth *Bridlegooſe*, that they ſerve your other Worſhips. They are behooful unto me, and ſerve my Turn in three Things very exquiſite, requiſite, and authentical. *Firſt*, for *Formality* Sake; the Omiſſion whereof, that it maketh all whatever is done to be of no Force nor Value, is excellently well proved by *Spec. 1. tit. de inſtr. edit. & tit. de reſcript. præſent.* Beſides that it is not unknown to you, who have had many more Experiments thereof than I, how oftentimes, in judicial Proceedings, the *Formalities* utterly deſtroy the *Materialities* and Subſtances of the Cauſes and Matters agitated; for *Forma mutatur Subſtantia. F. ad exhib. L. Julianus F. ad Leg. Falſ. l. ſi is qui quadraginta. Et extra. de decim. C. ad audientiam. Et de Cel. Miſſ. C. in quadam.*

Secondly, they are uſeful and ſteadable to me (even as unto your other Worſhips) in Lieu of ſome other honeſt and healthful *Exerciſe*. The late Maſter *Othoman Vadat*, (1) a prime Phyſician, as you would ſay, *Cod.* de

(1) Othoman Vadat, *a prime Phyſician.*] His Name, in *Rabelais*, is *Vadere*. *Firſt Phyſician*, i. e. one of thoſe Phyſicians (in Point of Rank) of whom the *Code* ſpeaks, l. xii. t. xiii. *de Comitibus & Archiatris ſacri Palatii*. *Michael Vataire*, firſt Phyſician to the Duke of *Alençon*, in 1574, was, in all Likelihood, the Son of this *Othoman*. See the

de Comit. & Archi. Lib. xii. hath frequently told me, That the Lack and Default of bodily *Exerciſe* is the chief, if not the ſole and only, Cauſe of the little Health and ſhort Lives of all Officers of Juſtice, ſuch as your Worſhips and I am. Which obſervation was ſingularly well, before him, noted and remarked by *Bartholus in Lib.* 1. *C. de Sent. quæ pro eo quod:* therefore is it, that the Practice of ſuch like Exercitations is appointed to be laid Hold on by your other Worſhips, and conſequently not to be denied unto me, who am of the ſame Profeſſion: *Quia acceſſorium naturam ſequitur principalis, de Regul. Jur. L.* 6. *& L. cum principalis, & L. nihil dolo. F. eod. tit. ff. de fide juſſ. L. fide juſſ. & extra. de Officio. del. Cap. i.* Let certain honeſt and recreative Sports and Plays of corporeal Exerciſes be allowed and approved of; and ſo (2) far, *Ut omnes obed. in princ. Coll.* 7. *& F. de præſcript. verò. L. ſi. gratuitam & L.* 1. *Cod. de Spect. L.* 11. Such alſo is the Opinion of *D. Thom. in Secunda, Secundæ Q.* 168. Quoted to very good Purpoſe, by *D. Albert de Roſa*, who, *Fuit Magnus Practicus*, and a ſolemn Doctor, as *Barbaria* (3) atteſteth in *Principiis Conſil.* Wherefore the Reaſon is evidently and clearly deduced, and ſet down before us, in *Gloſſ. in præmio F. ne autem tertii. Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.* In very deed, once, in the Year a Thouſand four Hundred Fourſcore and nine, having a Buſineſs, concerning the Portion and Inheritance of a younger Brother, depending in the Court and Chamber of the high Treaſurers of *France*, whereinto as ſoon as ever I got Leave to enter by a pecuniary Permiſſion of the Uſher thereof, as your other Worſhips know very well, that (4) *Pecunia obediunt omnia*; and there ſays, *Balbus*, in *L. Sin-*

the Duke *de Never*'s Memoirs, *Ambroſe Paré*'s *(Paræus*, alias *Cheek)* Introd. to *Chirurgery*, and *Simon Golart*'s admirable and memorable Hiſtory.

(2) *And ſo far.*] Inſtead of theſe Words, read, *ff. dallus. & aleat. l. ſolent. & authent. Ut omnes*, &c.

(3) *Barbaria.*] It ſhould be *Barbatias.* Almoſt all theſe Citations being wrong, I have alter'd them.

(4) *Pecunia*, &c.] It ſhould be *Pecuniæ.* Sir *T. U.* makes old *Bridlegooſe* ſpeak worſe *Latin*, quite throughout, than *Rabelais* has done.

gularia.

gularia. F. ſi cert. pet. & Salic. in L. receptitia. Cod. de conſtit. pecuni. & card. in Clem. 1. de Baptiſm. I found them all recreating and diverting themſelves at the Play called *Muſſe*, either before or after Dinner: to me, truly, it is a Thing altogether indifferent whether of the two it was, provided that *Hic not.* that the Game of the *Muſſe* is honeſt, healthful, ancient, and lawful, *A Muſcho inventore, de quo Cod. de petit. hæred. L. ſi poſt motam* (5): *& Muſcarii*, ſuch as play and ſport it at the *Muſſe*, are excuſable in and by Law. *Lib. 1. C. de excuſ. artific. lib. x.* And at the very ſame Time was Maſter *Tielman Picquet* (6) one of the Players of that Game of *Muſſe*. There is Nothing that I do better remember; for he laughed heartily when his Fellow-Members of the aforeſaid Judicial Chamber ſpoiled their Caps in ſwindging of his Shoulders: he, nevertheleſs did even then ſay unto them, that the Banging and Flapping of him, to the Waſte and Havock of their Caps, ſhould not, at their Return from the Palace to their own Houſes, excuſe them from their Wives: *Pet c. extra de præſum. & ibi gloſs.* Now, *reſoltoriè loquendo*, I ſhould ſay, according to the Style and Phraſe of your other Worſhips, that there is no Exerciſe, Sport, Game, Play, nor Recreation, in all this palatine, palacial, or parliamentary, World, more aromatizing (7) and fragrant than to empty and void Bags and Purſes, turn over Papers and Writings, quote Margins and Backs of Scrolls and Rolls, fill Panniers, and take Inſpection of Cauſes: *Ex Bart. & Joan. de prag. in L. falſa de condit. & Demoſt. F.*

Thirdly, I conſider, as your own Worſhips uſe to do, that *Time* ripeneth and bringeth all Things to Maturity; that by *Time* every Thing cometh to be made manifeſt and patent; and that *Time* is the Father of Truth and Virtue. *Gloſſ. in l. cod. de Servit. authent. de reſtit. &*

(5) *Motam.*] *Mortem.*

(6) *Tielman Picquet.*] A Family of *Montpellier*; of which, in 1490, was *Honorius Picquet*, one of the four Phyſic-Profeſſors then eſtabliſhed by *Charles* VIII. in the Univerſity of *Montpellier*. See *Job. Stepb. Strobelberger, Hiſt. Monſpel.*

(7) *Aromatizing.*] Theſe duſty Papers in the End being good *Spices (Fees)* to thoſe who turn them over.

ta

ea quæ pa. & ſpectat. de requiſ. conſ. Therefore is it, that, after the Manner and Faſhion of your other Worſhips, I defer, protract, delay, prolong, intermit, ſurceaſe, pauſe, linger, ſuſpend, prorogate, drive out, wire-draw, and ſhift off, the *Time* of giving a definitive Sentence, to the End that the Suit, or Proceſs, being well vanned and winnowed, toſt and canvaſſed to and fro; narrowly, preciſely, and nearly garbelled, ſifted, ſearched, and examined; and on all Hands exactly argued, diſputed, and debated, may, by Succeſs of *Time*, come at laſt to it's full Ripeneſs and Maturity; by Means whereof, when the fatal Hazard of the *Dice* enſueth thereupon, the Parties, caſt or condemned by the ſaid *aleatory Chance*, will, with much greater Patience, and more mildly and gently, endure, and bear up the diſaſtrous Load of their Misfortune than if they had been ſentenced at their firſt Arrival unto the Court: as *Not. gl. F. de excuſ. tut. L. tria onera.*

Portatur leviter quod portat quiſque libenter.

On the other Part, to paſs a Decree or Sentence, when the Action is raw, crude, green, unripe, and unprepared, as at the Begining, a Danger would enſue of a no leſs Inconveniency than that which the Phyſicians have been wont to ſay befalleth to him in whom an *Impoſthume* is pierced before it be ripe; or unto any other whoſe Body is purged of a ſtrong predominating Humour before it's Digeſtion: for, as it is written, *In Authent. hæc conſiſt. in Innoc. de conſiſt. princip.* So is the ſame repeated, *In gloſſ. in C. cæterum extr. de juram. calum. quod medicamenta morbis exhibent, hoc jura negotiis.* Nature farthermore admoniſheth and teacheth us to gather and reap, eat and feed on, Fruits when they are ripe, and not before. *Inſtit. de rer. di. paragr. is ad quem & F. de action. empt. L. Julianus.* To marry likeways our Daughters when they are ripe, and no ſooner, *F. de donation. inter vir. & uxor. L. cum hic ſtatus parag. ſi quis ſponſam & 27. q. C. ſicut dicit. gl.*

Jam matura thoro plenis adoleverat annis
Virginitas.

And,

And, in a Word, ſhe inſtructeth us to do Nothing of any conſiderable Importance but in a full Maturity and Ripeneſs, 23. *q.* 2, *paragr. ult.* & 23. *de. C. ultimo.*

CHAP. XLI.

How Bridlegooſe *relateth the Hiſtiory of the Reconcilers of Parties at Variance in Matters of Law.*

I Remember to the ſame Purpoſe, quoth *Bridlegooſe*, in continuing his Diſcourſe, that in the Time when at *Poictiers* I was a Student of Law under *Crocadium* (1) *Juris*, there was at *Semerus* one *Peter* (2) *Dendin*, a very honeſt Man, careful Labourer of the Ground, fine Singer in a Church-Deſk, of good Repute and Credit, and older than the moſt aged of all your Worſhips; who was wont to ſay, that he had ſeen the great good Man the *Council of Lateran*, with his wide and broad-brimmed

(1) *Crocadium Juris.*] Read, *Brocadium Juris.* In the Reign of *Louis* XII. *John Petit*, Bookſeller of *Paris*, printed, in 16mo, in *Gothic* Characters, a ſmall Volume, intitled, *Brocardia Juris.* This Book, whoſe very Title *Bridlegooſe* corrupts, the good Man makes to be the Name of the Profeſſor under whom he ſtudy'd Law at *Poictiers.* And, if we were to believe *Perrin Dandin*, another ingenious and learned Man, cotemporary with *Bridlegooſe*, the *Council of Lateran* and the *Pragmatic Sanction* were likewiſe two Perſons he had ſeen in his youthful Days. So that, if we may give Credit to *Rabelais*, before the Reſtoration of Learning, the *French* Lawyers were, in Point of Knowledge, much upon a Level with a certain *Venetian* Poteſtat, (Chief-Magiſtrate,) of whom *Poggius* relates, that a Prieſt, who was pleading before that Judge, having alleged the Authority of a certain *Clementine* and I know not what *Novella*, the Poteſtat, who took that papal Conſtitution and that imperial Law for two young Wenches of the Prieſt's Acquaintance, reproved him ſeverely for daring to produce, in ſo grave a Court, the Evidence of five of his Concubines.

(2) *Peter Dendin.*] *Rabelais* here laſhes a certain Judge, ſitting upon a *Stone (pierre)* inſtead of a Bench, and dangling his Legs juſt as the

brimmed red Hat; as alſo, that he had beheld and looked upon the fair, goodly, and gracious, Lady, *Pragmatical* (3) *Sanction*, his Wife, with her huge Roſary or patenotrian Chapelet of Jet-beads, hanging at a large Sky-coloured Ribbon. This honeſt Man compounded, attoned, and agreed, more Differences, Controverſies, and Variances at Law, than had been determined, voided, and finiſhed, during his Time, in the whole Palace of *Poictiers*, in the Auditory of *Montmorillon* (4), and in the Town-houſe of the old *Partenay*. This amicable Diſpoſition of his rendered him venerable, and of great Eſtimation, Sway, Power, and Authority, throughout all the neighbouring Places of *Chauvinie*, *Nouaile*, *Legugé*, *Vivonne*, *Mezeaux*, *Eſtables*, and other bordering and circumjacent Towns, Villages, and Hamlets: all their Debates were pacified by him; he put an End to their brabling Suits at Law and wrangling Differences. By his Advice and Counſels were Accords and Reconcilements no leſs firmly made than if the Verdict of a ſovereign Judge had been interpoſed therein, although, in very Deed, he was no Judge at all, but a right honeſt Man, as you may well conceive. *Arg. in L. ſi Unius F. de Jure jur. & de verbis obligator. l. continuus.*

There was not a Hog killed, within three Pariſhes of him, whereof he had not ſome Part of the Haſlet and Puddings. He was almoſt every Day invited either to a Marriage, Banquet, Chriſtening-Feaſt, an Upriſing, or Women-Churching Treatment, a Birth-day's Anniverſary-Solemnity, a merry frolic Goſſiping, or otherways to ſome delicious Entertainment in a Tavern, to make ſome Accord and Agreement between Perſons at

the Sound of the Bells ſeemed to go, *din, dan, din*. On one of theſe Seats, without any Foot-ſtool, ſtill to be ſeen at *Metz* in the Place d'Armes, the High Sheriff formerly gave Audience like *Dandin*.

(3) *Good and gracious Lady*, Pragmatical Sanction.] She very well deſerves theſe Epithets, being the beſt Bulwark that could ever be raiſed to oppoſe the Encroachment which the Court of *Rome* was continually making upon the Liberties of the *Gallican* Church. See *Mezeray* on the Year 1439.

(4) *Montmorillon*.] A ſmall Town on the Frontiers of *Poitou* and the *Limoſin*, where *Francis* I. afterwards eſtabliſhed a Preſidial. See *Beza*'s Eccl. Hiſt.

Odds and in Debate with one another. Remark what I ſay; for he never yet ſettled and compounded a Difference, betwixt any two at Variance, but he ſtrait made the Parties, agreed and pacified, to drink together, as a ſure and infallible Token and Symbol of a perfect and completely-well-cemented Reconciliation, Sign of a ſound and ſincere Amity, and proper Mark of a new Joy and Gladneſs to follow thereupon. *Ut Not. per Doct. F. de Peric. & com. rei. ven. L. i.* He had a Son whoſe Name was *Tenot Dandin*, a luſty, young, ſturdy, friſking, Royſter, ſo help me God, who likewiſe (in Imitation of his Peace-making Father) would have undertaken and meddled with the taking-up of Variances, and deciding Controverſies betwixt diſagreeing and contentious Parties, Pleaders as you know:

Sæpe ſolet ſimilis filius eſſe patri;
Et ſequitur leviter filia matris iter.

Ut ait gloſſ. vi. quæſt. I. C. ſiquis g. de conſ. diſt. v. C. 2. fin. & eſt not. per doct. cod. de impub. & aliis ſubſtit. L. ult. & L. Legitimæ. F. de ſtat. hom. gloſſ. in L. quod ſi nolit. de edil. edict. l. quiſquis C. ad leg. Julo Majeſt. excipio filios à Moniali ſuſceptos ex Monacho. per gloſſ. in C. impudicas 27 quæſtione. And ſuch was his Confidence, to have no worſe Succeſs than his Father, he aſſumed unto himſelf the Title of *Law-ſtrife-ſettler*. He was likeways in theſe pacificatory Negotiations ſo active and vigilant; for *Vigilantibus Jura ſubveniunt, ex L. pupillus F. quæ in fraud. cred. & ibid. L. non enim & inſtit. in proem.* That when he had ſmelt, heard, and underſtood; *ut F. ſi quando paup. fec. L. Agaſo gloſſ. in verbo* (5) *olfecit, id eſt, naſum ad culum poſuit*; and found, That there was any where in the Country a debatable Matter at Law, he would incontinently thruſt in his Advice, and ſo forwardly intrude his Opinion in the Buſineſs, that he made no Bones of making Offer and taking upon him to decide it, how difficult ſoever it

(5) *Olfecit*, &c.] This Law ſpeaks of ſuch Creatures, as, by ſmelling at the Vent of their Females, judge whether they want to be *ſerv'd* or not.

might

might happen to be, to the full Contentment and Satisfaction of both Parties: it is written, *Qui non laborat* (6) *non manducat*. And the ſaid *Gl. F. de damn. infect. L. quamvis:* And *Currere* (7) plus que le pas *vetulam compellit egeſtas. Gloſſ. F. de lib. agnoſco. L. ſi quis pro qua facit. L. ſi. plures C. de Codd. incert.* But, ſo huge great was his Misfortune in this his Undertaking, that he never compoſed any Difference, how little ſoever you may imagine it might have been, but that, inſtead of reconciling the Parties at Odds, he did incenſe, irritate, and exaſperate, them to a higher point of Diſſention and Enmity than ever they were at before. Your Worſhips know, I doubt not, that,

Sermo datur cunctis, animi ſapientia paucis.

Gl. F. de alien. in mun. cauſ. fa. lib. ii. This adminiſtered unto the Tavern-keepers, Wine-drawers, and Vintners, of *Semerua*, an Occaſion to ſay, that under him they had not, in the Space of a whole Year, ſo much *Reconciliation-Wine* (for ſo were they pleaſed to call the good Wine of *Legugé*) as under his Father they had done in one Half Hour's Time. It happened, a little while there-

(6) *Non manducat.*] *Rabelais* has it, *Qui non laborat, non manige ducat.* That is, in *Languedocian* jargon, *he, who works not, does not feel* (handle) *the Ducats*: i. e. *does not grow rich; gets Nothing. Rabelais*, who lov'd Alluſions, here makes one, from the *Languedocian Manige Ducat* to the *Latin Manducat.* Thus, inſtead of *Qui non laborat, non manducat*, he has ſaid, with as good Senſe, tho' in two Languages, *Qui non laborat, non Manige Ducat.* The *Languedocian Maniger* from *Manier*, comes from the *Italian Manneggiare*; and, from *Maniger*, tho' obſolete, comes the Word *Manigance*, Covert-dealing, Private ſhuffling, Secret-practiſing, Cloſeting, Packing, &c. alluding to *Handling, Fingering, Feeling:* but enough of this, tho' not too much for thoſe who are poſſeſt of *Rabelais* in *French*, and are willing to underſtand what he means by his odd and ſeemingly unaccountable Language.

(7) *Currere* plus que læ pas *vetulam compellit egeſtas.*] Thus both Sir *T. U.* and *M...x* have it. When I have altered *læ* to *le*, I know not well what *plus que le pas* means, unleſs it is *pacing* (or elſe trotting.) Then the whole Sentence will bear this Tranſlation, which, by the bye, is not tranſlated at all, either by Sir *T. U.* or Mr. *M---x. Need makes the old Wife gallop, inſtead of trotting or pacing. (Plus que le pas.)* It is an Hexameter, Half *French*, Half *Latin.*

after, that he made a moſt heavy Lamentation to his Father, attributing the Cauſes of his bad Succeſs, in pacificatory Enterprizes, to the Perverſity, Stubbornneſs, froward, croſs, and backward, Inclinations of the People of his Time, roundly, boldly, and irreverently, upraiding, that if, but a Score of Years before, the World had been ſo wayward, obſtinate, pervicacious, implacable, and out of all Square, Frame, and Order, as it was then, his Father had never attained to and acquired the Honour and Title of *Strife-appeaſer*, ſo irrefragably, inviolably, and irrevocably, as he hath done; in doing whereof *Tenot* did heinouſly tranſgreſs againſt the Law which prohibited Children to reproach the Actions of their Parents, *Per gl. & Barth. L. iii. paragr. ſi quis F. de cond. ob cauſ. & authent. de Nupt. ſed quod ſancitum Col. iv.* To this the honeſt old Father anſwered thus: My Son *Dandin, When* Don Oportet (8) *taketh Place, This is the Courſe which we muſt trace, Gl. C. de Appel. L. eos etiam:* for the Road that you went upon was not the Way to the Fuller's Mill, nor in any Part thereof was the Form to be found wherein the Hare did ſit. Thou haſt not the Skill and Dexterity of ſettling and compoſing Differences. Why? Becauſe thou takeſt them at the Beginning, in the very Infancy and Bud as it were, when they are green, raw, and indigeſtible; yet I know, handſomely and featly, how to compoſe and ſettle them all. Why? Becauſe I take them at their Decadence, in their Waining, and when they are pretty well digeſted. So ſaith *Gloſſ.*

Dulcior eſt fructus poſt multa pericula ductus.

L. non moriturus C. de contrahend. & comit. ſtip. Didſt thou ever hear the vulgar Proverb, *Happy is the Phyſician whoſe coming is deſired at the Declenſion of a Diſeaſe?* For the Sickneſs, being come to a Criſis, is then upon the decreaſing Hand, and drawing towards an End, although the Phyſicians ſhould not repair thither

(8) *When* Don Oportet, *&c.*] A Rhiming Law-Proverb,
Quand Oportet *vient en Place*;
Il convient qu' ainſi ſe face,

for

for the Cure thereof; whereby, though Nature wholly do the Work, he bears away the Palm and Praiſe thereof. My Pleaders, (Clients,) after the ſame Manner thereof, before I did interpoſe my Judgement in the reconciling of them, were waxing faint in their Conteſtations; their Altercation-Heat was much abated, and, in declining from their former Strife, they, of themſelves, inclined to a firm Accommodation of their Differences; becauſe there wanted Fuel to that Fire of burning, Rancour, and deſpightful Wrangling, whereof the lower Sort of Lawyers were the Kindlers; that is to ſay, their Purſes were emptied of Coin, they had not a Win in their Fab, nor Penny in their Bag, wherewith to ſolici and preſent their Actions.

Deficiente pecu, deficit omne nia.

There wanted, then, Nothing but ſome Brother to ſupply the Place of a Paranymph, Brawl-broker, Proxenete, or Mediator, who, acting his Part dextrouſly, ſhould be the firſt Broacher of the Motion of an Agreement, for ſaving both the one and the other Party from that hurtful and pernicious Shame, whereof he could not have avoided the Imputation, when it ſhould have been ſaid, that he was the firſt who yielded and ſpoke of a Reconcilement; and that, therefore, his Cauſe not being good, and being ſenſible where his Shoe did pinch him, was willing to break the Ice, and make the greater Haſte to prepare the Way for a Condeſcendment to an amicable and friendly Treaty. Then was it that I came in Pudding-time, (*Dandin*, my Son,) nor is the Fat of Bacon more reliſhing to boiled Peaſe than was my Verdict then agreeable to them: this was my Luck, my Profit, and good Fortune. I tell thee, my jolly Son *Dandin*, that, by this Rule and Method, I could ſettle a firm Peace, or at leaſt clap up a Ceſſation of Arms and Truce, for many Years to come, betwixt the *Great* (9) *King* and the *Venetian State*; the *Emperor* and the

(9) *The Great King and the* Venetians.] *Louis* XII. when he took from the *Venetians* almoſt all their *Terra Firma*. It is related of *Innocent*

Cantons of Swisserland; the *English* and the *Scots*; and betwixt the *Pope* and the *Ferrarians*. Shall I go yet farther? yea, as I would have God to help me, betwixt the *Turk* and the *Sophy*, the *Tartars* and the *Muscovites*. Remark well what I am to say unto thee; I would take them at that very instant Nick of Time, when both those of the one and the other Side should be weary and tired of making War, when they had voided and emptied their own Cashes and Coffers of all Treasure and Coin, drained and exhausted the Purses and Bags of their Subjects, sold and mortgaged their Domains and proper Inheritances, and totally wasted, spent, and consumed, the Munition, Furniture, Provision, and Victuals, that were necessary for the Continuance of a military Expedition. There, I am sure, by God, or by his Mother, that (10) would they, would they, in Spite of all their Teeths, they should be forced to take a little Respite and Breathing-time, to moderate the Fury and cruel Rage of their ambitious Aims. This is the Doctrine in *Gl.* 37. *d. c. si quando.*

Odero, si potero; si non, invitus amabo.

nocent X. that one Day, as he was looking down from his Window to see two Fellows fighting, Cardinal *Pancirola* asked his Holiness if he would not please to have some Body go and part them: *No, no,* said *the Pope, let them alone.* Soon after, these two Combatants gave over, shook Hands, and went and drank together. Then said his Holiness to the Cardinal, *Così faranno gli Spangnoli e Franceſi dopo che ſaranno ſtraecchi di batterſi, do per loro s' accorderanno ſenza che alcuno impiegbi la ſua opera.—Juſt ſo will it be with the* Spaniards *and* French; *when they are weary of fighting, they will agree of themſelves, without any Body's needing to interpoſe their Mediation.* See Tom. II. of the Miscellanies published by *Don Bonaventure d'Argonne*, Prior of the *Chartreuſe de Gaillon*, under the Name of *Vigneul Marville*. Here, and before, the King of *France* is styled *the Great King*, after the Example of the *Asiatic Greeks*, who, by Way of Excellence, used to call the King of *Persia* the *Great King*.

(10) *Wou'd they, wou'd they.*] I suppose it shou'd be, *wou'd they, wou'd they not.* As M. *M*...*x* did not think fit to alter Sir *T. U.*'s Translation, so neither have I every where, tho' in many Places I have.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLII.

How Suits of Law are bred at firſt, and how they come afterwards to their perfect Growth.

FOR this Cauſe, quoth *Bridlegooſe*, going on in his Diſcourſe, I temporiſe and apply myſelf to the Times, as your other Worſhips uſe to do, waiting patiently for the Maturity of the Proceſs, full Growth, and Perfection, thereof in all it's Members; to wit, the Writings and Bags. *Arg. in L. ſi Major. C. commun. divid. & de conſ. de i. c. ſolemnitates, & ibi gloſſ.* A Suit in Law, at it's Production, Birth, and firſt Beginning, ſeemeth to me, as unto your other Worſhips, ſhapeleſs, without Form or Faſhion, incomplete, ugly, and imperfect, even as a *Bear* (1), at his firſt coming into the World, hath neither Hands, Skin, Hair, nor Head, but is merely an inform, rude, and ill-favoured, Piece and Lump of Fleſh; and would remain ſtill ſo, if his Dam, out of the Abundance of her Affection to her hopeful Cub, did not, with much Licking, put his Members into that Figure and Shape which Nature had provided for thoſe of an *Arctic* and *Urſinal* Kind. *Ut Not. Doct. F. ad L. Aquil. ii. in l. ii. ſin.* Juſt ſo when I ſee, as your other Worſhips do, Proceſſes and Suits in Law, at their firſt bringing-forth, to be (2) numberleſs, without Shape, deformed, and disfigured; for that then they conſiſt only of one or two Writings,

(1) *A Bear——— hath neither Hands, &c.*] *Rabelais*'s Words are, hath neither Feet, Hands, &c. *n'ha pieds, ne mains, peau, poil, ne teſte.* Sir *T. U.* has left us out *Feet*, and ſo he might all the Reſt, for 'tis all a *Fib*. *Ariſtotle*, and *Pliny* after him, (lib. viii. cap. xxxvi.) are the Perſons that tell us this fine Story. *Une Main*, by the Way, ſignifies, in *French* and *Spaniſh*, not only a human *Hand*, but the *Fore-foot of a Quadruped* likewiſe; Sir *T. U*'s Tranſlation has, inſtead of *Bear*, *Bare*; a Fault of Mr. *Typographe*'s, as there are Hundreds beſides which I have altered.

(2) *Numberleſs, &c.*] This *Numberleſs* murders the whole Thought, being the very Reverſe of it. It ſhould be *ſhapeleſs*, *informes*; not a Word of *numberleſs*.

or Copies of Inſtruments, through which Defect they appear unto me, as to your other Worſhips, foul (3), loathſome, filthy, and miſ-ſhapen, Beaſts; but, when there are Heaps of theſe legiformal Papers, packed, piled, laid up together, impoked, inſatcheled, and put up in Bags, then is it, that, with a good Reaſon, we may term that Suit, to which, as Pieces, Parcels, Parts, Portions, and Members, thereof, they do pertain and belong, well-formed and faſhioned, big-limbed, ſtrong-ſet, and in all and each of it's Dimenſions moſt completely membered: Becauſe (4) *forma dat. eſſe. rei. L. ſi is qui F. ad leg. falcid. in C. cum delicta de reſcript. Barbaria* (5) *conſil. Lib. ii.* And before him, *Balſus* (6) *in C. ult. extra deconſ. & L. Julianus exhib. & F. ad L. quæſitum F. de lege.* 3. The Manner is ſuch as is ſet down *in gloſſ. p. quæſt. i. C. Paulus.*

Debile principium melior fortuna ſequitur.

Like your other Worſhips, alſo the Serjeants, Catchpoles, Purſevants, Meſſengers, Summoners, Apparitors, Uſhers, Door-keepers, Pettifoggers, Attorneys, Proctors, Commiſſioners, Juſtices of the Peace, Judge-Delegates, Arbitrators, Overſeers, Sequeſtrators, Advocates, Inquiſitors, Jurors, Searchers, Examiners, Notaries, Tabellions, Scribes, Scriveners, Clerks, Prognotaries, Secondaries, and *Expedanean* (7) Judges, *de quibus tit. eſt*

(3) *Foul——Beaſt.*] According to the Proverb.

C'eſt une laide Beſte,
Qui n'a queuë ni teſte.

That's an ugly Beaſt indeed
Which has neither Tail nor Head.

(4) *Forma dat. eſſe. rei.*] *Rabelais* does not abbreviate the Words, for indeed, how could he? He wrote it *Forma dat Eſſe rei*, and ſo ſhould have done Sir *T. U.* and Mr. *M——x.*

(5) *Barbaria.*] Read *Barbatias.*

(6) *Balſus.*] Read *Baldus.*

(7) *Expedanean Judges.*] It is, in *Rabelais*, *Juges pedanées*, i. e. *Country Judges, Judges of Villages, Inferior Judges.* I never heard

eſt L. 3. C. by ſucking very much, and that exceeding forcibly, and licking at the Purſes of the pleading Parties, they, to the Suits already begot and engendered, form, faſhion, and frame, Head, Feet, Claws (8), Talons, Beaks, Bills, Teeth, Hands, Veins, Sinews, Arteries, Muſcles, Humours, and ſo forth, through all the ſimilary and diſſimilary Parts of the Whole; which Parts, Particles, Pendicles, and Appurtenances, are the Lawpokes and Bags, *Gloſſ. de Conſ. d. 3. C. accipiſti.*

Qualis veſtis erit, talia corda gerit.

Hic notandum eſt, That, in this Reſpect, the Pleaders, Litigants, and Law-Suiters, are happier than the Officers, Miniſters, and Adminiſtrators, of Juſtice: For *beatus* (9) *eſt dare quam accipere. F. Com. L. 3. extra de celeb. Miſſ. cum Marthæ & 24. Queſt. 1 Cap. Od. Gloſſ.*

Affectum dantis penſat cenſura tonantis.

Thus becometh the Action, or Proceſs, by their Care and Induſtry, to be of a complete and goodly Bulk, well ſhaped, framed, formed, and faſhioned, according to the *Canonical Gloſſ.*

Accipe, ſume, cape, ſunt verba placentia Papæ.

heard of *Expedanean* Judges. Theſe *Pedanean* Judges (or rather *Pedarian, ſee Camb. Dict.*) were ſo called becauſe they went not in their Chariots to Courts, but trudged it on *Foot, pedibus.*

(8) *Claws, Talons, Beak, Teeth.*] *Marot*, in that Place of his Hell where the Poet is ſetting forth his Law-ſuits under the Repreſentation of ſo many Serpents:

Celuy, qui ſiffle, & ha les dents ſi drües,
Mordra quelc' un qui en courra les rües.

That hiſſing Serpent there, with thick ſet Teeth,
Will bite one into *Madneſs* (if not *Death*).

(9) Beatus.] Theſe Typographs make our Saviour ſpeak as bad *Latin* as the Lawyers. *Beatus* ſhould be *beatius*, as *Rabelais* has it: *Beatius eſt dare quam accipere. Acts* xx. 35. It is a Saying of our Saviour's (on what Occaſion is not known) quoted by St. *Paul*, though none of the Evang liſts mention it. Our Saviour, who was and is God, tells us, *it is more* godlike to give *than to* receive. I am ſure it is more *delightful.*

Which Speech hath been more clearly explained by *Alb. de Roſ. in verbo Roma.*

Roma manus rodit ; quas rodere non valet, odit.
Dantes cuſtodit ; non dantes ſpernit & odit.

The Reaſon whereof is thought to be this :

Ad preſens ova, cras pullis ſunt meliora.

Ut eſt Gl. in L. quum H. F. de Tranſact. Nor is this all, for the Inconvenience of the contrary is ſet down in *Gloſſ. C. de Allu. L. Fin.*

Quum labor in damno eſt, creſcit mortalis egeſtas.

In Confirmation whereof, we find, that the true Etymology and Expoſition of the Word *Proceſs* is *Purchaſe, viz.* of good Store of Money to the Lawyers, and of many Pokes, *id eſt, Prou-Sacks,* to the Pleaders, upon which Subject we have moſt cœleſtial Quips, Gybes, and Girds.

(10) *Litiganda jura creſcunt, litigando jus acquiritur.*

Item Gl. in Cap. illud extrem. de præſunt. & C. de prob. L. inſtrum. L. non Epiſtolis L. non nudis.

Et ſi non proſunt ſingula, multa juvant.

Yea, but (aſked *Trinquamelle*) how do you proceed (my Friend) in criminal Cauſes, the culpable and guilty Party being taken and ſeized upon *flagrante Crimine?* Even as your other Worſhips uſe to do (anſwered *Bridlegooſe :*) *Firſt,* I permit the Plaintiff to depart from the Court, enjoining him not to preſume to return thither till previouſly he ſhould have taken a good, ſound, and profound, Sleep, which is to ſerve for the prime Entry and Introduction to the legal carrying-on of the Buſineſs. In the next Place, a formal Report is to be made to me of his having ſlept. *Thirdly,* I iſſue forth a Warrant to convent him before me. *Fourthly,* He is to produce a ſufficient and authentic Atteſtation of his having

(10) Litigando, &c.] This being no Verſe, *Rabelais,* as correct an Author as *M. du Chat* is an Annotator, does not make a ſeparate Line of it.

thoroughly

thoroughly and entirely ſleeped, conform to the *Gloſſ.* 37. *Queſt.* 7. *Siquis cum.*

Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.

Being thus far advanced in the Formality of the Proceſs, I find that this conſopiating Act engendereth another Act, whence ariſeth the articulating of a Member; that again produceth a third Act, faſhionative of another Member; which Third bringing forth a Fourth, procreative of another Act; new Members, in a fewer Number, are ſhaped and framed, one ſtill breeding and begetting another, (as, Link after Link, the Coat of Mail at length is made,) till thus, Piece after Piece, by little and little, like Information upon Information, the Proceſs be completely well formed and perfect in all his Members. Finally, having proceeded this Length, I have Recourſe to my *Dice*; nor is it to be thought that this Interruption, Reſpite, or Interpellation, is by me occaſioned without very good Reaſon inducing me thereunto, and a notable Experience of a moſt convincing and irrefragable Force.

I remember, on a Time, that (11) in the Camp at *Stockholm* there was a certain *Gaſcon*, named *Gratianauld*, Native of the Town of *Saint Sever*, who, having loſt all his Money at Play, and conſecutively being very angry thereat, as you know, *Pecunia eſt alter Sanguis, ut ait Anto. de Burtio, in accedens 2. extra ut lit. non conteſt. & Bald. in L. ſi tuis C. de op. Lib. per not. in L. advocati. C. de advoc. div. Jud. Pecunia eſt vita hominis & optimus fidejuſſor in neceſſitatibus*; did, at his coming forth of the Gaming-Houſe, in the Preſence of the whole Company that was there, with a very loud Voice, ſpeak, in his own Language,

(11) *In the Camp at* Stockholm.] *Chriſtiern* the Second, King of *Denmark*, inherited from his Father a Sort of Right to the Crown of *Sweden*. And when he ſaw that, in Contempt of his Claim, the *Swedes* had choſen a Protector of the Kingdom, he had laid his Siege to *Stockholm*, in the Year 1518, with an Army made up of Saxons, Friſons, *Scotch*, and *French*. (See *de Thou*, l. 1. in the Year 1518.) This is the Siege ſpoken of by *Bridlegooſe*, who was preſent at it.

theſe following Words: (12) *Pap. cap. de bious nillots que maux depipes rous treſire: areſque de pergudes ſont les mires bingt & quouatre bagnelles, ta pla donne rien pies trues & Patacts, Scy de gur de bons aulx, qui boille trequar ambe Jou à Belſambiz.* Finding that none would make him any Anſwer, he paſſed from thence to that Part of the Leaguer, where the huff-ſnuff, (13) honder-ſponder, ſwaſh-buckling, *High Germans* were, to whom he renewed theſe very Terms, provoking them to fight with him; but all the Return he had from them, to his ſtout Challenge, was only, (14) *Der Gaſconner thut ſchich, uſz. mitt. cim. iedem veſclage aberer iſt genegrer au ſtacleu darum liebem fram ve hend ſerg au inverm hauſraut.* Finding alſo, that none of that Band of *Teutonic* Soldiers offered himſelf to the Combat, he paſſed to that Quarter of the Leaguer where the *French*

(12) Pap. cap. &c.] Read *Pao cap de biouz billocs, que mau de pippe bous treſbire; areſque pergudes ſont les mies binge & quouatre baquettes*, &c. This *Gaſcon* Gibberiſh may be ſoon underſtood with the Help of *Cotgrave*. *Pao* is *by*, *Cap the Head*, *de bious* of God, *billots* you Fellows, *que mau*, *(mal,)* may the Evil *de pippe* of a Pipe of Wine *bous treſbire (biver* for *virer)* whirl you to the Ground, *(i. e.)* may you fall down dead drunk, (a *Gaſcon* Imprecation.) *Ares que ſont pergudes (perdues)* ſince I have loſt *les mies bingt & quouatre baquettes* all my 24 Half-pence, *&c. (A great Cry and little Wool*, as the Devil ſaid when he ſheared his Hogs.) Now, for M. *du Chat*: *Baquette à la Gaſconne* for *Vachette*, or *Vakette*, (a Diminutive of *Vacca*, a Cow,) a ſmall Coin of *Bearne*, ſo called from it's being mark'd with the Arms of that Country, a *Cow*. The *Venetians*, in all Likelihood, took their *Bagattino* (a very ſmall Coin) from *Baquette*; tho' *Robert Cenault* calls this *Venetian* Coin *Barquetin* in *French*, becauſe he found it to be the Coin commonly paid the *Bark* for carrying People croſs the Canals at *Venice*; *Barchatinus, vulgò barquetin*, (ſays he in his *de menſur. & ponder.) puto eſſe precium trajectus aquæ per barcham. Tres noſtrum denarium reddunt duodecim ſoldum Venetum.*

(13) *Honder-ſponder.*] A coined Word, like *Lifre-lofres* elſewhere, to abuſe the *Germans*, as if they only ſpoke thoſe Words, and no other.

(14) Der Gaſconner, &c.] In this whole *German* Sentence, there's none but the two firſt Words right in Sir *T. U*'s Edition. Read *Der Gaſcongner thut ſich aux mit eim jedin zu ſchlagen, aber er iſt geneigter zu ſtehlen; darumb liebe frauwen habt ſorg zu everm hauſzrachbt.* The Senſe of which is, in *Engliſh*, 'This Gaſconing 'Fellow here, who is quarrelling with every Body, is more likely to 'ſteal than to fight. So pray, good Woman, take Care of your houſe-'hold-Goods.'

free-

free-booting Adventurers were encamped, and reiterating unto them, what he had before repeated to the *Dutch* Warriors, challenged them likewiſe to fight him, and therewithal made pretty little *Gaſconado* friſking *Gambols*, to oblige them the more cheerfully and gallantly to cope with him in the Liſts of a duellizing Engagement; but no Anſwer at all was made unto him. Whereupon the *Gaſcon*, deſpairing of meeting with any Antagoniſts, departed from thence, and, laying himſelf down not far from the Pavilions of the grand *Chriſtian* Cavalier (15) *Creſſie*, fell faſt aſleep. When he had thoroughly ſleeped an Hour or two, another adventurous and all-hazarding Blade of the Forlorn Hope of the laviſhingly-waſting Gameſters, having alſo loſt all his Monies, ſallied forth with a Sword in his Hand, of a firm Reſolution to fight with the aforeſaid *Gaſcon*, ſeeing he had loſt as well as he.

Ploratur lachrymis amiſſa pecunia veris:

Saith the *Gl. de penitent. diſtinct. 2. C. ſunt plures.* To this Effect having made Enquiry and Search for him throughout the whole Camp, and in Sequel thereof found him aſleep, he ſaid unto him, Up, ho, good Fellow, in the Name of all the Devils of Hell, riſe up, riſe up, get up; I have loſt my Money as well as thou haſt done, let us, therefore, go fight luſtily together, grapple and ſcuffle it to ſome Purpoſe: Thou may'ſt look and ſee my Tuck is no longer than thy Rapier. The *Gaſcon* altogether aſtoniſhed at his unexpected Provocation, without altering his former Dialect, ſpoke thus: *Cap de Saint Arnault qu' au ſegs tu qui me rebeillez? Que man de ta berne te gire*; (16) *San Soibe Cap de Gaſcoigne tapla*

(15) *Criſſe.*] Perhaps *James Turpin* IId of that Name, Lord of *Criſſé* in *Anjou*. See the Genealogies of *St. Marthe*, l. xxx.

(16) San Siobé, cap de Gaſcoigne.] The *Gaſcon*, who was of *S. Sever*, ſwears by the Gibberiſh-name of the Patron of his Town, which had been many Ages called *S. Sever cap de Gaſcoigne*. See *Mezeray* on the Year 092. The Inhabitants of this Town were always notorious for Wrong-headedneſs. And therefore *Rabelais* here makes *Gratianaud* take upon him the moſt ridiculous Quarrel that cou'd be imagined. The Town of *S. Sever* is denominated from an Abby of *Benedictines* of the ſame Name, which ſtands in it; and it is ſur-

topla dormy Jou, quand à queſt taquain me bingut eſtee. The venturous Royſter inviteth him again to the Duel; but the *Gaſcon*, without condeſcending to his Deſire, ſaid only this: *Hepauvret jou ſquinerie ares que ſon pla repoſat: Vanne un panque te poſar comme Jou, peuſſetruqueren.* Thus, in forgetting his Loſs, he forgot the Eagerneſs which he had to fight. In Concluſion, after that the other had likewiſe ſleeped a little, they, inſtead of fighting, and poſſibly killing one another, went jointly to a Sutler's Tent, where they drank together very amicably, each upon the Pawn of his Sword. Thus, by a little Sleep, was pacified the ardent Fury of two warlike Champions. There, Goſſip, comes the Golden Word of *John Andrew in Cap. ult. de Sent. & reducic. L. Sexto.* SEDENDO, ET DORMIENDO, FIT ANIMA PRUDENS.

CHAP. XLIII.

How Pantagruel *excuſeth* Bridlegooſe *in the Matter of ſentencing Actions at Law by the Chance of the Dice.*

WITH this *Bridlegooſe* held his Peace. Whereupon *Trinquamelle* bade them (1) withdraw from the Court; which accordingly was done; and then directed his Diſcourſe to *Pantagruel* after this Manner: It is fitting, (moſt illuſtrious Prince,) not only by Reaſon of the deep Obligations, wherein this preſent *Parliament*, together with the whole Marquiſate of *Mirlingues*, ſtand bound to your Royal Highneſs for the innumerable Benefits, which, as Effects of *mere Grace*,

ſurnamed *Cap de Gaſcoigne*, (Head of *Gaſcony*,) probably becauſe there it was the States of the Country held their Seſſions, of which the Abbot *St. Sever* was Viguer. *Illud autem* (i. e. S. Sever) *Caput Goſconiae indigitant*, ſays the *Gall. Chriſtiana*, T. IV. p. 823 *Veriſimiliter quod, apud S. Severum, Curiae Gaſconia procerum comita celebrarentur, etiam ætate Regum Angliæ, cujus indicendi conventus Abbas erat Viguerius.*

(1) *Them* read *Him.*

they

they have received from your incomparable Bounty, but for that excellent Wit alſo, prime Judgement, and admirable Learning, wherewith Almighty God, the Giver of all good Things, hath moſt richly qualified and endowed you, we tender and preſent unto you the Deciſion of this new, ſtrange, and paradoxical, Caſe of *Bridlegooſe*; who, in your Preſence, to your both hearing and ſeeing, hath plainly confeſſed his final judging and determinating of Suits of Law by the mere Chance and Fortune of the *Dice:* therefore do we beſeech you that you would be pleaſed to give Sentence therein, as unto you ſhall ſeem moſt juſt and equitable. To this *Pantagruel* anſwered; *Gentlemen*, it is not unknown to you, how my Condition is ſomewhat remote from the Profeſſion of deciding Law-Controverſies; yet, ſeeing you are pleaſed to do me the Honour to put that Taſk upon me, inſtead of undergoing the Office of a *Judge*, I will become your humble *Supplicant*. I obſerve, *Gentlemen*, in this *Bridlegooſe*, ſeveral Things, which induce me to repreſent before you, that it is my Opinion he ſhould be pardoned. In the *Firſt Place*, his *Old Age*. *Secondly*, his *Simplicity*. To both which Qualities our Statute and Common Laws, civil and municipal together, allow many Excuſes for any Slips or Eſcapes, which, through the invincible Imperfection of either, have been inconſiderately ſtumbled upon by a Perſon ſo qualified. *Thirdly*, *Gentlemen*, I muſt needs diſplay before you another Caſe, which, in Equity and Juſtice, maketh much for the Advantage of *Bridlegooſe*; to wit, that this one, ſole, and ſingle, Fault of his ought to be (2) quite forgotten, aboliſhed, and ſwallowed up, by that immenſe and vaſt Ocean of juſt Awards and Sentences, which heretofore he hath given and pronounced: His Demeanours, for theſe forty Years and upwards, that he hath been a Judge, having been ſo evenly balanced in the Scales of Uprightneſs, that Envy itſelf, till now,

(2) *Quite forgotten*, &c.] *Herodotus*, l. vii. tells us, that *Darius*, Son of *Hyſtaſpes*, one Day going to ſend to Execution one of his Officers for ſome Act of great Injuſtice, upon ſecond Thoughts pardoned him, on Account of the many Inſtances of Equity and Juſtice he was informed that Offender had given in Time paſt when he was in Power.

could

could not have been ſo impudent as to accuſe and twit him with any Act worthy of a Check or Reprehenſion. As, if a Drop of the Sea were thrown into the *Loire*, none could perceive, or ſay, that, by this ſingle Drop, the whole River ſhould be ſalt and brackiſh.

Truly, it ſeemeth unto me, that, in the whole Series of *Bridlegooſe*'s juridical Decrees, there hath been, I know not what, of extraordinary Savouring of the unſpeakable Benignity of God, that all thoſe his preceding Sentences, Awards, and Judgements, have been confirmed and approved of by yourſelves, in this your own venerable and *ſovereign Court*; for it is uſual (as you know well) with him, whoſe Ways are inſcrutable, to manifeſt his own ineffable Glory in blunting the Perſpicacity of the Eyes of the Wiſe, in weakening the Strength of potent Oppreſſors, in depreſſing the Pride of rich Extortioners, and in erecting, comforting, protecting, ſupporting, upholding, and ſhoaring up, the poor, feeble, humble, ſilly, and fooliſh, Ones of the Earth. But, waving all theſe Matters, I ſhall only beſeech you, not by the Obligations which you pretend to owe to my Family, for which I thank you, but for that conſtant and unfeigned Love and Affection which you have always found in me, both on this, and on the other Side of *Loire*, for the Maintenance and Eſtabliſhment of your Places, Offices, and Dignities, that, for this one Time, you would pardon and forgive him, upon theſe two Conditions: *Firſt*, That he ſatisfy, or put a ſufficient Surety for the Satisfaction of, the Party wronged by the Injuſtice of the Sentence in Queſtion; for the Fulfilment of this Article I will provide ſufficiently. And, *Secondly*, That, for his ſubſidiary Aid in the weighty Charge of adminiſtrating Juſtice, you would be pleaſed to appoint and aſſign unto him (3) ſome pretty, little, virtuous, Counſellor, younger, learneder, and wiſer, than he, by the Square and Rule

(3) *Some pretty little Counſellor.*] It ſhou'd be ſome *experienc'd* Counſellor: In *French* Perit, from *Peritus*. Both Sir *T. U.* and M. *M---x*, took *Perit* for *Petit*. Thus, is *Pantagruel*'s grave Advice turn'd unto Ridicule for Want of due Care in the Tranſlators. *Pretty little Lawyer*, for *Council learned in the Law*.

of

of whoſe Advice he may regulate, guide, temper, and moderate, in Times coming, all his judiciary Procedures; or, otherways, if you intend totally to depoſe him from his Office, and to deprive him altogether of the State and Dignity of a Judge, I ſhall cordially intreat you to make a Preſent and free Gift of him to me, who ſhall find, in my Kingdoms, Charges and Employments enough wherewith to imbuſy him, for the bettering of his own Fortunes and Furtherance of my Service. In the mean Time, I implore the Creator, Saviour, and Sanctifier of all good Things, in their Grace, Mercy, and Kindneſs, to preſerve you all, now and evermore, World without End.

Theſe Words thus ſpoken, *Pantagruel* vayling his Cap, and making a Leg with ſuch majeſtic Grace as became a Perſon of his paramount Degree and Eminency, farewell'd *Trinquamelle*, the Preſident and Maſter-Speaker of that *Mirlingueſian* Parliament, took his Leave of the whole Court, and went out of the Chamber; at the Door whereof, finding *Panurge*, *Epiſtemon*, Frier *John*, and others, he forthwith, attended by them, walked to the outer Gate, where all of them immediately took Horſe to return towards *Gargantua*. *Pantagruel*, by the Way, related to them, from Point to Point, the Manner of *Bridlegooſe*'s ſententiating Differences of Law. Frier *John* ſaid, that he had ſeen *Peter Dandin*, and was acquainted with him at that Time when he ſojourned in the Monaſtery of *Fontaine le Conte*, under the noble Abbot *Ardillon*. *Gymnaſt* likeways affirmed, that he was in the Tent of the grand *Chriſtian* Cavallier *de Creſſie*, when the *Gaſcon*, after his Sleep, made Anſwer to the Adventurer. *Panurge* was ſomewhat incredulous in the Matter of believing that it was morally poſſible *Bridlegooſe* ſhould have been for ſuch a long Space of Time ſo continually fortunate in that (4) *aleatory* Way of deciding Law-Debates. *Epiſtemon* ſaid to *Pantagruel*, ſuch another Story, not much unlike to that, in all the Circumſtances thereof, is vulgarly reported of the *Provoſt* of *Montlehery*. In good Sooth, ſuch a Perpetuity

(4) *Aleatory*, &c.] He had not found his Account in the *Virgilian* Lots.

of

of good Luck is to be wondered at. To have his right twice or thrice in a Judgement ſo given by Hap-hazard might have fallen out well enough, eſpecially in Controverſies that were ambiguous, intricate, abſtruſe, perplexed, and obſcure.

CHAP. XLIV.

How Pantagruel *relateth a ſtrange Hiſtory of the Perplexity of human Judgement.*

(1) SEeing you talk, quoth *Pantagruel*, of dark, difficult, hard, and knotty, Debates, I will tell you of one controverted before *Cneius* (2) *Dolabella*, Proconſul in *Aſia*. The Caſe was this.

A Wife in *Smyrna* had of her Huſband a Child named *Abece*; he dying, ſhe, after the Expiring of a Year and a Day, married again, and, to her ſecond Huſband, bore a Boy called *Edege* (3): A pretty long Time thereafter, it happened (as you know the Affection of Step-fathers and Step-dames is very rare towards the Children of the firſt Fathers and Mothers deceaſed) that this Huſband, with the Help of his Son *Effegé*, ſecretly, wittingly, willingly, and treacherouſly, murthered *Abece*. The Woman came no ſooner to get Information of the Fact, but, that it might not go unpuniſhed, ſhe had them both kill'd, to revenge the Death of her firſt Son. She was apprehended and carried before *Cneius Dolabella*, in whoſe Preſence, ſhe, without diſſembling any Thing, confeſſed all that was laid to her Charge; yet alleged, that ſhe had both Right and Reaſon on her Side for the

(1) *Seeing you talk, quoth* Pantagruel, &c.] *M. du Chat* ſays this Parentheſis is not in the Editions of 1547 and 1553. He adds, that this whole Chapter is Part of the foregoing, and likewiſe that it is *Epiſtemon* who ſtill continues to ſpeak, and not *Pantagruel*.

(2) *Dolabella*, &c.] See *Val. Max. l.* 8 *c.* 4. and *A. Gell. l.* 12. *c.* 7.

(3) *Edegé.*] Effegé.

Killing

Killing of them. Thus was the State of the Queſtion. He found the Buſineſs ſo dubious and intricate, that he knew not what to determine therein, nor which of the Parties to incline to. On the one Hand, it was an execrable Crime to cut off at once both her ſecond Huſband and her Son. On the other Hand, the Cauſe of the Murder ſeemed to be ſo natural as to be grounded upon the Law of Nations and the rational Inſtinct of all the People of the World; ſeeing they two together had feloniouſly and murtherouſly deſtroyed her firſt Son. Not that they had been in any Manner of Way wronged, outraged, or injured, by him, but out of an avaricious Intent to poſſeſs his Inheritance. In this doubtful Quandary, and Uncertainty what to pitch upon, he ſent to the *Areopagites*, then ſitting at *Athens*, to learn and to obtain their Advice and Judgement. That judicious Senate, very ſagely perpending the Reaſons of his Perplexity, ſent him Word to ſummon her perſonally to appear before him, a preciſe hundred Years thereafter, to anſwer to ſome Interrogatories touching certain Points which were not contained in the verbal Defence: Which Reſolution of theirs did import, that it was, in their Opinion, ſo difficult and inextricable a Matter, that they knew not what to ſay or judge therein. Who had decided that Plea by the Chance and Fortune of the *Dice* could not have erred nor awarded amiſs, on which Side ſoever he had paſt his caſting and condemnatory Sentence: If againſt the Woman, ſhe deſerved Puniſhment for uſurping ſovereign Authority, by taking that Vengeance at her own Hand, the inflicting whereof was only competent to the ſupreme Power to adminiſter Juſtice in criminal Caſes: If for her, the juſt Reſentment of ſo atrocious an Injury done unto her, in murthering her innocent Son, did fully excuſe and vindicate her of any Treſpaſs or Offence about that Particular committed by her. But this Continuation of *Bridlegooſe*, for ſo many Years, ſtill hitting the Nail on the Head, never miſſing the Mark, and always judging aright by the mere throwing the *Dice* and the Chance thereof, is that which moſt aſtoniſheth and amazeth me.

To

To anſwer, (4) quoth *Epiſtemon*, categorically to that which you wonder at, I muſt ingenuouſly confeſs and avow that I cannot; yet, conjecturally to gueſs at the Reaſon of it, I would refer the Cauſe of that marvelouſly long continued happy Succeſs in the judiciary Reſults of his definitive Sentences to the favourable *Aſpect* of the Heavens and Benignity of the *Intelligences*; who, out of their Love to Goodneſs, after having contemplated the pure Simplicity and ſincere Unfeignedneſs of Judge *Bridlegooſe* in the Acknowledgment of his Inabilities, did regulate that for him by Chance, which, by the profoundeſt Act of his matureſt Deliberation, he was not able to reach unto. That likewiſe which poſſibly made him to diffide in his own Skill and Capacity, notwithſtanding his being an expert and underſtanding Lawyer, for any Thing that I know to the contrary, was the Knowledge and Experience which he had of the Antinomies, Contrarieties, Antilogies, Contradictions, Traverſings, and Thwartings, of Laws, Cuſtoms, Edicts, Statutes, Orders, and Ordinances, in which dangerous Oppoſition, Equity, and Juſtice, being ſtructured and founded on either of the oppoſite Terms, and a Gap being thereby opened for the uſhering in of Injuſtice and Iniquity, through the various Interpretations of ſelf-ended Lawyers, being aſſuredly perſuaded that the infernal Calumniator, who frequently transformeth himſelf into the Likeneſs of a Meſſenger or Angel of Light, maketh Uſe of theſe croſs Gloſſes and Expoſitions in the Mouths and Pens of his Miniſters and Servants, the perverſe Advocates, bribing Judges, Law-monging Attorneys, prevaricating Counſellors, and other ſuch like Law-wreſtling Members of a Court of Juſtice, to turn by thoſe means Black to White, Green to Grey, and what is ſtreight to a crooked Ply; for the more expedient doing whereof theſe *diabolical* Miniſters make both the pleading Parties believe that

(4) *Quoth* Epiſtemon.] It is, in the Original, quoth *Pantagruel*. Upon this M. *du Chat* ſays, the new Editions, in this Place, make *Epiſtemon* ſpeak, which can't be, he having juſt been relating how perplext *Dolabella* was; it did not, therefore, belong to him to anſwer. Accordingly it is *Pantagruel* ſpeaks in the Editions of 1547 and 1553, and he ſpeaks, as uſual, like a Prince truly devout, and always ſerious.

their

their Cauſe is juſt and righteous; for it is well known that there is no Cauſe, how bad ſoever, which doth not find an Advocate to patrocinate and defend it, elſe would there be no Proceſs in the World, no Suits at Law, no Pleadings at the Bar. He did, in theſe Extremities, as I conceive, moſt humbly recommend the Direction of his judicial Proceedings to the upright Judge of Judges, God Almighty; did ſubmit himſelf to the Conduct and Guideſhip of the bleſſed Spirit, in the Hazard and Perplexity of the definitive Sentence; and, by this *aleatory* Lot, did, as it were, implore and explore the divine Decree of his *good Will* and Pleaſure, inſtead of that which we call the *final Judgement of a Court*. To this Effect, for the better attaining to his Purpoſe, which was to judge righteouſly, he did, in my Opinion, throw and turn the *Dice*, to the End, that, by the Providence aforeſaid, the beſt *Chance* might fall to him whoſe Action was uprighteſt, and backed with greateſt Reaſon; in doing whereof, he did not ſtray from the Senſe of *Talmudiſts*, who ſay that there is ſo little Harm in that Manner of ſearching the Truth, that, in the Anxiety and Perplexedneſs of human Wits, God oftentimes manifeſteth the ſecret Pleaſure of his (5) divine Will.

Farthermore, I will neither think nor ſay, nor can I believe, that the Unſtreightneſs is ſo irregular, or the Corruption ſo evident, of thoſe of the Parliament of *Mirlingois* in *Mirlingues*, before whom *Bridlegooſe* was arraigned for Prevarication, that they will maintain it to be a worſe Practice to have the Deciſion of a Suit at Law referred to the Chance and Hazard of a Throw of the *Dice* hab-nab, or Luck as it will, than to have it remitted to, and paſt by, the Determination of thoſe whoſe *Hands* are full of *Blood*, and Hearts of wry Affections. Beſides that their principal Direction, in all Law-matters, comes to their Hands from (6) one *Tribonian*,

(5) *Divine Will.*] *Pantagruel* ſpeaks after *Thomas Aquinas*, *l.* 2. *c.* 173, of the original *French* of the *Gardiner's Dream*.

(6) *One Tribonian.*] This Portrait of *Tribonian*, which is drawn by *Suidas*, in his Article of that famous Lawyer, has been copy'd by *Cælius Rhodiginus*, *l.* 22. *c.* 20. of his Ancient Lections; by *Budæus*, Part

nian, a wicked, miſcreant, barbarous, faithleſs, and perfidious, Knave, ſo pernicious, unjuſt, avaricious, and perverſe, in his Ways, that it was his ordinary Cuſtom to ſell Laws, Edicts, Declarations, Conſtitutions, and Ordinances, as at an Outroop (public Auction) of Putſale, to him who offered moſt for them. Thus did he ſhape Meaſures for the Pleaders, and cut their Morſels to them by and out of theſe little Parcels, Fragments, Bits, Scantlings, and Shreds, of the Law now in Uſe, altogether concealing, ſuppreſſing, diſannulling, and aboliſhing, the Remainder, which did make for the total Law; fearing that, if the whole Law were made manifeſt and laid open to the Knowledge of ſuch as are intereſted in it, and the learned Books of the ancient *Doctors* of the Law upon the Expoſition of the *Twelve Tables* and *Prætorian* Edicts, his villanous Pranks, Naughtineſs, and vile Impiety, ſhould come to the public Notice of the World. Therefore, were it better, in my Conceit, that is to ſay, leſs inconvenient, that the Parties at Variance, in any juridical Caſe, ſhould, in the Dark, march upon Caltropes, than to ſubmit the Determination of what is their Right to ſuch unhallowed Sentences and horrible Decrees: As *Cato*, in his Time, wiſhed and adviſed, that every judiciary Court ſhould be paved with (7) Caltropes.

CHAP. XLV.

How Panurge *taketh Advice of* Triboulet.

ON the ſixth Day thereafter, *Pantagrael* was returned home, at the very ſame Hour that *Triboulet* was by Water come from *Blois*. *Panurge*, at his Arrival, gave him a Hog's Bladder, puffed with Wind, and reſounding becauſe of the hard Peaſe that were within it:

Part 1. of his Annot. on the Pandects, and by *Fr. Hotmara*, b. 11. of his *Anti-Tribonian*.

(7) *Caltropes.*] See Pliny, *l.* 19. *c.* 1. This was done, ſays *Bouchet*, that litigious People might be kept from coming near ſo dangerous a Spot,

moreover

moreover he did preſent him with a gilt wooden Sword, a ſmall Budget made of a Tortoiſe-ſhell, an Oſier wattled Wicker-Bottle full of *Briton* Wine, and five-and-twenty Apples of the Orchard of *Blandureau*.

If he be ſuch a Fool, quoth *Carpalim*, as to be won with Apples, there is no more Wit in his Pate than in the Head of an ordinary Cabbage. *Triboulet* girded the Sword and Scrip to his Side, took the Bladder in his Hand, ate ſome few of the Apples, and drank up all the Wine. *Panurge*, very wiſtly and heedfully looking upon him, ſaid, I never yet ſaw a Fool (and I have ſeen ten thouſand Franks Worth of that Kind of Cattle) who did not love to drink heartily, and by good long Draughts. When *Triboulet* had done with his Drinking, *Panurge* laid out before him and expoſed the Sum of the Buſineſs, wherein he was to require his Advice, in eloquent and choicely-ſorted Terms, adorned with Flouriſhes of Rhetoric. But, before he had altogether done, *Triboulet*, with his Fiſt, gave him a bouncing Whirret between the Shoulders, rendered back into his Hand again the empty Bottle, filipped and flirted him on the Noſe with the Hog's Bladder; and, laſtly, for a final Reſolution, ſhaking and wagging his Head ſtrongly and diſorderly, he anſwered Nothing elſe but this, *By God, God*; *mad Fool, beware the Monk*: *Buzanſay, Hornpipe*. Theſe Words thus finiſhed, he ſlipped himſelf out of the Company, went aſide, and, rattling the Bladder, took a huge Delight in the Melody of the rickling-crackling Noiſe of the Peaſe: after which Time, it lay not in the Power of them all to draw out of his Chaps the articulate Sound of one Syllable; inſomuch that, when *Panurge* went about to interrogate him farther, *Triboulet* drew his wooden Sword, and would have ſtruck him therewith. I have fiſhed fair now, quoth *Panurge*, and brought my Pigs to a fine Market. Have I not got a brave Determination of all my Doubts, and a Reſponſe in all Things agreeable to the Oracle that gave it? He is a great *Fool*; that is not to be denied; yet is he a greater *Fool* who brought him hither to me; and myſelf the greateſt of all for imparting my Thoughts to him. The ſecond Bolt, quoth *Carpalim*, levels point blank at me.

Without

Without putting ourſelves to any Stir or Trouble in the leaſt, quoth *Pantagruel*, let us maturely and ſeriouſly conſider and perpend the Geſtures and Speech which he hath made and uttered: In them veritably (quoth he) have I remarked and obſerved ſome excellent and notable Myſteries; yea, of ſuch important Worth and Weight, that I ſhall never henceforth be aſtoniſhed, nor think ſtrange, why the *Turks*, with a great Deal of Worſhip and Reverence, honour and reſpect natural Fools equally with their primeſt Doctors, Muf.ies, Divines, and Prophets. Did not you take Heed, (quoth he,) a little before he opened his Mouth to ſpeak, what a ſhogging, ſhaking, and wagging, his Head did keep? By the approved Doctrine of the ancient Philoſophers, the cuſtomary Ceremonies of the moſt expert Magi, and the received Opinions of the learnedeſt Lawyers, ſuch a brangling Agitation and Moving ſhould by us all be judged to proceed from, and be quick'ned and ſuſcitated by, the Coming and Inſpiration of the prophetizing and fatidical Spirit, which, entering briſkly, and on a ſudden, into a ſhallow Receptacle of a debil Subſtance, (for, as you know, and as the Proverb ſhews it, *a little Head containeth not much Brains,*) was the Cauſe of that Commotion. This is conform to what is avouched by the moſt ſkilful Phyſicians, when they affirm, that Shakings and Tremblings fall upon the Members of a human Body, partly becauſe of the Heavineſs and violent Impetuoſity of the Burthen and Load that is carried, and, other Part, by Reaſon of the Weakneſs and Imbecillity that is in the Virtue of the bearing Organ: a manifeſt Example whereof appeareth in thoſe, who, faſting, are not able to carry to their Head a Goblet full of Wine without a Trembling and a Shaking in the Hand that holds it. This, of old, was accounted a Prefiguration and myſtical Pointing-out of the *Pythian* Divinereſs, who uſed always, before the Uttering of a Reſponſe from the *Oracle*, to ſhake a Branch of her domeſtic Laurel. *Lampridius* alſo teſtifieth, that the Emperor *Heliogabalus*, to acquire unto himſelf the Reputation of a *Soothſayer*, did, on ſeveral holy Days of prime Solemnity, in the Preſence of the fanatic Rabble, make the Head of his *Idol*, by ſome Slight within the Body thereof, publicly

publicly to ſhake. *Plautus*, in his *Aſſerie* (1), declareth likewiſe that *Saurius*, whitherſoever he walked, like one quite diſtracted of his Wits, keepeth ſuch a furious Lolling and mad-like Shaking of his Head, that he commonly affrighted thoſe who caſually met with him in his Way. The ſaid Author, in another Place, ſhewing a Reaſon why *Charmides* ſhook and brangled his Head, aſſevered that he was tranſported and in an Ecſtaſy. *Catullus*, after the ſame Manner, maketh Mention, in his *Berecynthia* and *Atys*, of the Place wherein the *Mænades*, *Bacchical* Women, She-Prieſts of the *Lyæan* God, and demented Propheteſſes, carrying Ivy-Boughs in their Hands, did ſhake their Heads. As, (2) in the like Caſe amongſt the *Gauls*, the gelded Prieſts of *Cybele* were wont to do in the celebrating of ſome Feſtivals, which, according to the Senſe of the ancient Theologues, have from thence had their Denomination; for κύβεσθαι ſignifies to *turn round*, whirl about, ſhake the Head, and play the Part of one that is wry-necked.

Likewiſe

(1) *Aſſerie.*] Aſinaria.

(2) *As in the like Caſe*, &c.] This whole Period is ſo erroneous, both as to *Cybele* and her Prieſts, that it will be neceſſary to give it in *Rabelais*'s own Words: *Comme en cas pareil faiſoient les Gals eſcouillez prebeſtres de Cybele, celebrans leurs offices; dond ainſi eſt dicte, ſelon les anciens Théologians; car* κυβιστᾶν ſignifie *rouer, tordre, branſler la teſte, & faire le torticolli.* In *Engliſh*, 'As, in the like Caſe, was done by 'Cybele's gelded Prieſts called *Galli*, when they performed that Goddeſs's religious Rites. Whence, too, ſhe herſelf (not her Prieſts) 'derives her Name, according to ancient Theologians: for κυβιστᾶν '(not κυβέσθαι) ſignifies, to turn round like a Wheel, writhe the 'Body, ſhake the Head, and mimic one that is wry-necked.' Here we ſee that the Word *Gals* was miſtaken, by the Tranſlator, for *Gauls*. The *Gauls* had Nothing to do either with *Cybele* or her Prieſts. The *Gauls* were *Europeans*, the others *Aſiatics*. *Cybele*'s Prieſts were called *Galli*, from the River *Gallus* in *Phrygia*; the Water whereof, being drunk, uſed to make Men mad. I have Nothing more to add but that *Rabelais* himſelf miſtakes the Meaning of the *Greek* Verb κυβιστάω (whence *Cybele* has her Name). It means to *dance upon one's Head*; in *caput ſalto*; from the old primitive *Greek* Word κύβη, *Caput*. And this Way of *dancing upon their Heads* was peculiarly practiſed by the *Galli*, *Cybele*'s Prieſts, (and no other,) in the ſolemnizing her Feſtivals.

Likewiſe *Titus Livy* writeth, that, in the Solemnization-Time of the *Bacchanalian* Fobedays (3) at *Rome*, both Men and Women ſeemed to prophetize and vaticinate, becauſe of an affected Kind of Wagging of the Head, Shrugging of the Shoulders, and Jectigation of the whole Body, which they uſed then punctually. For the common Voice of the Philoſophers, together with the Opinion of the People, aſſerteth, for an irrefragable Truth, that Vaticination is ſeldom by the Heavens beſtowed on any, without the Concomitancy of a little Phrenzy, and a Head-ſhaking, not only when the ſaid preſaging Virtue is infuſed, but when the Perſon alſo, therewith inſpired, declareth and manifeſteth it unto others. The learned Lawyer *Julian*, being aſked, on a Time, if that Slave might be truly eſteemed to be healthful and in a good Plight, who had not only converſed with ſome furious maniac and enraged People, but in their Company had alſo propheſied, yet without a Noddle-ſhaking Concuſſion, anſwered, That, ſeeing there was no Head-wagging at the Time of his Predictions, he might be held for ſound and competent enough. Is it not daily ſeen how School-maſters, Teachers, Tutors, and Inſtructors, of Children, ſhake the Heads of their Diſciples, (as one would do a Pot in holding it by the Lugs,) that by this Erection, Vellication, ſtretching, and pulling, their Ears, (which, according to the Doctrine of the ſage *Egyptians*, is a Member conſecrated to the *Memory*,) they may ſtir them up to recollect their ſcattered Thoughts, bring Home thoſe Fancies of theirs which perhaps have been extravagantly roaming abroad upon ſtrange and uncouth Objects, and totally range their Judgements, which poſſibly by diſordinate Affections have been made wild, to the Rule and Pattern of a wiſe, diſcreet, virtuous, and philoſophical, Diſcipline? All

N. B. The Prieſts above-mentioned were *eſcouillés*, i. e. unſtoned, gel-, libbed.

But *Rabelais*, who has continually a Superfetation of Meanings, alludes beſides to the *Languedoc* Word of *Gal* a Cock, ſo *Gals eſcouillés* means *Capons*; *Eunuchs*.

(3) *Fobedays*] If this is a *Scotch* Word for Holidays, be it ſo.

which

which *Virgil* acknowledgeth to be true, in the Brangle-ment (4) of *Apollo Cynthius*.

CHAP. XLVI.

How Pantagruel *and* Panurge *diverſly interpret the Words of* Triboulet.

HE ſays you are a *Fool*; and what Kind of *Fool? a mad* Fool, who in your old Age would enſlave yourſelf to the Bondage of Matrimony, and ſhut your Pleaſures up within a Wedlock, whoſe Key ſome Ruffian carries in his Codpiece. He ſays farthermore, *beware* of the *Monk*. Upon mine Honour it gives me in my Mind that you will be cuckolded by a *Monk*. Nay, I will engage mine Honour, which is the moſt precious Pawn I could have in my Poſſeſſion, although I were ſole and peaceable Dominiator over all *Europe*, *Aſia*, and *Afric*, that, if you marry, you will ſurely be one of the horned Brotherhood of *Vulcan*. Hereby may you perceive how much I do attribute to the wiſe *Foolery* of our Moroſoph *Triboulet*. The other Oracles and Reſponſes did, in the general, prognoſticate you a Cuckold, without deſcending ſo near to the Point of a particular Determination as to pitch upon what Vocation, amongſt the ſeveral Sorts of Men, he ſhould profeſs who is to be the Copeſmate of your Wife and Hornifyer of your proper ſelf. Thus noble *Triboulet* tells it us plainly; from whoſe Words we may gather, with all Eaſe imaginable, that your Cuckoldry is to be infamous, and ſo much the more ſcandalous, that your conjugal Bed will be inceſtuouſly contaminated with the Filthineſs of *Monkery*. Moreover he ſays, that you will be the *Hornpipe of Buzanſay*. That is to ſay, well horned, hornified, and cornuted: And, as *Triboulet's* Uncle aſked from *Louis* the XIIth, for a Brother of his who lived at *Blois*, the *Hornpipes* of *Buzanſay*, for the Organ Pipes, through the

(4) *Branglement.*] I ſuppoſe he means the *Pul'ing by the Ears*, the *vellicat aures* of that poet, *Ecl.* 6.

Miſtake of one Word for another; even ſo, whilſt you think to marry a wiſe, humble, calm, diſcreet, and honeſt, Wife, you ſhall unhappily ſtumble upon one witleſs, proud, loud, obſtreperous, bawling, clamorous, and more unpleaſant than any *Buzanſay-hornpipe*. Conſider withal, how he flirted you on the Noſe with the *Bladder*, and gave you a ſound thumping Blow with his Fiſt upon the Ridge of the Back. This denotes and preſageth, that you ſhall be banged, beaten, and filipped, by her; and that alſo ſhe will ſteal of your Goods from you, as you ſtole the Hog's Bladder from the little Boys of *Vaubreton*. Flat contrary, quoth *Panurge*, not that I would imprudently exempt myſelf from being a Vaſſal in the Territory of *Folly*; I hold of that Juriſdiction, and am ſubject thereto, I confeſs it; and why ſhould I not? for the whole World is *fooliſh*. In the old (1) *Lorrain* Language (*fou* for *oou*) *All* and *Fool* were the ſame Thing. Beſides, it is avouched by *Solomon*, that infinite is the Number of *Fools*: From an Infinity Nothing can be deducted or abated; nor yet, by the Teſtimony of *Ariſtotle*, can any Thing thereto be added or ſubjoined. Therefore were I a *mad Fool*, if, being a *Fool*, I ſhould not hold myſelf a Fool. After the ſame Manner of ſpeaking, we may aver the Number of the mad and enraged Folks to be infinite. *Avicenne* maketh no Bones to aſſert, that the ſeveral Kinds of *Madneſs* are infinite.

Though this much of *Triboulet's* Words tend little to my Advantage, howbeit the Prejudice which I ſuſtain thereby be common with me to all other Men, yet the Reſt of his Talk and Geſture maketh altogether for me. He ſaid to my Wife, *Be weary of the* (2) *Monkey*; that is as

(1) *In the old* Lorrain *Language* Fou *for* Oou; all *and* Fool *were the ſame Thing.*] It may be ſo; but *Rabelais's* Words are *En Lorraine Fou eſt prez Tou*, i. e. *In Lorrain* (to keep the Pun in *Engliſh*) *Fool is near Tool*, &c. There is, ſays *M. du Chat*, a large Town in *Lorrain* called *Fou* (*Fool*), within three Leagues of *Toul*, another conſiderable Town in the ſame Duchy.

(2) *Be weary of the Monkey.*] *Weary*, ſhould be *wary*, but that is only a Fault in the Preſs. The Reſt is all wrong tranſlated. *Rabelais's* Words are, *Il dict à ma femme, guare Moyne. C'eſt ung moineau qu'elle aura en delices comme avoit la Leſbia de Catulle: lequel volera*

as much as if he ſhould be cherry, and take as much Delight in a Monkey as ever did the *Leſbia* of *Catullus* in her Sparrow; who will, for his Recreation, paſs his Time no leſs joyfully, at the ſnatching of Flies, than heretofore did the mercileſs Fly-catcher *Domitian*. Withal he meant, by another Part of his Diſcourſe, that ſhe ſhould be of a jovial Country-like Humour, as gay and pleaſing as an harmonious *Hornpipe* of *Saulieu* or *Buzanſay*. The veridical *Triboulet* did therein hint at what I liked well, as perfectly knowing the Inclinations and Propenſions of my Mind, my natural Diſpoſition, and the Bias of my interior Paſſions and Affections; for you may be aſſured that my Humour is much better ſatisfied and contented with the pretty, frolic, rural, and diſhevelled, Shepherdeſſes, whoſe Bums, through their coarſe Canvas Smocks, ſmell of the Claver-graſs (3) of the Field, than with thoſe great Ladies, in magnific Courts, with their Flandan, Top-Knots, and Sultanas, their Pulvil, Poſtillos (4), and Coſmetics. The homely Sound likewiſe of a ruſtical *Hornpipe* is more agreeable to my Ears than the curious Warbling and muſical Quavering of Lutes, Téorbes, Viols, Rebecs, and Violins. He gave me a luſty rapping Thwack on my Back. What then? Let it paſs, in the Name and for the Love of God, as an Abatement of, and Deduction from, ſo much of my future Pains in *Purgatory*. He did it not out of any evil Intent: He thought, belike, to have hit ſome of the Pages:

volera pour mouches, &c. Now, *Moyne* in *French* was never known to ſignify *Monkey*. *Moineau* does indeed ſignify a Sparrow, as well as a Frier or Monk; and upon that Hinge the Equivoque turns thus. Thus it ſhould run: *The Fool ſaid to my Wife*, 'Ware Sparrow;' *that is as much as to ſay*, 'Beware your Sparrow come to no Harm;' *meaning that ſhe* (not *he*, as Sir *T. U.* has it) 'ſhould take as much Delight 'in a Sparrow (not a Monkey) as ever did *Catullus*'s *Leſbia*; and that 'he will, for his Recreation, hunt Flies,' *&c.*

(3) *Clover-graſs.*] Inſtead of *Clover-graſs*; wrong printed, I ſuppoſe, for *Clover-graſs*: It is, in the Original, *Wild-thyme*, (*Serpolet*,) on which M. *du Chat* quotes *la Bruïere*, l. viii. c. xxxv. of his *De Re Cibaria* — *Ruſtici proverbium pervulgatum habent: Succoſiores eſſe virgines quæ ſerpillum quam quæ moſchum olent.*

(4) *Poſtillos.*] I ſuppoſe it ſhould be *Paſtillos*. It is, in the Original, *Maujoin*; which, according to *Champier* juſt quoted, is to be underſtood in this Place to ſignify *Muſk*.

He is an honeſt *Fool* and an innocent Changeling. It is a Sin to harbour in the Heart any bad Conceit of him. As for myſelf, I heartily pardon him. He flirted me on the Noſe: In that there is no Harm; for it importeth Nothing elſe but that, betwixt my *Wife* and me, there will occur ſome toyiſh wanton Tricks, which uſually happen to all new-married Folks.

CHAP. XLVII.

How Pantagruel *and* Panurge *reſolved to make a Viſit to the Oracle of the holy Bottle.*

THERE is yet another Point, quoth *Panurge*, which you have not at all conſidered on, although it be the chief and principal Head of the Matter. He put the Bottle in my Hand, and reſtored it me again. How interpret you that Paſſage? What is the Meaning of that? He poſſibly, quoth *Pantagruel*, ſignifieth thereby that your *Wife* will be ſuch a Drunkard as ſhall daily take in her Liquor kindly, and ply the Pots and *Bottles* apace. Quite otherways, quoth *Panurge*; for the *Bottle* was empty. I ſwear to you, by the prickling brambly Thorn of St. *Fiacre* in *Brie*, that our unique Moroſoph, whom I formerly termed the Lunatic *Triboulet*, referreth me, for attaining to the final Reſolution of my Scruple, to the Reſponſe-giving *Bottle*: Therefore do I renew afreſh the firſt Vow which I made, and here, in your Preſence, proteſt and make Oath, by *Styx* and *Acheron*, to carry ſtill Spectacles in my Cap, and never to wear a Codpiece in my Breeches, until, upon the Enterpriſe in Hand of my nuptial Undertaking, I ſhall have obtained an Anſwer from the *holy Bottle*. I am acquainted with a prudent, underſtanding, and diſcreet, Gentleman, and beſides a very good Friend of mine, who knoweth the Land, Country, and Place, where its *Temple* and *Oracle* are built and poſited: He will guide and conduct us thither ſure and ſafely. Let us go thither: I beſeech you, deny me not, and ſay

not,

not, nay; reject not the Suit I make unto you, I intreat you. I will be to you an *Achates*, a *Damis*, [*Apollonius*'s Companion,] and heartily accompany you all along in the whole Voyage, both in your going forth and coming back. I have of a long Time known you to be a great Lover of Peregrination, desirous still to learn new Things, and still to see what you had never seen before. We shall see wonderful Things; take my Word for it.

Very willingly, quoth *Pantagruel*, I condescend to your Request: But, before we enter in upon our Progress towards the Accomplishment of so far a Journey, replenished and fraught with eminent Perils, full of innumerable Hazards, and every Way stored with evident and manifest Dangers —— What Dangers, quoth *Panurge*, interrupting him? Dangers fly back, run from, and shun, me, whithersoever I go, seven Leagues around; as, in the Presence of the Sovereign, Sub-magistracy ceases; [see *Bodin Rep.*] or as Clouds and Darkness quite vanish at the bright Coming of a radiant Sun; or as all Sores and Sicknesses (1) did suddenly depart at the Approach of the Body of St. *Martin à Quande*. Nevertheless, quoth *Pantagruel*, before we adventure to set forwards on the Road of our projected and intended Voyage, some few Points are to be discussed, expedited, and dispatched. *First*, let us send back *Triboulet* to *Blois* (which was instantly done, after that *Pantagruel* had given him a Frize Coat). *Secondly*, our Design must be backed with the Advice and Counsel of the King my Father. And, *lastly*, it is most needful and expedient for us that we search for and find out some *Sibyl* to serve us for a Guide, Truchman, and Interpreter. To this *Panurge* made Answer, that his Friend

(1) *Sicknesses*, &c.] A Cripple guided a blind Man that carry'd him, and so they begg'd together. Being told St. *Martin*'s Body would soon be there, and it would cure them both, the Devil a Bit would they stay for the Saint's Body: They did not want to be healed.

This Story is grounded on a Parable, used by a *Jew* Doctor to the Emperor *Antoninus Pius*, to make him understand that the Soul and Body would be punished conjointly, for having joined together in sinning. See *Basnage*, l. vi. c. xi.

Xenomanes would abundantly ſuffice for the plenary Diſcharge and Performance of the *Sibyl*'s Office; and that, farthermore, in paſſing through the *Lanternatory* Country, they ſhould take along with them a learned and profitable *Lanterneſſe*, who would be no leſs uſeful to them, in their Voyage, than was the *Sibyl* to *Æneas* in his Deſcent to the *Elyſian* Fields. *Carpalim*, in the Interim, as he was upon the conducting away of *Triboulet*, in his paſſing by, hearkened a little to the Diſcourſe they were upon; then ſpoke out, ſaying, Ho! *Panurge*, Maſter Freeman, take my Lord *Debitis* (2) at *Calais* along with you; for he is *Goud-fallot*, a good Fellow: He will not forget thoſe who are *Debitors*: Theſe are *Lanternes*: Thus ſhall you not lack for both *Fallot* and *Lanterne*. I may ſafely, with the little Skill I have, quoth *Pantagruel*, prognoſticate that by the Way we ſhall engender no Melancholy; I clearly perceive it already: The only Thing that vexeth me is, that I cannot ſpeak the (3) *Lantern* Language. I ſhall, anſwered *Panurge*, ſpeak for you all: I underſtand it every-whit as well as I do mine own maternal Tongue: I have been no leſs uſed to it than to the vulgar *French*.

(4) *Briz marg dalgotbric nubſtnezos,*
Iſqufez pruſq albork, crinqs zabac.
Mizbe dilbarlkz morp nipp ſtanch bos,
Strombtz, Panurge, walmap quoſt grufzbac.

Now gueſs, Friend *Epiſtemon*, what this is. They are, quoth *Epiſtemon*, Names of arrant Devils, paſſant Devils, and rampant Devils. Theſe Words of thine, dear Friend of mine, are true, quoth *Panurge*; yet are they Terms uſed in the Language of the Court of the

(2) *My Lord* Debitis.] Corruptly for my Lord *Deputy* or *Governor* of *Calais* for *Hen.* VIII. at that Time *Henry Fitz Allan*, Earl of *Arundel*. See *D. C.*

(3) Lantern *Language*.] The barbarous Language of the *Romiſh* School-Divines in their different Councils of *Lateran*. See *D. C.*

(4) *Briz*, &c.] In theſe Verſes, which moſtly conſiſt of Half-Words, *Rabelais* ridicules the frequent Abbreviations of the *Gothic* Characters, which for 50 or 60 Years had been made Uſe of in printing a World of School-Divinity Books, barbarous in themſelves, and to the laſt Degree tireſome to read.

Lanterniſh

Lanterniſh People. By the Way, as we go upon our Journey, I will make to thee a pretty little Dictionary; which, notwithſtanding, ſhall not (5) laſt you much longer than a Pair of new Shoes: Thou ſhalt have learned it ſooner than thou canſt perceive the Dawning of the next ſubſequent Morning. What I have ſaid, in the foregoing *Tetraſtic*, is thus tranſlated out of the *Lanterniſh* Tongue into our vulgar Dialect.

All Miſeries attended me whilſt I
A Lover was, and had no Good thereby.
Of better Luck the married People tell:
Panurge *is one of thoſe, and knows it well.*

There is little more then, quoth *Pantagruel*, to be done, but that we underſtand what the Will of the King my Father will be therein, and purchaſe his Conſent.

CHAP. XLVIII.

How Gargantua *ſheweth that the Children ought not to marry without the ſpecial Knowledge and Advice of their Fathers and Mothers.*

NO ſooner had *Pantagruel* entered in at the Door of the great Hall of the Caſtle than that he encountered full-but with the good honeſt *Gargantua* coming forth from the Council-Board; unto whom he made a ſuccinct and ſummary Narrative of what had paſſed and occurred, worthy of his Obſervation, in his Travels abroad, ſince their laſt Interview: Then, acquainting him with the Deſign he had in Hand, beſought him that it might ſtand with his Good-will and Pleaſure to grant him Leave to proſecute and go thorough-ſtitch with the Enterpriſe which he had undertaken. The

(5) *Shall not laſt*, &c.] Barbariſm will now ſoon be baniſhed out of the Schools. Elſe it may mean, The Dictionary will ſerve for the little Time you ſhall be croſſing the Lantern Country.

good Man *Gargantua* (having, in one Hand, two great Bundles of Petitions, indorſed and anſwered; in the other, ſome remembrancing Notes and Bills, to put him in Mind of ſuch other Requeſts of Supplicants, which, albeit preſented, had nevertheleſs been neither read nor heard) gave both to *Ulrich Gallet*, his ancient and faithful Maſter of Requeſts; then drew aſide *Pantagruel*, and, with a Countenance more ſerene and jovial than cuſtomary, ſpoke to him thus: I praiſe God, and have great Reaſon ſo to do, my moſt dear Son, that he hath been pleaſed to entertain in you a conſtant Inclination to virtuous Actions. I am well content that the Voyage which you have mentioned to me be by you accompliſhed; but withal I could wiſh you would have a Mind and Deſire to marry, for that I ſee you are of competent Years. *Panurge* in the mean-while was in a Readineſs of preparing and providing for Remedies, Salves, and Cures, againſt all ſuch Lets, Obſtacles, and Impediments, as he could, in the Height of his Fancy, conceive might, by *Gargantua*, be caſt in the Way of their itinerary Deſign. Moſt dear Father, anſwered *Pantagruel*, I have not yet thought upon it. In all this Affair I wholly ſubmit and reſt in your good Liking and paternal Authority; for I ſhall rather pray unto God that he would throw me down ſtark dead at your Feet in your Pleaſure, than that, againſt your Pleaſure, I ſhould be found married alive. I never yet heard that, by any Law, whether ſacred or profane, (yea, amongſt the rudeſt and moſt barbarous Nations in the World,) it was allowed and approved of that Children may be ſuffered and tolerated to marry at their own Good-will and Pleaſure, without the Knowledge, Advice, or Conſent, aſked and had thereto, of their Fathers, Mothers, and neareſt Kindred. All Legiſlators, every-where upon the Face of the whole Earth, have taken away and removed this licentious Liberty from Children, and totally reſerved it to the Diſcretion of the Parents.

My dearly-beloved Son, quoth *Gargantua*, I believe you, and from my Heart thank God for having endowed you with the Grace of having both a perfect Notice of, and entire Liking to, laudable and praiſe-worthy Things: and that, through the Windows of your exterior

exterior Senſes, he hath vouchſafed to tranſmit, unto the interior Faculties of your Mind, Nothing but what is good and virtuous. For in my Time there hath been found on the Continent a certain Country, wherein are I know not what Kind of *Paſtophorian* Mole-catching Prieſts, who, albeit averſe from engaging their proper Perſons into a matrimonial Duty, (1) like the pontifical Flamens of *Cybele* in *Phrygia*, as if they were Capons and not Cocks, full of Laſciviouſneſs, Salacity, and Wantonneſs, who yet have nevertheleſs, in the Matter of conjugal Affairs, taken upon them to preſcribe Laws and Ordinances to married Folks. I cannot goodly determine what I ſhould moſt abhor, deteſt, loath, and abominate, whether the tyrannical Preſumption of thoſe dreadful ſacerdotal *Molecatchers*, who, not being willing to contain and coop up themſelves within (2) the Grates and Treillices of their own myſterious Temples, do deal in, meddle with, obtrude upon, and thruſt their Sickles into, Harveſts of ſecular Buſineſſes, quite contrary and diametrically oppoſite to the Quality, State, and Condition, of their Calling, Profeſſions, and Vocations; or the ſuperſtitious Stupidity and ſenſeleſs Scrupulouſneſs of married Folks, who have yielded Obedience, and ſubmitted their Bodies, Fortunes, and Eſtates, to the Diſcretion and Authority of ſuch odious, perverſe, barbarous,

(1) *Like the pontifical* Flamens *of* Cybele *in* Phrygia.] *Rabelais* ſays only the *Prieſts of* Cybele *in* Phrygia: Not a Word of *Flamens*: Theſe were peculiar to the *Romans*. The *Phrygians* knew of no *Flamens*.

(2) *The Grates and Treillices of their own myſterious Temples.*] By theſe *Molecatchers* and the *Lattices* (Treillis) of their Temples, *Rabelais* means the *Sorbonne* and it's Doctors, particularly certain Monks whom *Pâquier* calls *Patchers up and Vampers of old Gloſſes, which have*, ſays he, *advanced, at leaſt inſinuated, this barbarous Opinion, that, by the Canon Law, the Conſent of Fathers and Mothers was not requiſite to the Marriage of their Children, but only for Decency Sake and not out of any Neceſſity*. On Occaſion of this Chapter of *Rabelais*, the Reader may conſult the Letter from whence this Paſſage of *Pâquier* is taken. It is the firſt of the 3d Book of his Letters, and he addreſſes it to a Friend on Occaſion of an Article of the Ordinance of *Orleans*, 1560; by which the States did, but in Part, redreſs this Diſorder, which he ſays is properly what the *French* Law calls *raptus in parentes*. This Letter lays down much the ſame Principles with theſe here employed by *Gargantua*.

and unreaſonable Laws. Nor do they ſee that which is clearer than the Light and Splendour of the Morning Star, how all theſe nuptial and connubial Sanctions, Statutes, and Ordinances, have been decreed, made, and inſtituted, for the ſole Benefit, Profit, and Advantage, of the (3) *Flaminal Miſts* and myſterious *Flamens*, and Nothing at all for the good Utility or Emolument of the ſilly hood-winked married People; which adminiſtereth unto others a ſufficient Cauſe for rendering theſe Churchmen ſuſpicious of Iniquity, and of an unjuſt and fraudulent Manner of dealing, no more to be connived at nor countenanced, after that it be well weighed in the Scales of Reaſon, than if, with a reciprocal Temerity, the *Laics*, by Way of Compenſation, would impoſe Laws to be followed and obſerved by thoſe *Myſts* and *Flamens*, how they ſhould behave themſelves in the Making and Performance of their Rites and Ceremonies, and after what Manner they ought to proceed in the offering up and immolating of their various Oblations, Victims, and Sacrifices; ſeeing that, beſides the Edecimation and Tithe-hauling of their Goods, they cut off and take Parings, Shreddings, and Clippings, of the Gain, proceeding from the Labour of their Hands and Sweat of their Brows, therewith to entertain themſelves the better. Upon which Conſideration, in my Opinion, their Injunctions and Commands would not prove ſo pernicious and impertinent as thoſe of the eccleſiaſtic Power, unto which they had tendered their blind Obedience.

For, as you have very well ſaid, there is no Place in the World where legally a Licence is granted to the Children to marry without the Advice and Conſent of their Parents and Kindred. Nevertheleſs, by thoſe wicked Laws and *Molecatching* Cuſtoms, whereat there is a little hinted in what I have already ſpoken to you, there is no ſcurvy, meaſly, leprous, or pocky, Ruffian, Pander, Knave, Rogue, Skelm, Robber, or Thief, pilloried, whipped, and burnt-marked, in his own Country, for his Crimes and Felonies, who may not violently ſnatch a-

(3) Flaminal Miſts *and myſterious* Flamens.] No more than bare *Myſts* (not *Miſts*) in the Original. *Myſte*, is a ſacrificing Prieſt; μυςής· μυςήριον, a Myſtery; ſacred Thing.

way

way and raviſh what Maid ſoever he had a Mind to pitch upon, how noble, how fair, how rich, honeſt, and chaſte, ſoever ſhe be, and that out of the Houſe of her own Father, in his own Preſence, from the Boſom of her Mother, and in the Sight and Deſpite of her Friends and Kindred looking on a ſo woful a Spectacle, provided that the Raſcal Villain be ſo cunning as to aſſociate unto himſelf ſome *myſtical Flamen*, who, according to the Covenant made betwixt them two, ſhall be in Hope ſome Day to participate of the Prey. Could the *Goths*, (4) the *Scyths*, or *Meſſagets*, do a worſe or more cruel Act to any of the Inhabitants of a hoſtile City, when, after the Loſs of many of their moſt conſiderable Commanders, the Expence of a great Deal of Money, and a long Siege, they ſhall have ſtormed and taken it by a violent and impetuous Aſſault? May not theſe Fathers and Mothers (think you) be ſorrowful and heavy-hearted, when they ſee an unknown Fellow, a Vagabond, Stranger, a barbarous Lowt, a rude Cur, rotten, fleſhleſs, putrified, ſcraggy, boily, botchy, poor, a forlorn Caitif, and miſerable Snake, by an open Rapt, ſnatch away, before their own Eyes, their ſo fair, delicate, neat, well-behavioured, richly provided for, and healthful, Daughters, on whoſe Breeding and Education they had ſpared no Coſt nor Charges, by bringing them up in an honeſt Diſcipline to all the honourable and virtuous Employments becoming one of their Sex, deſcended of a noble Parentage, hoping, by thoſe commendable and induſtrious Means, in an opportune and convenient Time, to beſtow them on the worthy Sons of their well-deſerving Neighbours and ancient Friends, who had nouriſhed, entertained, taught, inſtructed, and ſchooled, their Children with the ſame Care and Solicitude, to make them Matches fit to attain to the Felicity of a ſo happy Marriage; that from them might iſſue an Offspring and Progeny, no leſs Heirs to the laudable Endowments and exquiſite Qualifications of their Parents, whom they every Way reſemble, than to their perſonal and real Eſtates, Moveables, and Inheritances?

(4) *The* Scyths, *or* Meſſagets.] Read *Scythians*, or *Maſſagetæ*. The *proper* Names of Nations, Places, and Perſons, are very *improperly* ſpelt (pardon the Pun) throughout the whole Tranſlation.

How

How doleful, triſte, and plangorous, would ſuch a Sight and Pageantry prove unto them? You ſhall not need to think that the Collachrymation of the *Romans*, and their Confederates, at the Deceaſe of *Germanicus Druſus*, was comparable to this Lamentation of theirs! Neither would I have you to believe, that the Diſcomfort and Anxiety of the *Lacedemonians*, when the *Greek Helen*, by the Perfidiouſneſs of the adulterous *Trojan, Paris*, was privily ſtolen away out of their Country, was greater or more pitiful than this ruthful and deplorable Collugency of theirs! You may very well imagine that *Ceres*, at the Raviſhment of her Daughter *Proſerpina*, was not more attriſted, ſad, nor mournful, than they. Truſt me, and your own Reaſon, that the Loſs of *Oſyris* was not ſo regretable to *Iſis*; nor did *Venus* ſo deplore the Death of *Adonis*; nor yet did *Hercules* ſo bewail the ſtraying of *Hylas*; nor was the Rapt of *Polyxena* more throbbingly reſented and condoled, by *Priamus* and *Hecuba*, than this aforeſaid Accident would be ſympathetically bemoaned, grievous, ruthful, and anxious, to the wofully deſolate and diſconſolate Parents. Notwithſtanding all this, the greater Part of ſo vilely abuſed Parents are ſo timorous and afraid of Devils and Hobgoblins, and ſo deeply plunged in Superſtition, that they dare not gainſay nor contradict, much leſs oppoſe and reſiſt, thoſe unnatural and impious Actions, when the *Molecatcher* hath been preſent at the perpetrating of the Fact, and a Party Contractor and Covenanter in that deteſtable Bargain. What do they do then? They wretchedly ſtay at their own miſerable Homes, deſtitute of their well-beloved Daughters; the Fathers curſing the Days and the Hours wherein they were married; and the Mothers howling and crying that it was not their Fortune to have brought forth abortive Iſſues, when they happened to be delivered of ſuch unfortunate Girls; and in this pitiful Plight ſpend at beſt the Remainder of their Time with Tears and weeping for thoſe their Children, of and from whom they expected, and with good Reaſon ſhould have obtained and reaped, in theſe latter Days of theirs, Joy and Comfort. Other Parents there have been ſo impatient of that Affront and Indignity put upon them and their Families, that, tranſported with the Extremity of Paſſion, in a mad

mad and frantic Mood, through the Vehemency of a grievous Fury and raging Sorrow, have drowned, hanged, killed, and otherwiſe put violent Hands on, themſelves. Others again, of that parental Relation, have, upon the Reception of that like Injury, been of a more magnanimous and heroic Spirit, who, (in Imitation and at the Example of the Children of *Jacob*, revenging upon the *Sichemites* the Rape of their Siſter *Dina*,) having found the raſcally Ruffian in the Aſſociation of his myſtical *Molecatcher*, cloſely and in hugger-mugger conferring and parlying with their Daughters, for the ſuborning, corrupting, depraving, perverting, and enticing, theſe innocent unexperienced Maids unto filthy Lewdneſſes, have, without any farther Adviſement on the Matter, cut them inſtantly into Pieces, and thereupon forthwith thrown out upon the Fields their ſo diſmembered Bodies to ſerve for Food unto the Wolves and Ravens. Upon the chivalrous, bold, and courageous, Atchievement of a ſo valiant, ſtout, and man-like, Act, the other *Molecatching Symmiſts* have been ſo highly incenſed, and have ſo chafed, fretted, and fumed, thereat, that Bills of Complaint and Accuſations having been, in a moſt odious and deteſtable Manner, put in before the competent Judges, the *Arm of ſecular Authority* hath, with much Importunity and Impetuoſity, been by them implored and required, they proudly contending, that the *Servants of God* would become contemptible if exemplary Puniſhment were not ſpeedily taken upon the Perſons of the Perpetrators of ſuch an enormous, horrid, ſacrilegious, crying, heinous, and execrable, Crime.

Yet, neither by natural Equity, by the Law of Nations, nor by any imperial Law whatſoever, hath there been found ſo much as one Rubric, Paragraph, Point, or Tittle, by the which any Kind of Chaſtiſement or Correction hath been adjudged due to be inflicted upon any for their Delinquency in that Kind. (5) Reaſon oppoſeth, and Nature is repugnant: For there is no virtu-

(5) *Reaſon oppoſeth, and Nature is repugnant.*] So indeed it runs in the Original; but I can make no Senſe of it but by repeating the Word *Delinquency*, and ſaying, *Which Delinquency Reaſon oppoſeth, and Nature is repugnant to.*

ous Man in the World, who, both naturally and with good Reaſon, will not be more hugely troubled in Mind, hearing of the News of the Rapt, Diſgrace, Ignominy, and Diſhonour, of his Daughter, than of her Death. Now any Man finding, in hot Blood, one who with a fore-thought Felony hath murdered his Daughter, may, without tying himſelf to the Formalities and Circumſtances of a legal Proceeding, kill him on a ſudden, and out of Hand, without incurring any Hazard of being attainted and apprehended by the Officers of Juſtice for ſo doing. What Wonder is it then, or how little ſtrange ſhould it appear to any rational Man, if a lechering Rogue, together with his *Mole-catching* Abettor, be entrapped in the flagrant Act of ſuborning his Daughter, and ſtealing her out of his Houſe, (though herſelf conſent thereto,) that the Father, in ſuch a Caſe of Stain and Infamy by them brought upon his Family, ſhould put them both to a ſhameful Death, and caſt their Carcaſſes upon Dunghils, to be devoured and eaten up by Dogs and Swine, or otherwiſe fling them a little far-theroff, to the Direption, Tearing, and Rending aſunder, of their Joints and Members by the wild Beaſts of the (6) Field.

Dearly beloved Son, have an eſpecial Care, that after my Deceaſe none of theſe Laws be received in any of your Kingdoms; for, whilſt I breathe, by the Grace and Aſſiſtance of God I ſhall give good Order.

Seeing therefore you have totally referred unto my Diſcretion the Diſpoſure of you in Marriage, I am fully of an Opinion that I ſhall provide ſufficiently well for you in that Point. Make ready and prepare yourſelf for *Panurge*'s Voyage: Take along with you *Epiſtemon*, Frier *John*, and ſuch others as you will chooſe. Do with my Treaſures what unto yourſelf ſhall ſeem moſt expedient: None of your Actions, I promiſe you, can in any Manner or Way diſpleaſe me. Take out of my Arſenal, *Thalaſſe*, whatſoever Equipage, Furniture, or Proviſion, you pleaſe, together with ſuch Pilots, Mariners,

(6) *Field.*] Add, *as unworthy to receive the kind, the deſirable, the indulgent, laſt Embraces of the great* Alma Mater, *the Earth, commonly called Burial.*

and

and Truchmen, as you have a Mind to; and with the firſt fair and favourable Wind ſet ſail and make out to Sea in the Name of God our Saviour. In the mean-while, during your Abſence, I ſhall not be neglective of providing a Wife for you, nor of thoſe Preparations, which are requiſite to be made for the more ſumptuous ſolemnizing of your Nuptial with a moſt ſplendid Feaſt, if ever there was any in the World (7) ſince the Days of *Aſſuerus*.

CHAP. XLIX.

How Pantagruel *did put himſelf in a Readineſs to go to Sea; and of the Herb named* Pantagruelion.

WIthin very few Days after that *Pantagruel* had taken his Leave of the good *Gargantua*, who devoutly prayed for his Son's happy Voyage, he arrived at the Sea-port, near to *Sammalo*, accompanied with *Panurge*, *Epiſtemon*, Frier *John* of the *Funnels*, *Abbot* of *Theleme*, and others of the royal Houſe, eſpecially with (1) *Xenomanes* the great Traveller and Thwarter (Croſſer) of dangerous Ways, who was come at the Bidding and Appointment of *Panurge*, of whoſe *Caſtlewick* of *Salmigondin* he did hold ſome petty Inheritance by the Tenure of a *Meſneſee*. *Pantagruel*, being come thither, prepared and made ready for launching a Fleet of Ships, to the Number of thoſe which *Ajax* of *Salamine* had of old equipped, in Convoy of the *Grecian* Soldiery againſt the *Trojan* State. He likewiſe picked

(7) *Since the Days of* Aſſuerus] This is an Addition of the Tranſlator's, as there are ſeveral others up and down.

(1) Xenomanes *the great Traveller*, &c.] See in M. *du Chat* Variety of Opinions who this ſhould mean; but, upon the whole, he thinks Nobody is intended particularly by the Name of *Xenomanes*, but only in general one that is more than ordinary fond of Travelling, or Pilgrimaging, into foreign Countries, from ξένος, *a Stranger, Pilgrim*; μανία, *inordinate furious Fondneſs*.

out

out for his Uſe ſo many Mariners, Pilots, Sailors, Interpreters, Artificers, Officers, and Soldiers, as he thought fitting; and therewithal made Proviſion of ſo much Victuals of all Sorts, Artillery, Munition of divers Kinds, Clothes, Monies, and other ſuch Luggage, Stuff, Baggage, Chaffer, and Furniture, as he deemed needful for carrying on the Deſign of a ſo tedious, long, and perilous, Voyage. Amongſt other Things, it was obſerved how he cauſed ſome of the Veſſels to be fraught and loaded with a great Quantity of an Herb of his called (2) *Pantagruelion*, not only of the green and raw Sort of it, but of the confected alſo, and of that which was notably well befitted for preſent Uſe after the Faſhion of Conſerves. The Herb *Pantagruelion* hath a little Root ſomewhat hard and rough, roundiſh, terminating in an obtuſe and very blunt Point, and, having ſome of it's Veins, Strings, or Filiments, coloured with ſome Spots of white, never fixeth itſelf into the Ground above the Profoundneſs almoſt of a Cubit, or Foot and a Half; from the Root thereof proceedeth the only (one only) Stalk, orbicular, Cane-like, green without, whitiſh within, and hollow like the Stem of *Smyrgium* (*Smyrnium*) *Olus Atrum*, Beans and Gentian, full of long Threads, ſtreight, eaſy to be broken, jagged, ſnipped, nicked, and notched, a little after the Manner of Pillars and Columns, ſlightly furrowed, chamfered, guttered, and channelled, and full of Fibres, or Hairs like Strings, in which conſiſteth the

(2) *Pantagruelion.*] Hemp: In as much as it is of that Plant the Cord is made which is uſed for the ſt angling of thoſe who are ſo unhappy as to be gibbeted. As the Puniſhment of the HAR — (a Withy of green Sticks; the Band of a Faggot; ſee *Cotgrave*, who ſays, Malefactors in old Time were, and at this Day in ſome barbarous Countries are, hanged with Withs)—As, I ſay, the Puniſhment of the HAR is much ancienter in *France* than the Reign of *Francis* 1ſt, *Rabelais* muſt have given Hemp the Name of *Pantagruelion* in Regard it was in that Prince's Time this Puniſhment began to be exerciſed on the *Lutherans*, or *French* Proteſtants, who were hoiſted up to the Top of a Gibbet with a Pully, and there left to hang till they were burnt or ſmothered by the Fire that was kindled under them. *Rabelais*, who durſt not ſpeak out his Thoughts of ſuch a Piece of Inhumanity, ſays, that *Pantagruel* held *theſe poor People by the Throat*, and that in this Condition they wofully lamented the inſupportable Manner in which they were put to Death.

chief

chief Value and Dignity of the Herb, eſpecially in that Part thereof which is termed *Meſa*, as he would ſay the *Mean*; and in that other which hath got the Denomination of *Mylaſea*. It's Height is commonly of five or ſix Feet; yet ſometimes it is of ſuch a tall Growth as doth ſurpaſs the Length of a Lance; but that is only when it meeteth with a ſweet, eaſy, warm, wet, and well-ſoaked, Soil, (as is the Ground of the Territory of *Olone*, and that of *Raſea*, (*Roſea*,) near to *Preneſte* in (3) *Sabinia*,) and that it want not for Rain enough about the Seaſon of the *Fiſhers Holidays* and the *Eſtival Solſtice*. There are many Trees whoſe Height is by it very far exceeded, and you may call it *Dendromalache* by the Authority of *Theophraſtus*. The Plant every Year periſheth; the Tree, neither in the Trunk, Root, Bark, or Boughs, being durable. From the Stalk of this *Pantagruelion* Plant there iſſue forth ſeveral large and great Branches, whoſe Leaves have thrice as much Length as Breadth, always green, roughiſh and rugged like the Alcanet (Orcanette) or *Spaniſh* Bugloſe, hardiſh, ſlit round about like unto a Sickle, or as the Saxifragum (4), as Betony, and finally ending as it were in the Points of a *Macedonian* Spear, or of ſuch a Lancet as Surgeons commonly make Uſe of in their phlebotomizing Tiltings. The Figure and Shape of the Leaves thereof is not much different from that of thoſe of the Aſh-tree or of (5) *Egrimony*; the Herb itſelf ſo being like the (6) *Euputorian* Plant, that many ſkilful *Herbaliſts* have called it the *Doſtic* (7) *Eupator*, and the *Eupator* the wild *Pantagruelion*. Theſe Leaves are in equal and parallel Diſtances ſpread around the Stalk, by the Number in every Rank either of Five or Seven, Nature having ſo highly

(3) *Sabinia*.] See Pliny *l.* 19. *c.* 9.

(4) *Or as the Saxifragrum*.] This is added by the Tranſlator. The Author only ſays, *as Betony*; he goes on, *and ending in the Points of the* Macedonian *Larix*, not as the Tranſlator has it, *in the Points of a* Macedonian *Spear*. He took *Larice* (Larch-tree) for *Lance*, belike.

(5) *Egrimony*.] Read Agrimony.

(6) *Eupatorian Plant*.] Read *Eupatorium* or *Eupatoria*.

(7) *Eupator*.] Read *Eupatorium* or *Eupatoria*, as before, *Eupator* was not the Herb itſelf, but the King from whom it had it's Name.

favoured

favoured and cheriſhed this Plant, that ſhe hath adorned it with theſe two *odd* (8) *divine* and *myſterious* Numbers. The Smell thereof is ſomewhat ſtrong, and not very pleaſing to nice, tender, and delicate, Noſes: The Seed incloſed therein mounteth up (9) to the very Top of its Stalk, and a little above it. This is a numerous Herb, for their is no leſs Abundance of it than of any other whatſoever. Some of theſe Plants are ſpheric; ſome rhomboid, and ſome of an oblong ſhape, and all of thoſe either black, bright-coloured, or tawny, rude to the touch, and mantled with a quickly-blaſted-away Coat, yet ſuch an one as is of a delicious Taſte and Savour to all ſhrill and ſweetly-ſinging Birds, ſuch as Linnets, Goldfinches, Larks, Canary-Birds, Yellow-hammers, and others of that airy chirping Choir; but it would quite extinguiſh the natural Heat and (10) procreative Virtue of the Semence of any Man, who would eat much and often of it. And although that, of old, (11) amongſt the *Greeks*, there were certain Kinds of Fritters and Pancakes, Buns and Tarts, made thereof, which commonly for a lickoriſh Daintineſs were preſented the Table after Supper, to delight the Palate and make the Wine reliſh the better; yet is it of a difficult Concoction and offenſive to the Stomach; for it engendereth bad and unwholſome Blood, and with it's exorbitant Heat (12) woundeth them with grievous, hurtful, ſmart, and noiſome, Vapours. And as in divers Plants and Trees there are two Sexes, male and female, which is perceptible in Laurels, Palms, Cypreſſes, Oaks, Holmes, the Daffodil, Mandrake, Fearn, the Agaric, Muſhroom, Birthwort, Turpentine, Pen-

(8) *Divine and myſterious.*] See *Macrobius*, on *Scipio's* Dream.

(9) *To the very Top of the Stalk, and a little above it.*] *Vers le chef du tige, & peu au deſſoubs.* The *Engliſh* whereof ſeems to me to be, *near the Top of the Stalk, and but a very little below it.*

(10) *Procreative*, &c.] See *Pliny*, l. 20. c. 23.

(11) *Amongſt the* Greeks.] *John de la Bruyere Champier* has the ſame Remark, *l.* 7. *c.* 13. of his *de re cibaria.*

(12) *Woundeth them*, &c.] What *Them?* Read, *Woundeth the Brain, and filleth the Head with grievous*, &c.

ny-royal,

ny-royal, Peony, Roſe of the Mount, (13) and many other ſuch like; even ſo, in this Herb, there is a *Male* which beareth no Flower at all, yet it is very copious of and abundant in Seed. There is likeways in it a Female, which hath great Store and Plenty of whitiſh Flowers, ſerviceable to little or no Purpoſe; nor doth it carry in it Seed of any Worth at all, at leaſt comparable to that of the Male. It hath alſo a larger Leaf, and is much ſofter than the Male; nor doth it altogether grow to ſo great a Height. This *Pantagruelion* is to be ſown at the firſt coming of the Swallows, and is to be pluck'd out of the Ground when the Graſhoppers begin to be a little hoarſe.

CHAP. L.

How the famous Pantagruelion *ought to be prepar'd and wrought.*

THE Herb *Pantagruelion*, in *September*, under the autumnal Equinox, is dreſſed and prepared ſeveral Ways, according to the various Fancies of the People and Diverſity of the Climates wherein it groweth. The firſt Inſtruction which *Pantagruel* gave concerning it was, to diveſt and diſpoil the Stalk and Stem thereof of all it's Flowers and Seeds, to macerate or mortify it in Pond, Pool, or Lake, Water, (1) which is to be made run a little for five Days together, if the Seaſon be dry and the Water hot; or for full nine or twelve Days, if the Weather be cloudiſh and the Water cold: Then muſt it (2) be parched before the Sun, 'till it be drained of it's Moiſture: After this it is in the

(13) *And many other ſuch like.*] *Et aultres.* Among theſe unnamed ones may be intended *Muſhrooms* and *Roſe of the Mount*, but *Rabelais* has not ſpecified either of them by Name.

(1) *Which is to be made run a little for five Days together.*] Quite wrong! The Water is to be ſtagnant, not current, for five Days together: *Stagnante, non courante, par cinq jours.*

(2) *Parched before the Sun.*] Read dried in the Sun: *Seicher au Soleil.*

Shadow,

Shadow, where the Sun ſhines not, to be peeled, and it's Rind pulled off: Then are the Fibres and Strings thereof to be parted (wherein, as we have already ſaid, conſiſteth it's prime Virtue, Price, and Efficacy) and ſevered from the woody Part thereof, which is unprofitable, and ſerveth hardly to any other Uſe than to make a clear and gliſtering Blaze, to kindle the Fire, and for the Play, Paſtime, and Diſport, of little Children, to blow up Hogs Bladders, and make them rattle. Many Times ſome Uſe is made thereof by tipling ſweet-lipped Bibbers, who out of it framed Quills and Pipes, through which they, with their Liquor-attractive Breath, ſuck up the new dainty Wine from the Bung of the Barrel. Some modern *Pantagrueliſts*, to ſhun and avoid that manual Labour which ſuch a ſeparating and partional Work would of Neceſſity require, employ certain *cataractic* Inſtruments, compoſed and formed after the ſame Manner that the froward, pettiſh, and angry, *Juno* did hold (3) the Fingers of both her Hands interwovenly clenched together when ſhe would have hindered the Child-birth Delivery of *Alcmena*, at the Nativity of *Hercules*; and athwart thoſe Cataracts they break and bruiſe to very Traſh the woody Parcels, thereby to preſerve the better the Fibres, which are the precious and excellent Parts. In and with this ſole Operation (4) do theſe acquieſce and are contented, who, contrary to the received Opinion of the whole Earth, and in a Manner paradoxical to all Philoſophers, gain their Livilihoods backwards, and by recoiling. But thoſe that love to hold it at a higher Rate, and prize it according to it's Value, for their own greater Profit, (5) do the very ſame which is told us of the Recreation of the three fatal Siſters, *Parques*, [*Parcæ*,] or of the nocturnal Exerciſe of the noble *Circe*; or yet of the Excuſe which *Penelope* made to her fond wooing Youngſters and effeminate Courtiers during the long Abſence of her Huſband *Ulyſſes*.

(3) *The Fingers*, &c.] See *Pliny*, l. 28. c. 6.

(4) *Do theſe acquieſce.*] Rope-makers, to whom the Hemp comes raw, and who, in working it, go backwards.

(5) *Do the very ſame.*] Spin it and weave it.

By

By theſe Means, in this Herb, put into a Way to diſplay its ineſtimable Virtues, whereof I will diſcover a Part, (for to relate all is a Thing impoſſible to do,) I have already interpreted and expoſed before you the Denomination thereof. I find that Plants have their Names given and beſtowed upon them after ſeveral Ways: Some got the Name of him who firſt found them out, knew them, ſowed them, improved them by Culture, qualified them to a Tractability, and appropriated them to the Uſes and Subſerviences they were fit for: As the (6) *Mercuriale*, from *Mercury*; *Panacee*, from (7) *Panace*, the Daughter of *Eſculapius*; (8) *Armois*, from *Artemis*, who is *Diana*; *Eupatoria*, from the King *Eupator*; *Telephion*, from *Telephus*; *Euphorbium*, from *Euphorbus*, King *Juba*'s Phyſician; *Climenos*, from *Clymenus*; *Alcibiadum*, from *Alcibiades*; *Gentian*, from *Gentius*, King of *Sclavonia*; and ſo forth, through a great many other Herbs and Plants. Truly, in ancient Times, this Prerogative, of impoſing the Inventor's Name upon an Herb found out by him, was held in ſo great Account and Eſtimation, that, as a Controverſy aroſe between *Neptune* and *Pallas*, from which of them two that Land ſhould receive its Denomination which had been equally found out by them both together; thereafter it was called and had the Appellation of *Athens*, from *Athene*, which is *Minerva*; juſt ſo would (9) *Lynceus*, King of *Scythia*, have treacherouſly ſlain the young *Triptolemus*, whom *Ceres* had ſent to ſhew unto Mankind the Invention of Corn, which until then had been utterly unknown, to the End that, after the Murder of the Meſſenger, (whoſe Death he made Account to have kept ſecret,) he might, by impoſing with the leſs Suſpicion of falſe Dealing his own Name upon the ſaid found-out Seed, acquire unto himſelf an immortal Honour and Glory, for having been the Inventor of a Grain ſo profitable and neceſſary to and for the Uſe of human Life.

(6) *Mercurial.*] Mercurialis.
(7) *Panacee,*] Panacea.
(8) *Armois*, &c.] Artemiſia, (Mug-wort, or Mother-wort,) from Queen *Artemiſia*, or from *Diana*, who was likewiſe called *Artemis*.
(9) *Lynceus.*] Read *Lyncus*. *Lynceus* was another Perſon.

For

For the Wickedneſs of which treaſonable Attempt, he was, by *Ceres*, transformed into that wild Beaſt which by ſome is called a *Lynx*, and by others an *Oince* [Ounce]. Such alſo was the Ambition of others upon the like Occaſion, as it appeareth by that very ſharp Wars, and of a long Continuance, have been made of old, betwixt ſome reſidentiary Kings in *Cappadocia*, upon this only Debate, of whoſe Name a certain *Herb* ſhould have the Appellation; by Reaſon of which Difference, ſo troubleſome and expenſive to them all, it was by them called *Polemonion*, [or *Polemonia*,] and by us, for the ſame Cauſe, termed *Make-bate*. (10)

Other Herbs and Plants there are which retain the Names of the Countries from whence they were tranſported; as the (11) *Median* Apples, from *Media*, where they firſt grew; (12) *Punic* Apples, from *Punicia* (that is to ſay, *Carthage*); *Liguſticum*, which we call (13) *Louage*, from *Liguria*, the Coaſt of *Genoua Rubarb* (14), from a Flood in *Barbary* (as *Ammianus* atteſteth) called (15) *Ru*; (16) *Sautonica*, from a Region of that Name; *Fenugreek*, from *Greece*; (17) *Gaſtanes*, from a Country ſo called; (18) *Perſicarie*, from *Perſi*; *Sabine*, from a Territory of that Appellation; *Stæchas*, from the *Stæchad* Iſlands; *Spica Celtica*, from the Land of the *Celtic Gauls*; and ſo throughout a great many other, which

(10) *Make-bate.*] *Geurroyere*, warlike. All this, and moſt that comes after, is taken from *Pliny*, l. xxv. c. vi. and vii. *&c. &c. &c.*

(11) Median *Apples.*] Pomecitrons.

(12) Punic *Apples.*] Pomegranets.

(13) *Louage.*] *Lovage.* In the original *Liveſche*, which *Cotgrave* interprets *Lovage* of *Lombardy*. *Cam.* Dict. ſays the ſame of *Liguſticum*, and Reaſon good.

(14) Rubarb.] Read *Rheubarb.*

(15) Ru.] Read *Rhua.*

(16) Sautonica.] Read *Santonica*, which *Cotgrave* interprets the Seed of Holy-Wormwood. *Cambridge* Dict. ſays *French* Wormwood, and, in that Caſe, it may have it's Name from *Saintonge*, in *France.*

(17) *Gaſtanes.*] Read *Caſtanes*; from *Caſtana*, a City of *Theſſaly*, which abounds with Cheſnut-trees, or, as *Cooper* writes it, Cheſten Tree or Nut.

(18) Perſicarie.] *Rabelais* ſays, *Perſique*, (*Perſica,*) a Peach-tree, not the Herb called *Perſicaria*, i. e. *Arſe-ſmart* or *Culiage.*

were

were tedious to enumerate. Some others again have obtained their Denominations by way of Antiphraſes, or Contrariety; as (19) *Abſinth*, becauſe it is contrary to ψίνθος; for it is bitter to the Taſte in drinking. *Holoſteon* means all Bones, whilſt, on the contrary, there is no frailer, tenderer, nor brittler, Herb, in the whole Production of Nature, than it.

There are ſome other Sorts of Herbs, which have got their Names from their Virtues and Operations; as *Ariſtolochia*, becauſe it helpeth Women in Child-birth; *Lichen*, for that it cureth the Diſeaſe of that Name; *Mallow*, becauſe it mollifieth; *Callithricum*, becauſe it maketh the Hair of a bright Colour; *Alyſſum*, *Ephemerum*, *Bechium*, *Naſturtium*, *Anéban*, [*Hen-bane*,] and ſo forth through many more.

Other ſome there are, which have obtained their Names from the admirable Qualities that are found to be in them; as *Heliotropium*, (which is the Marigold,) becauſe it followeth the Sun; ſo that at the Sun-riſing it diſplayeth and ſpreads itſelf out, at his aſcending it

(19) Abſinth.] *Abſynthium*, Wormwood. The Derivation of which Word, according to the Authors of the *Cambridge* Dictionary, is, Ἀψίνθιον, *(undrinkable,) quaſi* ἀπίνθιον, *ab a, privativa, &* πίνω, *bibo, quod non ſit potabile ob amarorem; vel ab a priv. &* ψίνθος, i. e. τέρψις, *delectatio*. Wormwood does indeed make none of the pleaſanteſt Drinkables, but, in a Fit of the Cholic, there's Nothing ſo relieving as a Glaſs of Wormwood-wine. *Experto crede Johanni.* My late very good Friends, Juſtice *N---ham* and Juſtice *B--t--y*, of *Weſtminſter-Abby*, had in their Family, for above Fifty Years, a Receipt to make this ſame Wormwood-wine; according to which they conſtantly made a good Quantity for themſelves and for Preſents to Friends. All that troubled them was, they did not underſtand the Title of the Receipt and of the Labels they put to the Bottle, *viz.* ALSEM WINE. It was a hard Word, *they could not ſet their Teeth in it*, to uſe one of *Rabelais*'s Expreſſions, *il n'y ſauroient mordre*. They had often conſulted the Dignitaries of that Church, and all the Schoolmaſters there, who ſaid, They were ſure *Alſem* was no *Hebrew*, *Greek*, or *Latin*, Word, nor *Spaniſh*, *Italian*, or *French*, and they ſaid right. In ſhort, the unfolding this myſterious, traditional, Family-Word was reſerved for one that had learnt *Low Dutch*. I told my inquiſitive Friends, that, let the *Wine* be what it would, the *Word*, *Alſem*, was *Low-Dutch*, and ſignified *Wormwood*. Upon which they ſaid I had hit right, and, for my Explanation, gave me Half-a-dozen Bottles. See what it is to have learnt *Dutch*!

mounteth, at his declining it waineth; and, when he is ſet, it is cloſe ſhut. *Adianton*, becauſe, although it grow near unto watry Places, and albeit you ſhould let it lie in Water a long Time, it will nevertheleſs retain no Moiſture or Humidity; *Hieracia*, *Eringium*, and ſo throughout a great many more. There are alſo a great many Herbs and Plants, which have retained the very ſame Names of the Men and Women who have been metamorphoſed and transformed into them; as, from *Daphne*, the Laurel is called alſo; *Myrrhe* from *Myrrha*, the Daughter of *Cinarus*: [*Cynaras.*] *Pythis* from *Pythis*; *Cinara* (which is the Artichoke) from one of that Name; *Narciſſus*, *Saffran*, *Similax*, [*Smilax*,] and divers others.

Many Herbs likewiſe have got the Names of thoſe Things which they ſeem to have ſome Reſemblance of; as *Hippuris*, becauſe it hath the Likeneſs of a Horſe's Tail; *Alopecuris*, becauſe it repreſenteth in Similitude the Tail of a Fox; *Pſyllion*, from a Flea which it reſembleth; *Delphinium*, for that it is like a *Dolphin* Fiſh; *Bugloſſe* is ſo called, becauſe it is an Herb like an Ox's Tongue; *Iris*, ſo called, becauſe, in it's Flowers, it hath ſome Reſemblance of the Rainbow; *Myoſata*, [*Myoſota*,] becauſe it is like the Ear of a Mouſe; *Coronopus*, for that it is of the Likeneſs of a Crow's Foot: A great many other ſuch there are, which here to recite were needleſs. Farthermore, as there are Herbs and Plants which had their Names from thoſe of Men, ſo, by a reciprocal Denomination, have their Surnames of many Families taken their Origin from them; as the *Fabii*, *à fabis*, Beans; the *Piſons*, *à piſis*, Peaſe; the *Lentuli*, from *Lentils*; the *Cicerons*, *à Ciceribus*, *vel Ciceris*, a Sort of Pulſe called *Chichepeaſon*, [*Chickpeaſe*,] and ſo forth. In ſome Plants or Herbs the Reſemblance or Likeneſs hath been taken from a higher Mark or Object, as when we ſay *Venus'* Navel, *Venus'* Hair, *Venus'* Tub, *Jupiter's* Beard, (20) *Jupiter's* Eye,

(20) Jupiter's *Eye.*] It is the Name which the *Latins* gave to the *ſempervivum majus*. See *Salmaſius*, who gives it by two *Greek* Authorities, ch. xix. of his *Homonymies*, *Lyles iatricæ*. *Folia pinguia*,

Eye, *Mars*'s Blood, the *Hermodactyl* or *Mercury*'s Fingers, which are all of them Names of Herbs, as there are a great many more of the like Appellation. Others again have received their Denomination from their Forms; such as *Trefoil*, because it is three-leaved; *Pentaphylon*, for having five Leaves; *Serpolet*, because it creepeth along the Ground; (21) *Helixine*, *Petaſt*, *Myrobalon*, which the *Arabians* call (22) *Been*, as if you would say an *Acorn*; for it hath a Kind of Reſemblance thereto, and withal is very oily.

CHAP. LI.

Why it is called Pantagruelion, *and of the admirable Virtues thereof.*

BY ſuch like Means of attaining to a Denomination (the fabulous Ways being only from thence excepted, for the Lord forbid that we ſhould make Uſe of any Fables in this a ſo venerable Hiſtory) is this *Herb* called *Pantagruelion*; for *Pantagruel* was the Inventor thereof: I do not ſay of the Plant itſelf, but of a certain Uſe which it ſerves for, exceeding odious and hateful to the Thieves and Robbers, unto whom it is more contrarious and hurtful than the *Strangle-weed* and *Choak-ſitch* are to the Flax, the Cat's Tail to Brakes, the Sheavgraſs to the Mowers of Hay, the Fitches to the Chickny Peaſe, the Darnel to Barley, the Hatchet Fitch to the Lentil Pulſe, the *Antramium* to the Beans, Tares to

guia, ſays *Geſner*, ſpeaking of this Plant, *carnoſa, longitudine pollicari, in cacumine linguæ ſimilia, alia in terram convexa, alia in capite ſtantia invicem, ita ut ambitu effigiem imitentur oculi.* Doubtleſs it was on Account of this Affinity the *Latins* called *Jupiter*'s *Eye* the *ſemperviwum majus*, that, juſt before, for ſuch another Affinity *Rabelais*, with the *Greeks*, uſes the Word *Jupiter*'s *Beard*.

(21) Helixine, Petaſt, Myrobalon.] Read *Helxine*, *Petaſites*, *Mirabolans*.

(22) Been.] See *Avicenna*, Cannon ii. ch. lxxxv.

Wheat, Ivy to Walls, the Water-Lily (1) to leacherous Monks, the Birchen-Rod to the Scholars of the College of *Navarre* in *Paris*, Colewort to the Vine-tree, Garlick to the Load-ſtone, Onions to the Sight, Fearnſeed to Women with Child, Willows Grain to vicious Nuns, the Yew-tree Shade to thoſe that ſleep under it, Wolfsbane to Wolves and Libbards, the Smell of the Fig-tree to mad Bulls, Hemlock to Goſlings, Purſlane to the Teeth, or Oil to Trees: for we have ſeen many of thoſe Rogues, by Virtue and right Application of this Herb, finiſh their Lives, *ſhort* and *long*, after the Manner of *Philis* Queen of *Thracia*, of *Bonoſus* Emperor of *Rome*, of *Amata* (2), King *Latinus*'s Wife, of *Iphus* [*Iphis* (3)] *Autolicus*, *Lycambe*, [*Lycambes*,] *Arachne*, *Phædra*, *Leda*, *Achius* King of *Lydia*, and many Thouſands more; who were chiefly angry and vexed at this Diſaſter therein, that, without being otherways ſick or evil diſpoſed in their Bodies, by a Touch only of the *Pantagruelion*, they came on a ſudden to have the Paſſage obſtructed, and their Pipes (through which were wont to bolt ſo many jolly Sayings, and to enter ſo many luſcious Morſels) ſtopped, more cleverly than ever could have done the Squinancy.

Others have been heard moſt wofully to lament, at the very Inſtant when *Atropos* was about to cut the Thread of their Life, that *Pantagruel held them by the Gorge*. But (well-a-day!) it was not *Pantagruel*, he never was an Executioner (4): It was the

(1) *Water-Lily to leacherous Monks.*] It is in a moſt eſpecial Manner preſcribed to the Monks againſt the Temptations of the Fleſh. See *Boucbet*.

(2) Amata.] *Virgil* ſpeaking of this Queen, *Æneid.* l. xii.

Purpureæ moritura manu diſcindit amictus,
Et, nondum informis, letbi trabe nectit ab alta.

(3) Iphis.] See *Ovid Metam.* l. xiv.

(4) *Executioner.*] *Roüart*, in *Rabelais*. This, *Cotgrave* ſays, ſignifies a Marſhal or Provoſt-Marſhal, an Officer that breaks, or ſees broken, Malefactors on the Wheel. Then *Roüart* muſt come from *rotare*, *roüer*, *roüe*, *a Wheel*. But *M. du Chat*, in the preſent Senſe of the Executioner's *ſtrangling* the Offenders in Queſtion, ſays *Roüart* comes from *raucus*, *hoarſe*; becauſe he, by that Action, makes them hoarſe.

Pan-

Pantagruelion, manufactured and faſhioned into a Halter, and ſerving in the Place and Office of a Cravat. In that, verily, they *ſolecized*, and ſpoke improperly, unleſs you would excuſe them by a *Trope*, which alloweth us to poſit the *Inventor* in the Place of the Thing *invented*; as when *Ceres* is taken for *Bread*, and *Bacchus* put inſtead of *Wine*. I ſwear to you here, by the good and frolic Words which are to iſſue out of that Wine-bottle which is cooling below in the Copper Veſſel full of Fountain-Water, that the noble *Pantagruel* never ſnatched any Man by the Throat, unleſs it was ſuch an one as was altogether careleſs and neglective of thoſe obviating Remedies which were preventive of the Thirſt to come.

It is alſo termed *Pantagruelion* by Similitude; for *Pantagruel*, at the very firſt Minute of his Birth, was no leſs tall than this Herb is long whereof I ſpeak unto you, his Meaſure having been then taken the more eaſy, that he was born in the Seaſon of the great Drought, when they were buſieſt in gathering the ſaid *Herb*, to wit, at that Time when *Icarus*'s Dog, with his fiery Bawling and Barking at the Sun, maketh the whole World *Troglodytic*, and enforceth People every where to hide themſelves in the Dens and ſubterranean Caves. It is likeways called *Pantagruelion*, becauſe of the notable and ſingular Qualities, Virtues, and Properties, thereof: for, as *Pantagruel* had been the *Idea*, Pattern, Prototype, and Exemplar, of all *Jovial* Perfection and Accompliſhment, (in the Truth whereof I believe there is none of you, Gentlemen Drinkers, that putteth any Queſtion,) ſo, in this *Pantagruelion* have I found ſo much Efficacy and Energy, ſo much Completeneſs and Excellency, ſo much Exquiſiteneſs and Rarity, and ſo many admirable Effects and Operations of a tranſcendent Nature, that, if the Worth and Virtue thereof had been known when thoſe *Trees*, by the Relation of the Prophet, made Election of a wooden *King* to rule and govern over them, it, without all Doubt, would have carried away from all the Reſt the Plurality of Votes and Suffrages.

Shall I yet ſay more? If *Oxylus* (5), the Son of *Orius*, had begotten this Plant upon his Siſter *Hamadryas*, he had taken more Delight in the Value and Perfection of it alone than in all his eight Children, ſo highly renowned by our ableſt *Mythologians*, that they have ſedulouſly recommended their Names to the never-failing Tuition of an eternal Remembrance. The eldeſt Child was a Daughter, whoſe Name was *Vine*; the next born was a Boy, and his Name was *Fig-tree*; the third was called *Walnut-tree*; the fourth *Oak*; the fifth *Sorbapple-tree*; the ſixth *Aſh* (6); the ſeventh *Poplar*; and the laſt had the Name of *Elm*, who was the greateſt *Surgeon* in his Time. I ſhall forbear to tell you how the Juice or Sap thereof, being poured and diſtilled within the Ears, killeth every Kind of Vermin that, by any Manner of Putrefaction, cometh to be bred and engendered there; and deſtroyeth alſo any whatſoever other Animal that ſhall have entered thereat. If, likewiſe, you put a little of the ſaid Juice within a Pail or Bucket full of Water, you ſhall ſee the Water inſtantly turn and grow thick therewith, as if it were Milk-Curds, whereof the Virtue is ſo great, that the Water, thus curded, is a preſent Remedy for Horſes ſubject to the Cholic, and ſuch (8) as ſtrike at their own Flanks (Belly.) The Root thereof, well boiled, mollifieth the Joints, ſofteneth the Hardneſs of ſhrunk Sinews, is every Way comfortable to the Nerves, and good againſt all Cramps and Convulſions, as likeways all cold and knotty Gouts. If you will ſpeedily heal a Burning, whether occaſioned by Water or Fire, apply thereto a little raw *Pantagruelion*, that is to ſay,

(5) Oxylus, &c.] See *Athenæus*, l. iii. c. iii.

(6) Aſh.] In the original *Fenabregue*. M. *du Chat*, after he had ſought a long While what this Word meant, at length found that at *Sommiers*, in *Languedoc*, they called *Fenabregue* the Tree that is called, in the other Parts of *France*, *Aloſier*, the Lute-tree, of which, ſays *Cotgr.* there is the grey, the red, and other Sorts, all Strangers in *England*.

(7) *The greateſt Surgeons.*] See *Pliny*, l. xxiv. c. viii.

(8) *And ſuch as ſtrike at their own Belly.*] See *Pliny*, l. xx. laſt chap. but one. The ſame Remedy was ſucceſsfully employed in *Alſace*, in 1705, in the Cure of a Kind of Cholic with which the Horſes of the *French* Army were very much diſordered.

take

take it ſo as it cometh out of the Ground, without beſtowing any other Preparation or Compoſition upon it; but have a ſpecial Care to change it for ſome freſher, in Lieu thereof, as ſoon as you ſhall find it waxing dry (9) upon the Sore.

Without this *Herb*, Kitchens would be deteſted, the Tables of Dining-rooms abhorred, although there were great Plenty and Variety of moſt dainty and ſumptuous Diſhes of Meat ſet down before them, and the choiceſt Beds alſo, how richly ſoever adorned with Gold, Silver, Amber, Ivory, Porphyry, and the Mixture of moſt precious Metals, would, without it, yield no Delight or Pleaſure to the Repoſers in them: Without it Millers could neither carry Wheat nor any other Kind of Corn to the Mill; nor would they be able to bring back from thence Flour, or any other Sort of Meal whatſoever. Without it, how could the Papers and Writs of Lawyers Clients be brought to the Bar? Seldom is the Mortar, Lime, or Plaſter, brought to the Workhouſe without it. Without it how ſhould the Water be got out of a Draw-well? In what Caſe would Tabellions, Notaries, Copyiſts, Makers of Counterpacts, Writers, Clerks, Secretaries, Scriveners, and ſuch like Perſons, be without it? Were it not for it, what would become of the Toll-rates and Rent-rolls? Would not the noble Art of Printing periſh without it? Whereof could the Chaſſis or Paper-Windows be made? How ſhould the Bells be rung? The Altars of *Iſis* are adorned therewith; the *Paſtophorian* Prieſts (10) are therewith clad and accoutred; and whole human Nature covered and wrapped therein, at its firſt Poſition and Production in and into this World. All the lunific (11) Trees of *Seres*, the

(9) *Dry*, &c.] See *Pliny*, *ibidem*.

(10) Paſtopherian *Prieſts*.] Only *Paſtophores* in *French*. They were the Pontiffs, among the *Egyptians*, in the Temple of *Seraphis*. Παστὸς, *pallium ſacerdotale, a cope. Pallium Veneris quod ferebant in* Egypto *ſacerdotes cæteris honoratiores*. The Place of their Abode was cloſe to the Temple, and called *Paſtophorium*. *Ruff. Eccleſ. Hiſt.* l. ii. c. xxiii. *Hieron, in Eſa.* Paſtophorium, *inquit, eſt thalamus, in quo habitat præpoſitus templi*.

(11) *Lunific*.] Read *Lanific*.

Bombaſt and Cotton Buſhes in the Territories near the *Perſian* Sea and Gulf of *Bengal*, the *Arabian* Swans, together with the Plants of *Malta*, do not all of them clothe, attire, and apparel, ſo many Perſons as this one *Herb* alone. Soldiers are, now-a-days, much better ſheltered under it than they were in former Times, when they lay in Tents covered with Skins. It overſhadows the Theatres and Amphitheatres from the Heat of a ſcorching Sun: It begirdeth and encompaſſeth Foreſts, Chaſes, Parks, Copſes, and Groves, for the Pleaſure of Hunters: It deſcendeth into the Salt and Freſh of both Sea and River Waters, for the Profit of Fiſhers: By it are Boots of all Sizes, Buſkins, Gamaſhes, Brodkins, Gambados, Shoes, Pumps, Slippers, and every cobbled Ware, wrought and made ſteadable for the Uſe of Man: By it the But and Rover Bows are ſtrung, the Croſs-bows bended, and the Slings made fixed: And, as if it were an *Herb* every Whit as *holy* as the *Verveine*, and reverenced by Ghoſts, Spirits, Hobgoblins, Fiends, and Phantoms, the Bodies of deceaſed Men are never buried without it.

I will proceed yet farther: By the Means of this fine *Herb*, the inviſible Subſtances are viſibly ſtopped, arreſted, taken, detained, and, Priſoner-like, committed to their reſpective Jails. Heavy and ponderous Weights are by it heaved, lifted up, turned, veered, drawn, carried, and every Way moved quickly, nimbly, and eaſily, to the great Profit and Emolument of human Kind. When I perpend with myſelf theſe and ſuch like marvellous Effects of this wonderful *Herb*, it ſeemeth ſtrange unto me how the Invention of ſo uſeful a Practice did eſcape, through ſo many by-paſt Ages, the Knowledge of the antient *Philoſophers*, conſidering the ineſtimable Utility which from thence proceeded, and the immenſe Labour which, without it, they did undergo in their priſtine Elucubrations. By Virtue thereof, through the Retention of ſome aërial Guſts, are the huge Rambarges, mighty Galleons, the large Floyts, the *Chiliander*, the *Myriander*, Ships, launched from their Stations, and ſet a-going at the Pleaſure and Arbitrament of their Rulers,

Rulers, Conders, and Steerſmen. By (12) the Help thereof, thoſe remote Nations, whom Nature ſeemed ſo unwilling to have diſcovered to us, and ſo deſirous to have kept ſtill *in abſcondito* and hidden from us, that the Ways, through which their Countries were to be reached unto, were not only totally unknown, but judged alſo to be altogether impermeable (13) and inacceſſible, are now arrived to us, and we to them.

Thoſe Voyages out-reached Flights of Birds, and far ſurpaſſed the Scope of feather'd Fowls, how ſwift ſoever they had been on the Wing, and notwithſtanding that Advantage which they have of us in ſwimming through the Air. *Taproban* hath ſeen the Heaths of *Lapland*, and both the *Javas* the *Riphæan* Mountains; wide-diſtant *Phebol* ſhall ſee *Theleme*, and the *Iſlanders* drink of the Flood *Euphrates*: By it the chill-mouthed *Boreas* hath ſurveyed the parched Manſions of the torrid *Auſter*, and *Eurus* viſited the Regions which *Zephyrus* hath under his Command: Yea, in ſuch Sort have Interviews been made, by the Aſſiſtance of this *ſacred Herb*, that, maugre Longitudes and Latitudes, and all the Variations of the Zones, the *periæcian* People and *antœcian*, *amphiſcian*, *heteroſcian*, and *periſcian*, had oft tendered and received mutual Viſits to and from others, upon all the Climates. Theſe ſtrange Exploits bred ſuch Aſtoniſhment, to the celeſtial *Intelligences*, to all the *marine* and *terreſtrial* Gods, that they were on a ſudden all afraid: From which Amazement, when they ſaw how, by Means of this bleſt *Pantagruelion*, the *Arctic* People look'd upon the *Antarctic*, ſcoured the *Atlantic* Ocean, paſſed the *Tropics*, puſhed through the *Torrid Zone*, meaſured all the *Zodiac*, ſported un-

(12) *By the Help thereof.*] This is an Imitation of *Agrippa*, ch. lxxviii. of his *De Vanitate Scientiarum*.

(13) *Impermeable.*] Impaſſable. I don't explain this as if I thought the Reader needed to be informed what *impermeable* meant; but only for an Opportunity of letting ſuch know, as are poſſeſt of the Editions of 1553, 1596, and all the later ones, that, inſtead of *incomprenables*, (*incomprehenſible*,) they muſt read it *impermeables*, conformable to the Editions of 1547, the three Editions of *Lyons*, and that of 1626.

der the *Equinoctial* (14), having both *Poles* level with their *Horizon*, they judged it high Time to call a Council, for their own Safety and Preſervation.

The *Olympic* Gods, being all and each of them affrighted at the Sight of ſuch *Atchievements*, ſaid: *Pantagruel* hath ſhapen Work enough for us, and put us more to a Plunge and nearer our Wit's End, by this ſole *Herb* of his, than did of old the *Aloids* (*Alodæ*) by overturning Mountains. He very ſpeedily is to be married, and ſhall have many Children by his Wife: It lies not in our Power to oppoſe this Deſtiny; for it hath paſſed through the Hands and Spindles of the *fatal Siſters*, Neceſſity's inexorable Daughters. Who knows but by his Sons may be found out an *Herb* of ſuch another Virtue and prodigious Energy, as that, by the Aid thereof, in uſing it aright according to their Father's Skill, they may contrive a Way for human Kind to pierce into the high *aërian* Clouds, get up into the Spring-head of the Hail, take an Inſpection of the ſnowy Sources, and ſhut up and open, as they pleaſe, the Sluices from whence proceed the Flood-gates of the Rain? then, proſecuting their *ætherial* Voyage, they may ſtep in unto the Lightning Work-houſe and Shop where all the Thunderbolts are forged; where, ſeizing on the Magazine of Heaven and Store-houſe of our warlike Fire-Munition, they may diſcharge a bouncing Peal or two of thundering Ordnance, for Joy of their Arrival to theſe new ſupernal Places; and, charging thoſe tonitrual Guns afreſh, turn the whole Force of that Artillery againſt ourſelves, wherein we moſt confided: Then it is like they will ſet forward to invade the Territories of the *Moon*; whence paſſing through both *Mercury* and *Venus*, the *Sun* will ſerve them for a *Torch*, to ſhew the Way from *Mars* to *Jupiter* and *Saturn*: We ſhall not then be able to reſiſt the Impetuoſity of their Intruſion, nor put a Stoppage to their entering in at all whatever Regions, Domicils, or Manſions, of the ſpangled Firmament, they ſhall have any Mind to ſee, to ſtay in, or to

(14) *Sported under the* Equinoctial.] Here *Rabelais* gilds the Pill: Cutting the Line has always been reported as a Thing far from being pleaſant.

travel

travel through for their Recreation: All the cœleſtial Signs together, with the Conſtellations of the fixed Stars, will jointly be at their Devotion then: Some will take up their Lodging at the *Ram*, ſome at the *Bull*, and others at the *Twins*; ſome at the *Crab*, ſome at the *Lion* Inn, and others at the Sign of the *Virgin*; ſome at the *Balance*, others at the *Scorpion*, and others will be quartered at the *Archer*; ſome will be harboured at the *Goat*, ſome at the *Water-pourer*'s Sign, ſome at the *Fiſhes*; ſome will lie at the *Crown*, ſome at the *Harp*, ſome at the *Golden Eagle*, and the *Dolphin*; ſome at the *Flying Horſe*, ſome at the *Ship*, ſome at the great, ſome at the little, *Bear*; and ſo throughout the gliſtning Hiſtories of the whole twinkling aſteric Welkin: There will be Sojourners come from the Earth, who, longing after the Taſte of the ſweet Cream, of their own ſcumming off, from the beſt Milk of all the Dairy of the *Galaxy*, will ſet themſelves at the Table down with us, drink of our *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*, and take to their own Beds at Night, for Wives and Concubines, our faireſt *Goddeſſes*, the only Means whereby they can be *deified*, A Junto hereupon being convocated, the better to conſult upon the Manner of obviating ſo dreadful a Danger, *Jove*, ſitting in the preſidential Throne, aſked the Votes of all the other Gods; which, after a profound Deliberation amongſt themſelves on all Contingencies, they freely gave at laſt, and then reſolved unanimouſly to withſtand the Shock of all whatſoever ſublunary Aſſaults.

CHAP. LII.

How a certain Kind of Pantagruelion *is of that Nature, that the Fire is not able to conſume it.*

I Have already related to you great and admirable Things: But, if you might be induced to adventure upon the Hazard of believing ſome other Divinity of this ſacred *Pantagruelion*, I very willingly would tell it

you. Believe it if you will, or otherways believe it not, I care not which of them you do, they are both alike to me, it ſhall be ſufficient for my Purpoſe to have told you the Truth, and the Truth I will tell you: But to enter in thereat, becauſe it is of a knaggy, difficult, and rugged, Acceſs, this is the Queſtion which I aſk of you: If I had put within this Bottle two Pints, the one of Wine and the other of Water, thoroughly and exactly mingled together, how would you unmix them? After what Manner would you go about to ſever them, and ſeparate the one Liquor from the other, in ſuch Sort, that you render me the Water apart, free from the Wine, and the Wine alſo pure, without the Intermixture of one Drop of Water; and both of them in the ſame Meaſure, Quantity, and Taſte, that I had embottled them? Or to ſtate the Queſtion otherways: If your Carmen and Mariners, entruſted, for the Proviſion of your Houſes, with the bringing of a certain conſiderable Number of Tuns, Puncheons, Pipes, Barrels, and Hogſheads, of *Graves* Wine, or of the Wine of *Orleans*, *Beanne*, [*Beaune*,] and *Mirevaux*, (1) ſhould drink out the

(1) *Should drink out.*] *Buffeter*, in *French*, which ſignifies to give one a *Buffet* or *Cuff*: Hence, metaphorically, to mar a Veſſel of Wine by often taſting it before it is broached; or rather, aſhore, to fill it up with Water, after much Wine hath been ſtolen or taken out of it, (which to prevent, in the Caſe of *Yorkſhire* and *Burton* Ale, I have heard, the Sender puts the full Caſk into an empty one.) *Oudin*, in his *Fr. Ital.* Dictionary, miſtakes the Meaning of this Word, when he ſays, *Buffeter le vin, aſſagiar il vino*, is *to taſte Wine*. *Buffeteur de vin, aſſagiator di vino, a Taſter of Wine*. *Buffeter un tonneau* (in *French*,) is not properly to taſte the Wine contained in the Veſſel, but to put fraudulently therein as much Water as hath been taken out of it under Pretence of taſting it. In this Senſe the Verb *buffeter* is ſynonymous to *ſouffleter*, *to give one a Box on the Ear*, a Word borrow'd from the King's Mint, to expreſs the Action of a falſe Coiner, who, in forging the Likeneſs of the Prince, does, as it were, give him a Box on the Ear, by the Affront he puts on him, and ſo is called *ſouffleteur*.

To mix Water in the Wine, a Man is entertaining his Gueſts with, is, for the ſame Reaſon, called, *Servir en buffet*, (not to ſerve at the *Buffet*, [Side board,] as ſome wou'd take it.) *Mat. Corderius*, *ch.* xxiv. *n.* 62. of his *de corrupti ſermonis emendatione*: *In eo convivio miſcebatur nobis*; we were ſerv'd *en buffet*, or, as *Nicot* ſays, *à buffet*. And *Villon* likewiſe, in this Senſe, calls *Vin de buffet* the Wine which he

the Half, and afterwards with Water fill up the other empty Halves of the Veſſels as full as before; as the *Limoſins* uſe to do in their Carriages, by Wains and Carts, of the Wines of *Argenton* and *Sangaultier*: After that, how would you part the Water from the Wine, and purify them both in ſuch a Caſe? I underſtand you well enough; your Meaning is, that I muſt do it with an *Ivy* Funnel: That is written, it is true, and the Verity thereof explored by a thouſand Experiments: You have learned to do this Feat before; I ſee it: But thoſe that have never known it, nor at any Time have ſeen the like, would hardly believe that it were poſſible. Let us, nevertheleſs, proceed.

But, put the Caſe we were now living in the Age of *Sylla*, *Marius*, *Cæſar*, and other *Roman* Emperors; or that we were in the Time of our antient *Druids*, whoſe Cuſtom was to burn and calcine the dead Bodies of their Parents and Lords, and that you had a Mind to drink the Aſhes or Cinders of your Wives or Fathers in the infuſed Liquor of ſome good white Wine, as (2) *Artemiſia* drank the Duſt and Aſhes of her Huſband *Manſolus* [*Mauſolus*]; or, otherways, that you did determine to have them reſerved in ſome fine Urn or reliquary Pot; how would you ſave the Aſhes apart, and ſeparate them from thoſe other Cinders and Aſhes, into which the Fuel of the funeral and buſtuary Fire hath been converted? Anſwer if you can: By my Figgins I believe it will trouble you ſo to do.

Well, I will diſpatch, and tell you, that, if you take of this celeſtial *Pantagruelion* ſo much as is needful to cover the Body of the Defunct, and, after that you ſhall have inwrapped and bound therein, as hard and cloſely as you can, the Corpſe of the ſaid deceaſed Perſon, and ſowed up the Folding-ſheet with Thread of the ſame Stuff, throw it into the Fire, how great or ardent ſoever it be, it matters not a Straw, the Fire, through this *Pantagruelion*, will burn the Body, and reduce to Aſhes the Bones thereof, and the *Pantagruelion* ſhall be not only not conſu-

he thought proper for the boiling ſix Wolves Heads, which, by his Will, he bequeathed to the Captain of the Night-Watch of *Paris*.

(2) Artemiſia.] See *Aulus Gellius*, l. x. c. xviii.

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med nor burnt, but alſo ſhall neither loſe one Atom of the Aſhes incloſed within it, nor receive one Atom of the huge buſtuary Heap of Aſhes reſulting from the blazing Conflagration of Things combuſtible laid round about it, but ſhall, at laſt, when taken out of the Fire, be fairer, (3) whiter, and much cleaner, than when you did put it in at firſt: Therefore it is called *Aſbeſton*, which is as much as to ſay *incombuſtible*. Great (4) Plenty is to be found thereof in *Carpaſia*, as likeways in the Climate (5) *Diaſienes*, at very eaſy Rates. Oh, how rare and admirable a Thing it is that the Fire, which devoureth, conſumeth, and deſtroyeth, all Things elſe, ſhould cleanſe, purge, and whiten, this ſole *Pantagruelion Carpaſian Aſbeſton!* If you miſtruſt the Verity of this Relation, and demand, for farther Confirmation of my Aſſertion, a viſible Sign, as the *Jews* and ſuch incredulous Infidels uſe to do, take a freſh Egg, and orbicularly (or rather ovally) infold it within this divine *Pantagruelion*; when it is ſo wrapped up, put it in the hot Embers of a Fire, how great or ardent ſoever it be, and, having left it there as long as you will, you ſhall at laſt, at your taking it out of the Fire, find the Egg roaſted hard, and, as it were, burnt, without any Alteration, Change, Mutation, or ſo much as a Calefaction, of the ſacred *Pantagruelion:* For leſs than a (6) Million Pounds *ſterling*, modified, taken down, and amoſſerated, to the twelfth Part of one Four-pence Halfpenny Farthing, you are able to put it to a Trial, and make Proof thereof.

Do not think to overmatch me here, by *paragoning* with it, in the Way of a more eminent Compariſon, the *Salamander*. That is a Fib; for, albeit a little ordinary Fire, ſuch as is uſed in Dining-rooms and Chambers, gladden, cheer up, exhilarate, and quicken, it, yet may I warrantably enough aſſure, that, in the flaming

(3) *Whiter*, &c.] See *Plutarch*, in his Treatiſe of Oracles ceaſing.

(4) *Plenty —— in Carpaſia.*] See *Pauſanias*'s Attics.

(5) *Diaſienes.*] Read *Dya Syene*.

(6) *A Million*, &c.] In the Original, Fifty-thouſand *Fourdelois* Crowns.

Fire

Fire of a Furnace, it will, like any other animated Creature, be quickly ſuffocated, choaked, conſumed, and deſtroyed. We have ſeen the Experiment thereof, and *Galen* many Ages ago hath clearly demonſtrated and confirmed it, *Lib.* 3. *De tempora mentis* [*Temperamentis.*] And *Dioſcorides* maintaineth the ſame Doctrine, *Lib.* 2. Do not here inſtance, in Competition with this ſacred *Herb*, the *Feather Allum*, or the wooden Tower of *Pyrce*, [*Pireum*,] which (7) *L. Sylla* was never able to get burnt; for that *Archelaus*, Governor of the Town for *Mithridates* King of *Pontus*, had plaſtered it all over on the Outſide with the ſaid *Allum*. Nor would I have you to compare therewith the *Herb*, which *Alexander Cornelius* called *Fonem*, and ſaid that it had ſome Reſemblance with that *Oak* which bears the *Miſſelto*; and that it could be neither conſumed, nor receive any Manner of Prejudice from Fire, nor Water, any more than the *Miſſelto*, of which was built (ſaid he) the ſo renowned Ship *Argos*. Search where you pleaſe for thoſe that will believe it, I in that Point deſire to be excuſed. Neither would I wiſh you to parallel therewith (although I cannot deny but that it is of a very marvellous Nature) that Sort of Tree which groweth along the Mountains of *Brianſon* and *Ambrun*, which produceth out of his *Root* the good *Agaric*; from it's Body it yieldeth unto us a ſo exccellent *Roſin*, that *Galen* hath been bold to equal it to the *Turpentine*: Upon the delicate Leaves thereof it retaineth for our Uſe that ſweet heavenly Honey, which is called the *Manna*: and, although it be of a gummy, oily, fat, and greaſy, Subſtance, it is notwithſtanding unconſumable by any Fire. It is in the *Greek* and *Latin* called *Larix*. The *Alpeniſe* name it *Melze*. The *Antonorides* and *Venetians* term it *Larege*; which gave Occaſion to that Caſtle in *Piedmont* to receive the Denomination of *Larignum*, by putting *Julius Cæſar* to a Stand (8) at his Return from amongſt the *Gauls*.

(7) L. Sylla.] See *Aulus Gellius*, l. xv. c. i.

(8) *At his Return from amongſt the* Gauls.] In the Original, it is *at going to the* Gauls.

(9) *Julius*

(9) *Julius Cæſar* had commanded all the Yeomen, Boors, Hinds, and other Inhabitants, in, near unto, and about, the *Alps* and *Piedmont*, to bring all Manner of Victuals and Proviſion for an Army to thoſe Places, which, on the military Road, he had appointed to receive them, for the Uſe of his marching Soldiery; to which Ordinance all of them were obedient, ſave only thoſe as were within the Garriſon of *Larignum*, who, truſting in the natural Strength of the Place, would not pay their Contribution. The Emperor, propoſing to chaſtiſe them for their Refuſal, cauſed his whole Army to march ſtraight towards that Caſtle, before the Gate whereof was erected a *Tower*, built of huge big Spars and Rafters of the *Larch* Tree, faſt bound together with Pins and Pegs of the ſame Wood, and interchangeably laid on one another, after the Faſhion of a Pile or Stack of Timber, ſet up in the Fabric thereof to ſuch an apt or convenient Height, that, from the Parapet above the Portcullis, they thought with Stones and Leavers to beat off and drive away ſuch as ſhould approach thereto.

When *Cæſar* had underſtood the chief Defence of thoſe within the Caſtle did conſiſt in Stones and Clubs, and that it was not an eaſy Matter to ſling, hurl, dart, throw, or caſt, them ſo far as to hinder the Approaches, he forthwith commanded his Men to throw great Store of Bavins, Faggots, Faſcines, round about the Caſtle,

(9) Julius Cæſar, &c.] This is taken from *Vitruvius*, l. ii. c. ix. *Philander*, in his Remarks on this Paſſage of *Vitruvius*, *Venice* Edition, 1557, ſays, that being at *Venice* he had a Mind to try whether the *Melezze*, ſuppoſing it to be the *Larix* of *Vitruvius*, would withſtand the Force of Fire, but found that this pretended *Larix* was conſumed by it, though at firſt this Wood ſeemed to defy the Flame and make it keep its Diſtance. Upon which M. *le Clerc*, who had ſome of the true incombuſtible *Larix*, avers, in Art. ii. of T. XII. of his *Bibliotheque Choiſie*, that the *Melezze* of *Philander* was not the true *Larix*. I believe ſo too, but yet it is certain, by what goes before in *Rabelais*, that our Author took the *Melezze* for the *Larix*, or incombuſtible Wood of *Vitruvius*. In ſhort, the true *Larix* is not unknown to the Virtuoſi of *Rome*, one of whom ſent ſome of it, not long ago, to *Holland*, where it is ſtill kept.

and,

and, when they had made the Heap of a competent Height, to put them all in a fair Fire; which was thereupon incontinently done: The Fire was ſo great and ſo high that it covered the whole Caſtle, that they might well imagine the Tower would thereby be altogether burnt to Duſt and demoliſhed. Nevertheleſs, contrary to all their Hopes and Expectations, when the Flame ceaſed, and that the Faggots were quite burnt and conſumed, the Tower appeared as whole, ſound, and entire, as ever. *Cæſar*, after a ſerious Conſideration had thereof, commanded a Compaſs to be taken, without the Diſtance of a Stone-Caſt from the Caſtle round about it, there, with Ditches and Entrenchments, to form a Blockade; which when the (10) *Loringians* underſtood, they rendered themſelves upon Terms: And then, by a Relation from them, it was that *Cæſar* learned the admirable Nature and Virtue of this *Wood*, which of itſelf produceth neither Fire, Flame, nor Coal, and would therefore, in Regard of that rare Quality of *Incombuſtibility*, have been admitted into this Rank and Degree of a true *Pantagruelional* Plant; and that ſo much the rather, for that *Pantagruel* directed that all the Gates, Doors, Angiports, Windows, Gutters, frettized and embowed Cielings, Cans, and other whatſoever wooden Furniture, in the Abbey of *Theleme*, ſhould be all materiated of this Kind of Timber. He likewiſe cauſed to cover therewith the Sterns, Stems, Cook-rooms or Laps, Hatches, Decks, Courſies, Bends, and Walls, of his Carricks, Ships, Galleons, Galleys, Brigantines, Foyſts, Frigates, Crears, Barks, Floyts, Pinks, Pinnaces, Hoys, Catches, Capers, and other Veſſels, of his *Thalaſſian* Arſenal; were it not that the Wood or Timber of the *Larch-tree*, being put within a large and ample Furnace, full of huge vehemently-flaming Fire, proceeding from the Fuel of other Sorts and Kinds of Wood, cometh at laſt to be corrupted, conſumed, diſſipated, and deſtroyed, as are Stones in a Lime-kiln: But this *Pantagruelion Aſbeſton* is rather, by the Fire, renewed and

(10) Loringians.] Read *Larignans*. A very great Miſtake.

cleanſed,

cleanſed, than, by the Flames thereof, conſumed or changed. Therefore,

Arabians, Indians, Sabæans,
Sing not, in Hymns and Io Pæans,
Your Incenſe, Myrrh, or Ebony:
Come here, a nobler Plant *to ſee;*
And carry Home, at any Rate,
Some Seed, that you may propagate.
If in your Soil it takes, to Heav'n
A thouſand thouſand Thanks be giv'n;
And ſay, With France *it goodly goes,*
Where the Pantagruelion *grows!*

The End of the THIRD BOOK.

THE

THE Translator's PREFACE, TO THIS FOURTH BOOK.

READER,

I Don't know what Kind of a Preface I muſt write to find thee courteous, *an Epithet too often beſtowed without a Cauſe. The Author of this Work has been as ſparing of what we call* Good-Nature *as moſt Readers are now-a-days. So I am afraid his Tranſlator and Commentator is not to expect much more than has been ſhewn them. What's worſe, there are but two Sorts of taking Prefaces, as there are but two Kinds of Prologues to Plays; for, Mr.* Bays *was doubtleſs in the right, when he ſaid, That if Thunder and Lightning could not fright an Audience into Complaiſance, the Sight of the Poet with a Rope about his Neck might work them into Pity. Some indeed have bullied many of you into Applauſe, and railed at your Faults, that you might think them without any; and others, more ſafely, have ſpoken kindly of you, that you might think, or at leaſt ſpeak, as favourably of them, and be flattered into Patience. Now I fancy there's Nothing leſs difficult to attempt than the firſt Method; for, in this bleſſed Age, 'tis as eaſy to find a Bully without Courage as a Whore without Beauty or a Writer without Wit; though thoſe Qualification are*

neceſſary

neceſſary in their reſpective Profeſſions.) The Miſchief is, that you ſeldom allow any to rail beſides yourſelves, and cannot bear a Pride which ſhocks your own. As for wheedling you into a Liking for a Work, I muſt confeſs it ſeems the ſafeſt Way; but, though Flattery pleaſes you well when it is particular, you hate it, as little concerning you, when it is general. Then we Knights of the Quill are a ſtiff-necked Generation, who as ſeldom care to ſeem to doubt the Worth of our Writings and their being liked as we love to flatter more than one at a Time; and had rather draw our Pens, and ſtand up for the Beauty of our Works (as ſome arrant Fools uſed to do for that of their Miſtreſſes) to the laſt Drop of our Ink. And truly this Submiſſion, which ſometimes wheedles you into Pity, as ſeldom decoys you into Love as the awkward Cringing of an antiquated Fop, as moneyleſs as he is ugly, affects an experienced Fair-one. Now we as little value your Pity as a Lover his Miſtreſs's, well ſatisfied that it is only a leſs uncivil Way of diſmiſſing us. But what if neither of theſe two Ways will work upon you, of which doleful Truth ſome of our Play-wrights ſtand ſo many living Monuments? Why, then truly I can think on no other Way at preſent but blending the two in one; and, from this Marriage of Huffing and Cringing, there will reſult a new Kind of careleſs Medley, which perhaps will work upon both Sorts of Readers, thoſe who are to be hectored, and thoſe we muſt creep to. At leaſt it is like to pleaſe by its Novelty, and it will not be the firſt Monſter that has pleaſed you when regular Nature could not do it.

If uncommon Mirth, lively Wit, and deep Learning, wove, into wholeſome Satire, a bold, good, and vaſt, Deſign, admirably purſued, Truth ſet out in its true Light, and a Method how to arrive to its Oracle, can recommend a Work, I am ſure this has enough to pleaſe any reaſonable Man. The three Books publiſhed ſome Time ſince, which are in a Manner an intire Work, were kindly received: Yet in the French *they come far ſhort of theſe two, which are alſo intire Pieces; for the Satire is all general here, much more obvious, and conſequently more entertaining. Even my long explanatory Preface was not thought improper, though I was ſo far from being allowed Time to make it methodical,*

that

that at firſt only a few Pages were intended; yet, as faſt as they were printed, I wrote on, till it proved at laſt like one of thoſe Towns, built little at firſt, then enlarged, where you ſee promiſcuouſly an odd Variety of all Sorts of irregular Buildings. I hope the Remarks I give now will not pleaſe leſs; for, as I have tranſlated the Work which they explain, I had more Time to make them, though as little to write them. It would be needleſs to give here a large Account of my Performance; for, after all, you Readers care no more for this or that Apology, or Pretence, of Mr. Tranſlator, *if the Verſion does not pleaſe you, than we do for a blundering Cook's Excuſe after he has ſpoilt a good Diſh in the Dreſſing. Nor can the firſt pretend to much Praiſe, beſides that of giving his Author's Senſe in its full Extent, and copying his Style, if 'tis to be copied; ſince he has no Share in the Invention or Diſpoſition of what he tranſlates. Yet there was no ſmall Difficulty in doing* Rabelais *Juſtice in that double Reſpect: The obſolete Words and Turns of Phraſe, and dark Subjects, often as darkly treated, make the Senſe hard to be underſtood even by a* Frenchman, *and it cannot be eaſy to give it the free eaſy Air of an Original; for even what ſeems moſt common Talk, in one Language, is what's often the moſt difficult to be made ſo in another; and* Horace's *Thoughts of Comedy may well be applied to this:*

Creditur, ex medio quia res arceſſit, habere
Sudoris minimum; ſed habet comœdia tantum
Plus oneris, quantò veniæ minus. ———

Far be it from me, for all this, to value myſelf upon hitting the Words of Cant in which my drolling Author is ſo luxuriant; for, though ſuch Words have ſtood me in good Stead, I ſcarce can forbear thinking myſelf unhappy in having inſenſibly hoarded up ſo much Gibberiſh and Billingſgate *Traſh in my Memory; nor could I forbear aſking of myſelf, as an* Italian *Cardinal ſaid on another Account,* D'onde hai tu pigliato tante Coglionerie? Where the Devil didſt thou rake up all theſe Fripperies?

It was not leſs difficult to come up to the Author's ſublime Expreſſions: Nor would I have attempted ſuch a Taſk, but that I was ambitious of giving a View of the moſt valuable

valuable Work, of the greateſt Genius of his Age, to the Mecænas *and beſt Genius of this: For I am not over-fond of ſo ungrateful a Taſk as Tranſlating; and would rejoice to ſee leſs Verſions, and more Originals, ſo the latter were not as bad as many of the firſt are, through Want of Incouragement. Some indeed have deſervedly gain'd Eſteem by tranſlating; yet not many condeſcend to tranſlate but ſuch as cannot invent; though, to do the firſt well, requires, often, as much Genius as to do the latter.*

I wiſh, Reader, thou mayeſt be as willing to do my Author Juſtice as I have ſtrove to do him Right. Yet, if thou art a Brother of the Quill, 'tis ten to one thou art too much in Love with thy own dear Productions to admire thoſe of one of thy Trade: However, I know three or four who have not ſuch a mighty Opinion of themſelves; but I'll not name them, leſt I be obliged to place myſelf among them. If thou art one of thoſe who, though they never write, criticiſe every one that does; avaunt: —— Thou'rt a profeſſed Enemy of Mankind and of thyſelf, who wilt never be pleaſed nor let any Body be ſo, and knoweſt no better Way to Fame than by ſtriving to leſſen that of others; though, wouldſt thou write, thou mighteſt be ſoon known, even by the Butter-women, and fly through the World in Band-boxes. If thou art of the diſſembling Tribe, 'tis thy Office to rail at thoſe Books which thou huggeſt in a Corner. If thou art one of thoſe Eaves-droppers who would have their Moroſeneſs be counted Gravity, thou'lt condemn a Mirth which thou'rt paſt reliſhing; and I know no other Way to quit the Score than by writing (as like enough I may) Something as dull or duller than thyſelf, if poſſible. If thou art one of thoſe Critics in dreſſing, thoſe Extempores *of Fortune, who, having loſt a Relation and got an Eſtate in an Inſtant, ſet up for Wit and every Extravagance, thou'lt either praiſe or diſcommend this Book, according to the Dictates of ſome leſs fooliſh than thyſelf; perhaps of one of thoſe who, being lodged at the Sign of the Box and Dice, will know better Things than to recommend to thee a Work which bids thee beware of his Tricks. This Book might teach thee to leave thy Follies: But ſome will ſay, it does not ſignify much, to ſome Fools, whether they are ſo or not; for when*

was

was there ever a Fool that thought himſelf one? If thou art one of thoſe who would put themſelves upon us for learned Men in Greek *and* Hebrew, *yet are mere Blockheads in* Engliſh, *and patch together old Pieces of the Ancients to get themſelves Clothes out of them, thou art too ſeverely mauled in this Work to like it. Who then will? ſome will cry: Nay, beſides theſe, many Societies that make a great Figure in the World are reflected on in this Book; which cauſed* Rabelais *to ſtudy to be dark, and even bedaub it with many looſe Expreſſions, that he might not be thought to have any other Deſign than to droll; in a Manner bewraying his Book, that his Enemies might not bite it. Truly, though now the Riddle is expounded, I would adviſe thoſe who read it not to reflect on the Author, leſt he be thought to have been beforehand with them, and they be ranked among thoſe who have Nothing to ſhew for their Honeſty but their Money; Nothing for their Religion but their Diſſembling or a fat Benefice; Nothing for their Wit but their Dreſſing; for their Nobility, but their Title; for their Gentility, but their Sword; for their Courage, but their Huffing; for their Preferment, but their Aſſurance; for their Learning, but their Degrees; or, for their Gravity, but their Wrinkles or Dulneſs. They had better laugh at one another here, as 'tis the Cuſtom of the World. Laughing is of all Profeſſions; the Miſer may hoard, the Spendthrift ſquander, the Politician plot, the Lawyer wrangle, and the Gameſter cheat; ſtill their main Deſign is to be able to laugh at one another; and here they may do it at a cheap and eaſy Rate. After all, ſhould this Work fail to pleaſe the greater Number of Readers, I am ſure it cannot miſs being liked by thoſe who are for witty Mirth and a chirping Bottle; though not by thoſe ſolid Sots who ſeem to have drudged all their Youth long, only that they might enjoy the ſweet Bleſſing of getting drunk every Night in their old Age. But thoſe Men of Senſe and Honour, who love Truth, and the Good of Mankind in general, above all other Things, will undoubtedly countenance this Work. I will not gravely inſiſt upon its Uſefulneſs, having ſaid enough of it in the Preface to the firſt Part. I'll only add, that as* Homer, *in his* Odyſſey, *makes his Hero wander ten Years through moſt Parts of the then known World, ſo* Rabelais, *in a*

three

three Months Voyage, makes Pantagruel *take a View of almoſt all Sorts of People and Profeſſions: With this Difference, however, between the ancient Mythologiſt and the modern, That, while the* Odyſſey *has been compared to a ſetting Sun, in Reſpect to the* Iliad, Rabelais's *laſt Work, which is this Voyage to the Oracle of the Bottle, (by which he means Truth,) is juſtly thought his Maſterpiece; being writ with more Spirit, Salt, and Flame, than the Firſt Part of his Works. At near ſeventy Years of Age, his* Genius, *far from being drained, ſeemed to have acquired freſh Vigour, and new Graces, the more it exerted itſelf; like thoſe Rivers, which grew more deep, large, majeſtic, and uſeful, by their Courſe. Thoſe who accuſe the* French *of being as ſparing of their Wit as laviſh of their Words, will find an* ENGLISHMAN *in our Author. I muſt confeſs, indeed, that my Countrymen, and other Southern Nations, temper the one with the other, in a Manner, as they do their Wine with Water, often juſt daſhing the latter with a little of the firſt. Now here Men love to drink their Wine pure; nay, ſometimes it will not ſatisfy unleſs in its very Quinteſſence, as in Brandies; though an Exceſs of this betrays Want of Sobriety as much as an Exceſs of Wit betrays a Want of Judgement. But I muſt conclude, leſt I be juſtly taxed with wanting both. I will only add, That, as every Language has its peculiar Graces, ſeldom or never to be acquired by a Foreigner, I cannot think I have given my Author thoſe of the* Engliſh *in every Place: But, as none compelled me to write, I fear to aſk a Pardon which yet the generous Temper of this Nation makes me hope to obtain.* Albinus, *a* Roman, *who had written in* Greek, *deſired in his Preface to be forgiven his Faults of Language; but* Cato *aſked, in Deriſion, whether any had forced him to write in a Tongue of which he was not an abſolute Maſter?* Lucullus *wrote a Hiſtory in the ſame Tongue, and ſaid,* He had ſcattered ſome falſe *Greek* in it to let the World know it was the Work of a *Roman. I'll not ſay as much of my Writings, in which I ſtudy to be as little incorrect as the Hurry of Buſineſs and Shortneſs of Time will permit; but I may better ſay, as* Tully *did of the Hiſtory of his Conſulſhip, which he alſo had written in* Greek, *that, what Errors may be found in*

the

the Diction, are crept in against my Intent. Indeed Livius Andronicus, *and* Terence, *the one a* Greek, *the other a* Carthaginian, *wrote successfully in* Latin, *and the latter is perhaps the most perfect Model of the* Purity *and* Urbanity *of that Tongue: But I ought not to hope for the Success of those great Men. Yet am I ambitious of being as subservient to the useful Diversion of the Ingenious of this Nation as I can, which I have endeavoured in this Work, with Hopes to attempt some greater Tasks, if ever I am happy enough to have more Leisure. In the mean Time it will not displease me, if it is known that this is given by one, who, though born and educated in* France, *has the Love and Veneration of a loyal Subject for this Nation; one who, by a Fatality, which, with many more, made him say:*

Nos patriam fugimus, et dulcia linquimus arva:

Is obliged to make the Language of these happy Regions, as natural to him as he can, and thankfully say with the Rest, under this Protestant Government,

Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.

Explanatory Remarks

ON THE

PROLOGUE to the FOURTH BOOK of *Rabelais*, being the firſt of the Voyage to the Oracle of the Bottle.

THE main Deſign of this Prologue is to teach us to be moderate in our Wiſhes. The Author brings ſeveral Examples to prove what Advantages ariſe from it; particularly he makes Uſe of a Fable, in which (after ſome long but moſt diverting Excurſions) the Moderation of a poor Country Fellow, who had loſt his Hatchet, and wiſhed only to have it again, was largely rewarded; and others, who loſt theirs on Purpoſe, to be thus made rich, were undone. This is thought by ſome to mean a Gentleman of *Poictou*, who came to *Paris* with his Wife about ſome Buſineſs, where *Francis* the Firſt fell in Love with her, and having beſtowed large Sums of Money on the Huſband, who ſome Time after returned into the Country; ſome of the neighbouring Gentlemen, who had handſome Wives or Daughters, made their Appearance with them at Court, in Hopes of the like Fortune, but inſtead of it were forced to ſneak into the Country, after they had ſpent their Eſtates, which was all they got for their Pains.

Jupiter is brought in complaining of *Ramus* and *Galland*, who, ſurrounded with a Swarm of their Scullions, Ragamuffins, Sizers, Vouchers, *&c.* ſet together by the

Ears

Ears the whole Univerſity of *Paris*. *Petrus Ramus*, or *de la Ramée*, was Royal Philoſophy and Oratory Profeſſor at that Time; and *Petrus Gallandus*, or *Galland*, Royal *Greek* Profeſſor. Both were learned Men, and *Ramus* particularly famous for Rhetoric and Oratory: He alſo wrote three Books of dialectic Inſtitutions. But what divided the Univerſity was, his elegant, but too paſſionate, Animadverſions on *Ariſtotle's* Phyſics and Metaphyſics. *Carpentarius*, *Scheckius*, and *Riolanus*, anſwered him, and particularly the firſt. I cannot find that *Gallandus* wrote againſt *Ramus*; yet, either he has done it, or oppoſed him *vivâ voce*. *Priapus* is of Opinion they ought to be turned into Stone, and aſſociated to their Nameſake, Maſter *Peter du Coignet*, formerly petrified for ſuch a Reaſon. This *du Coignet* can be no other than *Peter de Coigneres*, the King's Advocate in his Parliament, mentioned by *Paſquier*.* In 1329, he cauſed all the Prelates of *France* to be ſummoned before King *Philip*, who ſat in his Court of Parliament attended by ſeveral Princes and Lords. There the Advocate repreſented many Abuſes committed by the eccleſiaſtical Court, which had encroached upon the Parliament's Rights, and uſed to take Cognizance of all civil Matters, under divers Pretences of Conſcience, and unjuſtly favoured thoſe that appealed or removed their Cauſes to the ſpiritual Court. The Archbiſhop of *Sens*, and the Biſhop of *Autun*, ſpoke in Behalf of the Church's Right, grounded on Cuſtom, Time out of Mind, and of equal Validity to the Law; then proffered to rectify every Thing; and, in ſhort, ſo cunningly worked upon the King, that he told them he would make no Innovations, nor would ſhew his Succeſſors a Way to moleſt the Church. This made the Clergy triumph, as if they had gained their Point, and, to be revenged on *Pierre de Coigneres*, they got a Monkey hewed out of Stone, and had it ſet up in a Corner of *Notredame* at *Paris*, which Figure, ſays *Paſquier*, by a Kind of Pun, was called † *Maitre Pierre du Coignet*. So *Priapus* adviſes *Jupiter* to petrify *Ramus* and *Galland*, ſaying, That *Peter du Coignet* had been turned

* *Recherches de Paſquier*, Lib. III. Chap. xxvii.

† That is, *The chief Corner-ſtone.*

into Stone for the ſame Cauſe, that is, for ſetting the learned at Variance. Though, after all, *France* is much obliged to that Advocate, who ſeems to have laid the Foundation of the Liberties of the *Gallican* Church.

In the ſame Council of the Gods, *Jupiter* ſays, *Here are the Gaſcons curſing and damning, demanding the Reſtitution of their Bells.* I find, in *du Tillet*, that they had been taken from them in 1548. This is the Senſe of his Words, which I give at Length, becauſe they ſeem to give Light into ſeveral Paſſages in the firſt three Books. There was a Tumult in *Guienne*, which began at *Angouleſme* by thirty Men, but ſoon great Numbers joined them; and as many, at leaſt, roſe towards *Bourdeaux*, in a rebellious Manner, upon Account of the Tax on Salt, from which the ſaid Country uſed to be exempted. To ſuppreſs this Rebellion, *&c.*—after the Ringleaders had been puniſhed with Death, the Citizens of *Bourdeaux*, and other Places of the ſame Faction, were deprived of their Rights and Privileges, Bells, Arms, and Artillery; the Town-houſe was demoliſhed; all the Bells, little or great, were thrown down from the Steeples, and laid by to be melted down and moulded into Cannons. He ſays afterwards, in *January*, 1550, the Rights and Privileges of thoſe of *Bourdeaux* were reſtored, and they had Leave to hang their Bells up again, paying a certain Sum of Money.

It appears by this, that this Prologue was written in 1548 or 1549, and I am apt to believe that theſe are the Bells for whoſe Recovery Maſter *Janotus de Bragmardo* made the comical Speech in the 19th Chapter of the firſt Book; the rather, becauſe *Henry d'Albert*, King of *Navarre*, (*Rabelais's Gargantua*,) was then Governor of *Guienne*, and acted againſt the Rebels.

The 21ſt of *Auguſt*, ſays *du Tillet*, in *Xaintonge* and *Angoumois*, the People took Arms on Account of the ſaid Tax on Salt, and were ſo numerous, that they killed ſome Collectors and other Officers, plundered Houſes, Towns, and Caſtles, and routed the Forces that were ſent againſt them by the King of *Navarre*, Governor of *Guienne*.

Ex-

Explanatory Remarks

ON THE

First CHAPTER of BOOK IV.

BY *Pantagruel* and his Attendants, who embark'd for the Oracle of the Holy-Bottle, we may underſtand *Anthony* Duke of *Vendoſme*, afterwards King of *Navarre*, ſetting out of the World of Error to ſearch after Truth; which *Rabelais* places in the Bottle; becauſe, drinking its Wine, we are inſpired with Spirit and Invention, and, freely imparting our Sentiments, diſcover thoſe of others.

Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves
Plerumque duro: tu ſapientium
Curas et arcanum jocoſo
Conſilium retegis Lyæo. Horat.

As much is imply'd by the *Greek* Proverb, ἐν οἴνῳ ἀλήθεια· by the *Latin*, *In Vino veritas*, and, as ſome have it among us, *True Philoſophy lies in the Bottle.* Our Author, like ſkilful dramatic Writers, gives us a Hint of his Deſign in the firſt Chapter, when, juſt before *Pantagruel* ſet Sail, he makes him and his Men go to Prayers, and ſing the 113th Pſalm, *When* Iſrael *went out of* Egypt; which Country all know is generally taken, in a myſtical Senſe, for Error, or being a Slave to it.

The chief Pilot and *Xenomanes*, an experienc'd Traveller, (by whom we may underſtand that 'tis neceſſary to have good Guides and Counſellors to direct us in ſuch a Search,) ſteer a ſhorter Courſe than the *Portugueſe*, by whom may be meant ſuperſtitious Papiſts.

Bacbuc is a *Bottle* in *Hebrew*, and the Ships have all Bottles, Cups, or Wine-Veſſels, on their Stern, to ſhew that the whole Fleet are for Wine; only one has a Lantern to confirm what is ſaid, that the Guidance of good Lights, *i. e.* learned Men, is requiſite in ſuch an Attempt. If we had a Mind to ſay that our Author had a double Meaning all along, as he has in many Places, we might ſuppoſe one eaſily: For this was written at the Time of the *Council of Trent*, in which the Reſtitution of the Cup to the Laity, and of Marriage to the Clergy, were debated. *Panurge* goes to the Oracle of the Bottle near Lanternland, where the Lanterns, which may be the Clergy, who think themſelves the Lights of the World, held then their provincial Chapter. His Buſineſs is with the Bottle, to know whether he ſhould marry or not: All his Company there are made to drink Water, which had the Taſte of Wine; the Word of the Bottle is *Trinch*, which is *Drink* in *High Dutch*; and *Panurge*, having drunk, foretels that he ſhall be married, as indeed *Montluc*, Biſhop of *Valence*, whom I take to be *Rabelais*'s *Panurge*, is own'd by all the Hiſtorians of his Age to have been; the Application is eaſy.

On CHAP. II.

AS our Author ſatirizes all Conditions of Men in this Voyage, he thought he could not begin better than by reflecting on the Follies and Lies of Travellers; which he does in this Chapter. The firſt Place, at which our travelling *Pantagrueliſts* touch, is the Iſland of *Medamothi*. All the Countries in this Voyage are Iſlands, and he ſtyl'd himſelf *Caloier des Iſles hieres*, in the Edition of 1553. *Caloier* from καλὸς and ἱερεὺς, *probus Sacerdos*, a Name given by thoſe of the *Greek* Church to Eccleſiaſtics; and *des Iſles hieres*, *of the ſacred or great Iſlands*; for ἱερὸς ſtands often for μέγας. Theſe great Iſlands may be the terraqueous Part of the Globe which is wholly ſurrounded with the Sea; thus every Iſland here means the whole World, or at leaſt a conſiderable Part of it; few Places being wholly free from

from the Perſons and Defects which are ridiculed in this Work.

The Iſland, *Medamothi*, Μηδαμόθι, *nuſquam, nullo in loco*, means an Iſland that is no where, and ſo cannot be found; and indeed moſt Travellers and ſea-faring Men are for going where no other went before, ſtill bent on Diſcoveries; and accordingly our *Pantagruelian* Journaliſts tells us, that, *till they came to that Iſland, they ſaw Nothing new*. *Philophanes*, who is King of the Country, ſignifies *one who deſires to be ſeen:* He is made abſent from Home (as Travellers are) on Account of his Brother *Philotheamon*'s Marriage with the *Infanta* of *Engys*; that is, *the Neighbourhood: Philotheamon* ſignifies *one who deſires to ſee Things:* Thus many travel either to ſee or be ſeen, or for both. Now, as this Kingdom of *Medamothi* is no where, ſo thoſe *exotic Rarities*, which our Travellers purchaſe there, are Nothing but Fictions and Chimeras. As for Example; the Voice of a Man who brings in an Appeal; the Picture of a Servant who wants a Maſter; that of *Echo* drawn to the Life; that of the Ideas of *Plato* and the Atoms of *Epicurus*; that copied from *Philomela*'s Needle-work; *Achilles*'s Deeds in ſeventy-eight Pieces of Tapeſtry, all of *Phrygian* Silk imboſs'd with Gold and Silver, ſome 24 Feet long and 20 broad: Things which either are not, never were, or cannot be, expreſs'd with the Pencil; as for Example, the Voice of the Man who appeals, or who calls, (for the *French* means both.)

The three Unicorns were thought a Fiction by moſt of the learned, as well as the *Cameleon-like Tarand*, (which put me in Mind of ſome Courtiers,) till the great *Bochartus*, of whom *Rouen*, my native Town, is ſo juſtly proud, had prov'd that the Unicorn is not a fabulous Animal. Thus this Iſland and what is done there are Nothing but Fictions and Whimſies, with which Travellers, often much guilty of them, and the learned, puzzle their Brains and burthen their Memories; unſatisfied, like ſome of the Fair, with any Thing that is not ſtrange, far-fetched, and dear-bought.

On CHAP. V. *&c.*

FROM *Panurge*'s Quarrel with *Dindenaut* the Drover, whom I have call'd *Dingdong*, and that *Sheepmonger*'s Misfortune, we may raiſe this Moral; that the private Broils of Paſtors prove often the Ruin of their Flocks; fooliſh, headſtrong, and ready, right or wrong, *one and all*, to riſe and fall with the Bell-weather. *Dingdong*'s quack-like *canting* Stuff does not hinder him from *ſelling the Sheep* by which he lives.

After all, this may be the Relation of ſome of the *Montluc*'s Adventures, burleſqu'd after our Author's Way. For, as we have obſerv'd in the Preface to the firſt three Books, that the Biſhop of *Valence* was a Proteſtant, at leaſt in his Opinions; every Body knew it, and the *Mareſchal de Montluc* his Brother made no Myſtery of it in his *Memoirs*; he was moleſted more than once about it, and particularly by the Dean of *Valence*, of whom we have ſpoke in the ſaid Preface, and for whom the Biſhop prov'd too hard, by his Subtilty and Credit, which inclined him to make Uſe of all poſſible Means to be reveng'd on one, who had plagu'd him ſo long. Thus we find *Panurge* ſaying to Frier *John*, after *Dingdong* and his Sheep were all drowned, "Harkee me, my Friend "*John*, never did Man do me a good Turn but I re- "turn'd it, or at leaſt acknowledg'd it; no, I ſcorn to be "ungrateful; I never was, nor ever will be: Never did "Man do me an ill one, without rueing the Day that "he did it, either in this World or the next. I am "not yet ſuch an Aſs as that comes to."

Our Author, to ridicule a fooliſh Relique that was in great Repute in *Poictou* in his Time, makes *Dingdong* ſwear by it in the ſeventh Chapter; 'twas call'd, *The worthy Vow of* Charroux. The People gave that Name to a large wooden Statue, in the Shape of a Man, cover'd with Plates of Silver, which the Monks kept in a Corner of their Monaſtery. They us'd to ſhew it but every ſeventh Year, and then Shoals of People throng'd to ſee it; but none of the female Sex were ſuffer'd to come near to kiſs it; this mighty Bleſſing was wholly reſerv'd

ſerved for Men or Boys: But the Women uſed to watch to catch the Men, who had kiſſed it, at unawares, and clipt them about the Neck and kiſſed them; by which Means they were perſuaded they drew to themſelves, and ſucked in, the virtuous Efficacy which they had got by touching the Shrine. A tall Lady was ſo very preſumptuous as to dare to kiſs that bleſſed *worthy Vow*; and, behold! the angry wooden Saint, in an Inſtant, grew five Feet taller than he was before; at leaſt the People ſaid ſo, and the Monks reported it for Goſpel-truth. Yet, all its Worth and Virtue could not protect it againſt the *Sieur Bouganet*, and other Proteſtant Gentlemen, who, in the Year 1562, ſtripped it of its ſilver Robes, and, ſince that, they were called *The Valets de Chambre of the worthy Vow of* Charroux.

In the ſame Chapter we have another Inſtance of the ſtrange Superſtition of the Popiſh Vulgar, when *Dingdong* ſays, That Corn grows wherever his Sheep piſs, as if the Lord had piſſed there. That Expreſſion is uſed throughout France by the common People, who think all thoſe Places thus particularly bleſt where our Saviour dropt his Urine, *&c.* As, for Inſtance, his Spittle; it being ſaid, in the ninth Chapter of St. *John*, that *he ſpat on the Ground, and made Clay of his Spittle.*

I find that Matter crowds upon me, and I might be more voluminous than a *Dutch* Commentator ſhould I undertake to explain every Thing in this incomparable Work; but I have neither Room, Time, nor Inclination, to enlarge much, and will leave the Reader to find out the Meaning of many Things that will eaſily be underſtood after the general Idea I have given of this Voyage, and the Sample in the foregoing Chapters. This made me ſay Nothing of the Third and Fourth; nor will I ſpeak of ſeveral others, in the two Books, which want little or no Comment.

On CHAP. IX.

BY the Iſland of *Enaſin*, where ſuch ſtrange Alliances are made, *Rabelais* at once expoſes unequal Matches, and the dull Jeſts and Stupidity of groſs

Clowns; which, as the *Latin* hath it, *have no Noſe*, that is, no Wit. Thus he tells us, That all the Men, Women, and Children, of the *enaſed*, or *noſeleſs*, Iſland, are like your carrot-pated *Poitevins*, who are a booriſh Sort of People. I muſt own that the Comments, which *Pantagruel*'s Companions make on their ridiculous Manner of being akin, are little better than the Text. Yet thoſe wretched Quibbles and Conundrums are what your Country Fellows admire mightily, and all this Chapter would be read, or (to ſpeak more properly) be heard read, by ſuch People with as much Pleaſure as I tranſlated moſt of it with Pain. But, in the Main, the Meaning is admirable: for what more deſerves a Reproof than the fooliſh unequal Marriages made every Day, which are as odd Jeſts, and as improper, as ſome of thoſe in that Chapter? The Match ſtruck up between the Pear (which ſeemed right and firm, but was known by ſome to be flabby) and the ſoft Cheeſe is more natural, and made very often in our World; and, bating its Emblem, which is of the Nature of the Iſland, there is Salt and *Noſe* in that Conjunction; nor is there leſs in that of the old greaſy Boot and the young pliable Buſkin, and the Brogue and the Slipper, which are, in a Manner, a Key to the Reſt.

On CHAP. X. *and* XI.

THE Iſland of *Cheli*, which comes after that of the *enaſed Alliancers*, is, as it were, its Antipodes, and the one is as courtly as the other is clowniſh. The Word *Cheli* is *Greek*, and ſignifies *the Lips*, χείλεα χείλη· yet thoſe, who at the End of the laſt *French* Editions of *Rabelais* have explained ſome of his hard Words, interpret it *peaceful*, deriving it from the *Hebrew*. The etymological Dictionary indeed tells me that *Shalem* is *Peace* and *peaceful* in *Hebrew*, and the *French* pronounce *ch* as we do *ſh*; yet, as the *Greek* hits better the Word *Cheli* and the Senſe of the Chapter, I ſtick to it. Thus it may be called the Iſland of *the Lips*, or of Compliments.

ments. King St. *Panigon*, firſt of the Name, reign'd in that large, well-peopled, fruitful, Kingdom; and, being attended by the Princes his Sons, and the Nobles of his Court, comes as far as the Port to receive *Pantagruel*; conducts him to his Palace; the Queen, the Princeſſes, the Court-ladies, receive him at the Gate; *Panigon* makes them all ſalute *Pantagruel* and his Men with a Kiſs, according to the civil Cuſtom of the Country: All the Compliments and Entreaties imaginable are uſed to perſuade *Pantagruel* to ſtay there a Day or two; he excuſes himſelf, but is not ſuffer'd to go till he and his Men have drunk with the King. All this is Compliment. Frier *John* alone inveighs againſt this formal Stuff, antic Poſtures, and nonſenſical Fiddle-faddle, Cringes, Grimaces, Scrapes, Embraces, Leers, *&c.* and ſlinks into the Kitchens, where there was Something more ſubſtantial for a Monk, who does not uſe to feed on empty Talk. So, though the Iſland was populous, fertile, and of large Extent, he admires Nothing but the culinary Laboratories, the Turning of the Spits, the harmonious Rattling of the Jacks and Fenders; and is for criticizing on the Poſition of the Lard, the Temperature of the Potages, the Preparation for the Deſert, and the Order of the Wine-Service. All the eleventh Chapter illuſtrates that monaſtical Inclination to frequent Kitchens.

On CHAP. XII. XIII. XIV. XV. *and* XVI.

ALL theſe Chapters are occaſion'd by *Pantagruel*'s paſſing by *Pettifogging*, and give us an Account of the Way of Living of the Apparitors, Serjeants, and Bailiffs, and ſuch inferior Miniſters of the Law. Nothing can ſeem dark in what our Author has ſaid of them, if we obſerve what he makes one of *Pantagruel*'s Interpreters, or *Droggermen*, relate: "That at *Rome* a World "of Folk get an honeſt Livelihood by Poiſoning, Rib-"roaſting, and Stabbing; but the Catchpoles earn theirs "by being drubb'd: So that, if they were long without

" a tight Lambaſting, the poor Dogs, with their Wives " and Children, would even be ſtarv'd!" Our Author ſays this, becauſe, in *Francis* the Firſt's and *Henry* the Second's Reigns, that raſcally Tribe had no Income ſo beneficial as that which came to them from a Beating. The Nobility thought it ſo great an Affront to be cited or arreſted by thoſe Vermine, that they ſtood too much on their Punctilio, and for that Reaſon they ſeverely uſed thoſe Bailiffs or Apparitors who came to them to diſcharge their Office, and who ſometimes were ſent out of Malice. So when the Man-catchers, who deſired Nothing more than to be bang'd, had been miſuſed, they had ſwindging Damages to make them Amends. *Rabelais* expoſes the Folly, Villany, and Abuſe, of this Practice on both Sides; which has been ſince ſo well redreſs'd, that, if the Bailiffs had Nothing to depend on but Baſtonadoes, thoſe neceſſary Evils would long ſince have all been ſtarv'd.

Panurge relates a Story of the Lord of *Baſche*, who found out a Way to have thoſe Man-hounds beaten, at a ſmall Coſt, ſo furiouſly, that ſome of them dy'd of their Bruiſes; by which Means he rid his Houſe of their Viſits; and that Lord is here ſaid to have encourag'd his Men with a Story of *Francis Villon*, who reveng'd himſelf ſecurely on Frier *Tappecoue*, or *Tickle-toby*, who would not lend a Cope to ſome of his Players, who were to act *the Paſſion*, which is ſtill acted every Year in ſome Parts of *Italy*.

As the *Betrothing* or *Nuptials* of *Baſche* grew into a a Proverb, ſo from that *Villon* (who was a famous Poet in the Reign of *Lewis* the XIth, but more famous yet for his Cheats and Villanies than for his Poetry) came the Word *villoner*, which has been long uſed to ſignify *to cheat*, or *play ſome Rogue's Trick*. I ſhall have Occaſion to take Notice of him in my Remarks on the laſt Chapter of the fourth Book.

Pantagruel's Companions are told of two of the honeſteſt Men in all *Catchpole-Land*, who were made *to cut a Cafer on Nothing*, for ſtealing the Tools of the Maſs, and hiding them under the Handle of the Pariſh. This muſt be ſome ſacrilegious Theft of Church-plate in thoſe Times; and, by the bye, we may ſee what Eſteem

Rabelais

Rabelais had for the Catchpoles, ſince he makes thoſe Rogues the honeſteſt in all that Country. Frier *John* ſays, that this was as myſterious a Way of ſpeaking as St. *John*'s *de la Paliſſe*; *de la Paliſſe* is the Name of a Family in *France*; but he means, *de l'Apocalypſe*. *The Handle of the Pariſh* may mean the Steeple of the Church; *to cut a Caper on Nothing* is to be hanged.

On CHAP. XVII.

FROM *Catchpole-Land Pantagruel* comes to two Iſlands, which the Author calls *Tohu* and *Bohu*, from two *Hebrew* Words, which, I am told, are taken out of the firſt Chapter of *Geneſis*, where, it is ſaid, the Earth was *Tohu va Bohu*, that is, void and in Confuſion, without Form or Beauty, and, in ſhort, a Chaos. This may well be applied to a Country that is ruined by the War; the Fury of Soldiers on one Side, and Exactions of Chiefs, many Times leaving little or Nothing behind them. This makes *Rabelais* ſay, That *the Devil a Bit they could find any Thing there to fry with*; which is an Expreſſion often uſed by the *French*, when they would ſay, there is no ſubſiſting in a Place.

The Giant *Bringuenarilles*, or *Wide-noſtrils*, had taken away the Means of frying there, by devouring every individual Pan, Skillet, Kettle, Frying-pan, Dripping-pan, and Braſs and Iron Pot, in the Land, for Want of Wind-mills, which uſed to be his daily Food: By this Giant we may underſtand thoſe gigantic Bodies of Men, vaſt Armies, that bring Terror and Deſtruction with them where-ever they come; and, in particular, thoſe roaring Hectors, Free-booters, Deſperadoes, and bullying Huff-ſnuffs, for the moſt Part like thoſe whom *Tacitus* ſtyles *Hoſpitibus tantum metuendi*, who, at the Beginning of the War or Campaign, live profuſely at the Huſbandman's Coſt; but, when the poor Boor has been ruined by thoſe unwelcome Gueſts, they even deſtroy and in a Manner devour the Straw of the Beds, and the Pans, Kettles, and, in ſhort, whatever comes in their Way.

Rabelais,

Rabelais tells us, that, at laſt, Gaffer *Wide-noſtrils* was choaked with eating a huge Lump of freſh Butter at the Mouth of a hot Oven, by the Advice of Phyſicians, which very well repreſents the Deſtiny of thoſe ſwaggering Bravoes, who, when the War is over, too often either take to the Highway, and other bad Courſes, for which they are choaked ſometimes for as inconſiderable Matters as a Lump of Butter taken from a Higgler; or elſe, being reduced to live obſcurely on a narrow Fortune, waſte and pine away by the Chimney-corner, half ſtarved with their ſmall Pittance, and lead a lingering, ſorrowful, Life, worn out with their former Exceſſes, the Fatigues of Wars and old Age; as little regarded as they were feared much, when, by open Violence, they lived in Riot and Luxury at the Expence of the Unfortunate.

I am the more inclinable to believe this Chapter is deſigned to reflect upon Warriors by what our Author ſays, That the *Pantagrueliſts* were told there, that the King of *Cullen* in *Bohu* had routed the Satrapes, or Grandees, of the King of *Mecloth*, and made ſad Work with the Fortreſſes of *Belima*.

Thence the Fleet ſailed by the Iſlands of *Nargues* and *Zargues*, which are Words uſed by the Vulgar in *France*, when they would give one a Filip on the Noſe: *Nazarder*, which ſignifies as much, means alſo to give a public Affront.

Enig and *Euig*, of which our Satiriſt makes two Iſlands, on whoſe Account formerly the Landgrave of *Heſſe* was ſwinged off with a Vengeance, in *High-Dutch* mean *with* and *without*. There is but little Difference between thoſe two Words, ſome *Germans* forming their *n* like an *u*; ſo it is eaſy to miſtake one for the other: And this happened at the Treaty about the Landgrave of *Heſſe* and the Emperor *Charles* V. for, inſtead of *enig*, without *Detention of the Landgrave's Perſon*, as was expected, there was found *euig*, with *Detention of his Perſon*; as much is owned by the Emperor's Agents in the nineteenth Book of *Sleidan's* Commentaries; and, if you will believe them, for Want of underſtanding the Tongue rightly, thoſe who meditated the Agreement were led into that Miſtake; however, that Landgrave was forced to beg *Charles* Vth's Pardon on his Knees, when,

when, with the Duke of *Saxony*, he was routed by that Emperor's Forces, and the *Germans* were humbled and made contemptible, as our Author has hinted in his Prologue to this Book; when he makes *Jupiter* ſay, In yonder Corner are the *Saxons*, *Eaſterlings*, *Oſtrogoths*, and *Germans*, Nations formerly invincible, but now *Aber Keeds*, bridled, curbed, and brought under, by a paultry, diminutive, crippled, Fellow. He calls him a Cripple, becauſe he was much troubled with the Gout, and had ſome *Nodoſoties* in the Joints of his Hands and Feet.

Geleniabin, in *Arabic*, is Honey of Roſes, and *Teleniabin*, *liquid Manna*, as the Author of the *French* Alphabet of *Rabelais*'s hard Words tells us. Both theſe Ingredients were uſed formerly in Clyſters, which makes our *Rabelais* ſay, that the Fleet ſailed by two Iſlands of that Name, very fine and fruitful in ſuch *pharmacopean* Implements.

On CHAP. XVIII. *and the ſix following.*

THESE Chapters contain a Deſcription of a dreadful Storm which *Pantagruel*'s Fleet met with. It began immediately after they came up with nine Sail laden with all Sorts of Monks, *who were going to the Council of* Cheſil, *to ſift and garble ſome Articles of Faith againſt the new Heretics.*

This Council can be no other but that of *Trent*, then ſitting, in which ſuch Sorts of Articles were framed. The Word *Cheſil*, by the Tranſpoſition of a ſingle Letter, makes the *Hebrew* Word *Chelis*, *Three*, whence comes *Cheliſim*, *Thirty*, which is *Trente* in *French*; and, if you will keep to the Number *Chelis*, or *Three*, the Name of that Town, which is *Tridentum* in *Latin*, is partly made up of it, ſo there is no Doubt but in one of thoſe Senſes the Author had a Mind to let us know his Meaning.

Beſides this Way of explaining the Word *Cheſil*, which, with ſeveral other material Obſervations, I owe to a learned and ingenious Countryman of mine, who will

will not give me Leave to name him, the Alphabet in the *French Rabelais* gives us another, which keeps to the Name *Cheſil*, but ſeems to me ſomewhat far-fetched: That Word, he ſays, is uſed by the *Hebrews* to denote the Star which the *Greek* and all our Aſtronomers call *Orion*. *Cheſil* comes from *Chaſal, to be unconſtant*. Propert. *Lib.* II. *Eleg.* 13.

——*Aquoſus Orion.*
——*Nimboſus Orion.* Virgil. 1. *Æneid.*

Ἀπὸ τῦ ὄρνειν, *commovere, concitare*, to ſtir up and trouble: This the antient Poets, Aſtrologers, and Hiſtorians, ſay is done by *Orion:* and *Pliny*, Lib. XVII. Cap. 28. places it among the dreadful Stars, which ſtir up Hail, Storms, and exceſſive Rains; ſo that Commentator on Words thinks that *Rabelais* has called the *Council of Trent* the Council of *Cheſil*, to denote that it was a ſtormy, unconſtant, troubleſome, Meeting. Perhaps ſo.

The Storm, in theſe Chapters, is undoubtedly the cruel Perſecution that was raiſed in *France* in the Reign of *Henry* II. It began in 1548, by a Kind of Inquiſition to perſecute the *Lutherans*. Theſe are *du Tillet*'s Words about it: *Il fut ordonné qu'une ſéance extraordinaire ſe feroit des Juges à* Paris, *pour connoiſtre particulierement du faict des Hérétiques: En icelle quelques miſerables furent punis de cruels ſupplices à toute rigueur.** It was ordained that the Judges ſhould meet in an extraordinary Manner, at *Paris*, to take particular Cognizance of the Caſe of Heretics. Some Wretches ſuffered cruel Puniſhments inflicted by that Aſſembly with the utmoſt Rigour.

During that Storm, *Pantagruel* ſhews an heroic Stedfaſtneſs and Conſtancy of Mind; Frier *John*, an undaunted Courage and a great Activity. In all, *Pantagruel*'s Houſehold do their beſt to ſave the Ship and help one another. *Panurge* alone ſits on his Tail upon Deck, weeping and howling, and ſays a Thouſand ridiculous Things, ſuggeſted to him by his Fear; ſometimes he wiſhes himſelf with the bleſſed Fathers, whom they meet

* Du Tillet, *Cron. Abreg. de Rois de* France, 1548.

ſteering

ſteering their Courſe for the *Council of Cheſil*, preſently he proves as great a Milk-ſop as moſt of his Brother-Deiſts do on ſuch Occaſions, and is moſt mightily godly: Then he is for making his Will. In ſhort, Nothing can be more unaccountable than the Vows, Wiſhes, and Moans, of that maudling Coward, till the Storm abates, and the Fleet comes in Sight of the Iſland of the *Macreons*. Then he plays the good Fellow, and is as buſy as any ſix, ſeeming as reſolute and active as he was fearful and unmanly before.

The Storm begins juſt as ſoon as they have been met by Monks: Mention is made in it of the Thunder's falling on a Part of the Ship, which may mean the eccleſiaſtical Cenſures and the Pope's Thunderbolts; then, when the Storm abates, Frier *John* ſays, our Devils begin to ſcamper. I will ſhew that, by *Devils*, *Rabelais* has meant the Monks and perſecuting Tempters of the Church of *Rome*. As for *Panurge*'s ſeeming a Papiſt in the Midſt of the Storm, it gives us exactly his Character, for he was doubtleſs ready enough to make all the Grimaces of a rank Papiſt in the Midſt of the Perſecution; though, as ſoon as it was paſt, he laughed at St. *Nicolas*, the *Water-Saint*, to whom he had promiſed a Chapel, if he ſcaped, between *Cande* and *Manſoreau*, where neither Cow nor Calf ſhould feed. The Word Chapel is equivocal in *French*, ſignifying a Limbec; ſo he ſays he will throw one in the River, doubtleſs that which drowns up all the Ground between thoſe to two Towns, and thus he Means to fulfil his Vow. Perhaps this is alſo deſigned to ridicule the Vows and Behaviour of Seamen in a Storm.

Pantagruel's holding the Maſt of the Ship tight with both his Hands all the While, by the Skipper's Advice, implies that, as the Family of *Navarre*, and particularly *Anthony* of *Bourbon*, was beſt able to protect the great Ones, who were *imbarked* together for a Reformation, it was fit he ſhould do it with all his Power; and, accordingly, *du Tillet* tells us that none but *Miſerables* (poor Wretches) ſuffered. If any one will ſay, that perhaps *Rabelais* did not in this Voyage mean any particular Perſons, I hope at leaſt they will grant he has admirably deſcribed the different Behaviour of moſt Men in Danger, and chiefly in perſecuting Times.

On

On CHAP. XXV. XXVI. XXVII. *and* XXVIII.

THE Iſland of the *Macreons*, where the Fleet went into Harbour after the Storm, ſignifies the Iſland *where Men are long-lived*. Its *eldeſt Elderman* is named *Macrobius*, or *long-lived*. We are told, in the 26th Chapter, that it was in the Dominions of the Ruler of *Britain*; conſequently it was a ſafe Port againſt the Tempeſt of Perſecution, the Reformation being openly profeſſed at that Time in *England*, under King *Edward* VI. This cauſes *Rabelais* to make his perſecuted Fleet take Shelter there, and to ſay that Men lived long in that Iſland, becauſe none were put to Death on Account of their Religion.

The Ruins of Temples, Obeliſks, Pyramids, ancient Tombs and Monuments, which they ſee there, denote the Decay, Downfal, and Ruin, of Popery, unfrequented, and left in a diſmal Solitude. The Souls of the Heroes, who are lodged in thoſe ruined Manſions, are the true Chriſtians who had caſt off the Yoke of Popery and of the blind Worſhip of Saints, many of them fabulous, to which the Superſtition of the Papiſts had made them raiſe Temples, Obeliſks, and Monuments, as formerly the Heathens did to their falſe Gods.

The old *Macrobius* ſays, That the Death of one of thoſe Heroes had occaſioned the Storm; by which our Author gives us to underſtand, that Troubles and Commotions are often raiſed in Kingdoms at the Death of thoſe eminent Perſons who have governed them under their Kings; and, probably, he may have had a Mind to mark the Death of *Margaret de Valois*, Queen of *Navarre*, Siſter to King *Francis* I. which happened towards the latter End of the Year 1549, about a Year after the Lady *Jane d'Albret*, Princeſs of *Navarre*, had been married to *Anthony de Bourbon*, Duke of *Vendoſme*, *Rabelais*'s *Pantagruel*. That Princeſs, who had always protected the Reformers and the Reformed, as has been obſerved in the Preface to the firſt three Books, was not leſs eminent for her Piety, Wit, Learning, and Virtue, than

than for her royal Extraction. *Valentine d'Alſnois*, a *French* Lady, made the following Epitaph on her.

Muſarum decima et Charitum quarta, inclyta regum
Et ſoror et conjux, Margaris *illa jacet.*

On CHAP. XXIX. XXX. XXXI. *and* XXXII.

THE *Sneaking* Iſland, which *Pantagruel* ſail'd by when he left that of the *Macreons*, is the Dwelling of *Shrovetide*; by which we muſt underſtand *Lent*: For the Eccleſiaſtics of the Church of *Rome* begin their *Lent* before the Laity: *Shrove-Tueſday* is to them a Day of Humiliation, and is properly the Time when Men are ſhriven. Our Author calls it *Quareſmeprenant*; that is, the Beginning of *Quadrageſima*; in Oppoſition to *Mardigras*, *Shrove-Tueſday*. The Cardinal *de Lorraine* ſays, a Book, called *l'Heraclite François*, made three Clergymen in a Manner titular Biſhops of *Metz*, *Toul*, and *Verdun*, reſerving the whole Income of thoſe Biſhoprics to himſelf, and leaving them little of them beſides the Title of Biſhops. For this Reaſon they were called *les Eveſques de Careſmeprenant*, becauſe they look'd as meagre and ſtarv'd as if it had been *Lent* with them all the Year: But I cannot think that our Author reflects here on that Cardinal. His Deſign ſeems rather to expoſe the Superſtition of the Papiſts about *Lent*, and how much the Practice of it, their Way, ſhock'd good Senſe. This made him run on, for two or three Chapters, with an odd Deſcription of that ridiculous Monſter; and probably alſo to ſecure himſelf from the Information of his prying Enemies, by that Mixture of comical ſeeming *Nonſenſe*: For, as in the Time of *Lent* the Superſtition, Grimaces, and Hypocriſy, of the Papiſts are moſt obſervable, and they look on it in a Manner as the Baſis of the Chriſtian Religion, 'twould have been dangerous to have attack'd them openly in Point.

We find that the wiſe *Xenomanes*, one of *Pantagruel*'s moſt experienced Companions, adviſes him not to go

go where *Shrovetide* reign'd, and ſays it would be much out of their Way, [*to the Oracle of Truth*;] that there is very lean Cheer at his Court; that he is a double Shaveling, Banner-bearer to the Fiſh-eating Tribe; a Flogger of little Children, becauſe Papiſts do Penance and whip themſelves then; a Calciner of Aſhes, becauſe of *Aſh-Wedneſday*; that he ſwarms with Pardons, Indulgences, and Stations; which makes the Author ſay, in the 31ſt Chapter, that *Shrovetide, being married to Mid-lent, only begot a good Number of local Adverbs*; that is, the Stations, the Churches, and Chapels, *whither* the gull'd Mob muſt go, *whence* they come, and *through* which they muſt paſs to gain Indulgences. We are told, beſides, that *he never aſſiſts at Weddings, but (give the Devil his Due) is the moſt induſtrious Larding-ſtick and Secure-maker in forty Kingdoms*; becauſe the Butchers have then little elſe to do but to make ſome. Lent is an Enemy to Sauſages and Chitterlings; becauſe, as well as all other Fleſh, (I mean dead Fleſh,) the People are forbid to taſte of any then.

Frier *John*, always daring and haſty, is for deſtroying *Lent*; but *Panurge*, ſtill fearful and wary, is not of his Mind. *Rabelais* calls that Iſland *Tabinois*: That Word, in *French*, is generally uſed adverbially, with the Prepoſition *en*, to ſignify an underhand Way of acting. Some derive it from the *Greek* Word ταπεινόω, *humilem reddo*; and ſo it ſuits with the true Deſign of *Lent*, to humble Man and make him look *ſneakingly*. Beſides, Lent, *ſneaking in* ſome Years ſooner and others later, may alſo, for that Reaſon, well be ſaid to dwell in *Tapinois*. The ingenious Fable, of Nature and her Counterpart, is brought in to ſhew, that thoſe who enjoin Things that ſhock Nature, as is the Church of *Rome*'s Way of keeping *Lent*, have the Confidence to make Laws contrary to thoſe of God, and the Impudence to pretend to juſtify them by Reaſon. So *Rabelais* tells us, that *Antiphyſis* [the Mother of *Lent*] begot alſo the Eveſdropping Diſſemblers, ſuperſtitious Pope-mongers, and Prieſt-ridden Bigots, Scrapers of Benefices, mad Herb-ſtinking Hermits, gulli-gutted Dunces of the Cowl, Church-vermine, Devourers of the Subſtance of Men, and other deformed

deformed and ill-favoured Monſters made in Spite or Nature.

On CHAP. XXXIII. *and* XXXIV.

THE monſtrous *Phyſeter*, or Whirlpool, a huge Fiſh which dies of the Wounds given him by *Pantagruel* near the Wild Iſland, where lived the *Chitterlings*, *Shrovetide*'s mortal Foes, ſeems to have a Relation to the Expiration of Lent; about which Time, in *France*, they have conquered all their Stores of Salt-fiſh, and after which Fleſh rules on the Tables; and many are ſo wild for Chitterlings, and other Meat, that they get Fleſh dreſt on *Eaſter-Eve* late at Night, and fall-to, like mad, as ſoon as the Clock ſtrikes Twelve: For that Reaſon he makes the Fiſh die near a Fleſh Country.

On CHAP. XXXV. *and the ſix following.*

PANTAGRUEL lands in the Wild Iſland to refreſh his Men, whom the Fiſh had diſordered. He would not come where *Shrovetide* lived, but goes aſhore at the Dwelling of the Chitterlings, becauſe he did not love Lent. There they pitch their Tents, fix their Kitchin-Batteries, the Cloth is immediately laid, Supper brought in, and all eat cheerfully, as is uſual after Lent. What happens in that Iſland, and the Fight, in which the Chitterlings, Sauſages, and Paſty-pans, are mawled by *Pantagruel* and his Men, and particularly by the Frier at the Head of the Cooks, partly ſeems a comical Allegory, which denotes the good Cheer at *Eaſter*, after the Lent-keepers have maſtered that Time of Mortification. Sauſages, Chitterlings, *&c.* which are preſerved with Salt, help them to appeaſe Hunger at the ſame Time that they create and heighten Thirſt.

'Tis obvious that the 37th Chapter ridicules the Method uſed by ſome of the Ancients, and, to this Day, of foretelling Things by the Name of Perſons. We find that

that the *Chitterlingonians*, knowing at laſt that *Pantagruel* is *Shrovetide*'s Foe, and a Friend to Carnival their old Confederate, pay him their Homage, and ſend under the Conduct of Young *Nimphleſeth* ſeventy-eight thouſand royal Chitterlings to *Gargantua*, who made a Preſent of them to the great King of *Paris*; but moſt of them died, and were buried in Heaps in a Part of *Paris*, called to this Day the Street paved with Chitterlings; yet, at the Requeſt of the Court-Ladies, young *Nimphleſeth* was preſerved, honourably uſed, and ſince that married to his Heart's Content. We need not underſtand *Hebrew* to find out what our joking Author means by that young Chitterling [*Mentula*] *Niphleſeth*, of whom the charitable, or rather ſelfiſh, Ladies took ſuch mighty Care.

After all, the Deſcription of a Miſunderſtanding between the *French*, and the *Switzers*, and *Germans* that had reformed, may be couched under thoſe Notions of Chitterlings. In the 35th Chapter we find a Treaty on-foot to reconcile them to *Shrovetide*; and, as the Council was then ſitting, ſome Conceſſions were made by the Pope's Party in Caſe of a Likelihood of an Accommodation. Beſides *Rabelais* mentions that *Shrovetide* (by which may be meant here the *Switzers* or *Germans* of the *Roman* Communion) was threatened with being declared bewrayed (*i. e.* excommunicated) in Caſe he made any League or Agreement with the Chitterlings: Since which they were grown wonderfully inveterate and obſtinate againſt one another. He alſo tells us, that they deſired the Expulſion of I-do-not-know-what ſtinking Villains, Murderers, and Robbers, that held the Caſtle of *Salloir* (which means a Powdering-tub.) Theſe might be Monks and Friers. What is more, in the 37th Chapter, *Rabelais*, enumerating the Power and Antiquity of Chitterling-like People, ſays, *Who can tell but that the* Switzers, *now ſo bold and reſolute, were formerly Chitterlings? for my Part I would not take my Oath to the contrary.* Some of the *Switzers* are now, and were then, a wild Sort of People, as our Author calls his Chitterlings, whom he brings in marching up boldly in Battalia. By the Queen may be meant their Republic, which Word is Feminine in *Latin* and in *French*. The

Chitterlings

Chitterlings ſent by the Queen are the Soldiers which *Switzerland* ſent then, as it does ſtill, to the *French*, many of which died, by Change of Air, for Want of Muſtard, (*i. e.* Pay,) and other Accidents. And what *Xenomanes* ſaid, that Chitterlings were double-hearted and treacherous, ſuits alſo very well with their taking Side now with the Emperor, then with the *French*, and *vice verſa*, in that Age. The 41ſt Chapter, *Gymnaſt*, having lugg'd out his Sword with both his Fiſts, cut a huge wild Squab Sauſage in two. Bleſs me, ſays our Hiſtorian, how fat the foul Thief was! It puts me in Mind of the huge Bull of *Berne*, that was ſlain at *Marignan* when the drunken *Switzers* were ſo maul'd there: Believe me, it had little leſs than four Inches Lard on its Paunch! By this great Bull of *Berne* is meant *Pontiner*, a famous gigantic fat Captain of the *Switzers*, who being kill'd at the Battle of *Marignan*, ſome of the *Germans*, who ſided with the *French*, to ſhew they were fully reveng'd on the *Switzers*, who had been too hard for them in ſeveral other Engagements, ran the Points of their Pikes and Lances in that monſtrous Officer's fat Paunch, as *Paulus Jovius* obſerves in the Account he gives of that Battle. I have not Leiſure to get and peruſe ſome Books, which probably would enable me to give here the Particulars to which this Allegory relates; but I believe that any one, that will examine this narrowly, may find it much as I have ſaid; and perhaps Something more than the Expiration of *Lent*, may alſo be meant by the killing of the great Fiſh by *Pantagruel*.

On CHAP. XLIII. *and* XLIV.

THE Iſland of *Ruach*, where People live on Nothing but Wind, according to the Senſe of the *Hebrew* Word, is the Iſland of *Wind*, or the *Vain* Iſland.

'Tis an Emblem of the Court, where Men feed themſelves, and are fed by others, with Wind, Compliments, Flattery, Promiſes, and vain empty Hopes, more than any where elſe. The Weathercocks, which are the only Houſes in that Iſland, imply the uncertain and variable

riable State of Courtiers: Firſt, becauſe the Court is ſtill where the Prince is; and, as the Weathercock is always in Motion, now to the Eaſt, and then preſently to the Weſt, yet is ſtill fix'd in one Place, and only moves round its Centre; ſo the Courtier is ſtill at Home when at Court, yet the Court is ſometimes in one Place and ſometimes in another. Beſides, as the warm South ſometimes gently blows on a Weathercock, and ſoon the cold North rudely whirls it about; ſo the Courtier's Houſe is either cheriſh'd or roughly blown upon, according to the Prince's Breath.

The Wind-flowers, Rue, and ſuch *carminative* Herbs, which are the only Things ſow'd there, which ſcour them off in that Iſland, denote the Attendance, Craft, and Pains, which are the Seeds by which we hope to riſe and reap Favour at Court; But, when the Time of Harveſt comes, we find ourſelves only rid (by a thorough Knowledge of the Place, and chiefly by Baulks and Diſappointments) of a great Deal of Wind, vain empty Hopes, that ſwell'd and puff'd us up.

The common Sort of People, who, to feed themſelves, make Uſe of Feather, Paper, or Linen, Fans, according to their Abilities, put me in Mind of a poor Fellow who fed himſelf a long Time with Hopes of obtaining a Place worth at leaſt 50 *l.* a Year, only becauſe he knew Sir *J. F*———'s Coachman, with whom he ſpent ſome 20 or 30 *l.* that were his All, in Hopes of a Recommendation to his Maſter, which his Patron even wanted for himſelf while he fool'd him out of his Money. Thus the poor, as well as the rich, aim at Something generally above their Reach. The Wind-mills, by the Means of which the rich live, may be deſign'd to denote the Kings and Princes of thoſe Days; Mills with mighty Sails, which gave that nouriſhing Wind plentifully, according to the Diſpoſitions in which they were with Reſpect to the Courtiers that continually ſurrounded them. It alſo ſignifies that the latter ſometimes get Nothing but Words or Favours, merely honorary, and void of Subſtance and Solidity. Some of thoſe royal Wind-mills have been uſed to wheel round, with every Wind, as readily as Weathercocks, turning their Backs in an unaccountable

accountable Manner to thoſe on whom they looked moſt favourably but a Moment before.

The Age, during which our Doctor flouriſhed, has given many Inſtances of this ſad Truth; as *Jacques de Baune*, Lord of *Semblançay*, Admiral *Chabot*, and the Conſtable *de Bourbon*; who, having all three poſſeſſed King *Francis* I.'s Favour, became the Objects and the Victims of his Hatred: The firſt, hanged at *Montfaucon*, (the *Tyburn* of *Paris*,) for a Crime of which *Louiſe de Savoye*, the King's Mother, alone was guilty. The ſecond, condemned, without Reaſon, to loſe his Head on a Scaffold, and then declared not guilty; the Senſe of which Uſage worked ſo ſtrongly on his Mind, that it effected what the Executioner was to have done. And the third, a Prince of the Blood, and, by his great Merit, High-Conſtable of *France*, (a Truſt thought too great there now-a-days,) firſt deprived of his Government of the *Milaneſe*, his Maſter being grown jealous of his Glory; then of the Profits and Exerciſe of his great Office; and, finally, of the vaſt Eſtate of the Houſe of *Bourbon*, which was his Right of Inheritance, as eldeſt of that Branch of the royal Family.

I need not explain what our Author means by the rouſing Fart, which the King of the Iſland of *Ruaſh* pretended had been ſtolen from him, with which, as with another *Sangreal*, he uſed to perform a World of wonderful Cures in many dangerous Diſeaſes, diſtributing to the Patient only as much of it as would frame a Virgin's Fart; a leſs Application than that of thoſe who cure a certain Evil with a wet Finger, as many People, in *France* and a Kingdom near it, fancy. Our Author did not forget to place theſe among the Courtiers; and, in a Manner, tells them, That the pretended Cures do not ſignify the thouſandth Part of a F———t. What he ſays of the *Sangreal* is to blame the Credulity of ſome ſuperſtitious Bigots, who have a groundleſs Notion of a Relic thus named, which, they ſay, is Part of our Saviour's Blood, wandering about the World, inviſible to all but chaſte Eyes, and working many miraculous Cures. The beſt Authority for ſuch a Belief, ſays *Cotgrave*, is the fooliſh, fabulous, Hiſtory of King *Arthur*.

On CHAP. XLV.

BY the Iſland of the *Pope-figs* is meant thoſe who followed *Luther* or *Calvin*'s Reformation, and chiefly the *Germans* and the *French*. They were called the *Gaillardes* at firſt; principally, becauſe they were, at firſt, briſk and merry, or *gaillard*; as, when the *Landſknechts*, generally *Proteſtants*, plundered *Rome*, in 1527, they led ſeveral Biſhops and Cardinals, in their proper Accoutrements, through the Streets, on Mules and Aſſes, with their Faces turned towards the Tail; threw the Hoſt, Relics, and Images of Saints, about the Streets; and forced the Pope to buy a Peace with 400000 Ducats, and remain a Priſoner till it was paid, after he had been almoſt ſtarved in *Caſtel St. Angelo*, where he invited the Cardinals to a Treat of Aſs's Fleſh, as if it had been the greateſt Dainty imaginable. This our author calls, *faire la figue*, to revile and *feague*, or ſay, *A Fig for the Pope*; and he has ingeniouſly brought in the Story of the Citizens of *Milan*, who uſed an Empreſs juſt as the *Landſknechts* ſerved the Cardinals, which is alſo ſomewhat like the Practice of the Inquiſition, who ſerve Proteſtants ſo. Now, when the Emperor *Charles* V. had been too hard for the Proteſtants in *Germany*, and the Kings *Francis* I. and *Henry* II. had perſecuted them in *France*, they were in a diſmal Condition, and under the Yoke of the *Papimanes*, and got the Name of *Pope-figs*; not only becauſe they had reviled the Pope, but becauſe they were forced to creep to him, and lay under his Laſh. The Hail, Storms, and Famine, that plague them continually, mean the Perſecution; the Hobgoblins and Devils, that haunt them, are the Monks, as the Author inſinuates at the latter End of *Chapter* 46.

By the Country Fellow, who runs into the Holy-Water Stock, and is immerſed in that bleſſed Pickle all but the Tip of the Snout, for Fear of being clawed off by the Devil, we muſt underſtand the Conſtraint in which the Proteſtants lived, while, to deliver themſelves from the Perſecutions of the popiſh Hobgoblins, they were forced to be plunged over Head and Ears in the ſuperſti-

tious

tious Worſhip of the Church of *Rome*; took holy Water by Handfuls; and hid themſelves under Stoles, which are the Badges of Prieſthood: That is to ſay, they profeſſed Popery, as they are now forced to do in *France*; and ſome even entered into Orders, and were Prieſts, Monks, Biſhops, and even Cardinals, though they were far from being Papiſts in their Hearts.

Briſonnet, Biſhop of *Meaux*, was one of theſe; for, having ſilenced the preaching *Franciſcans* throughout his Dioceſe, and appointed *James Faber*, alias *le Fevre*, of *Eſtaple*, *Girard Ruffi*, *Michael Arande*, and *Martial*, to preach againſt the Errors of the Church of *Rome*, he recanted, through Fear, as ſoon as he was called to an Account about it. *Ruffi* himſelf did the ſame, and, from a *Lutheran* Preacher, became a *Roman* Biſhop; and ſo did *Martial*, who, being at firſt *Briſonnet*'s Diſciple, was afterwards Penitentiary, or Head-Confeſſor, at *Paris*. The Biſhop of *Valence*, our *Panurge*, was one of thoſe Diſſemblers; and even the great Admiral *Chatillon*'s Brother, *Odet*, the Cardinal to whom this Book is dedicated by *Rabelais*, who himſelf did like the Reſt.

On CHAP. XLVI.

THE Stubble and the Leaves of the Radiſhes, which are all that fall to the young Devil's Share, while the Countryman reaps the Profit of the Corn and Fruit he had ſowed in his Field, ſhew that the pretended Papiſts only gave the Outſide and inſignificant Forms to the Church of *Rome*, and that their Hearts and Minds were not inclinable to follow its Doctrine. Our Author's honeſt Boldneſs is very remarkable, both in this Chapter and many of the next: He makes the young Devil ſay, That, at Lucifer's firſt Courſe, Hobgoblins (*alias* Imps in Cowls) are a ſtanding Diſh. He willingly, ſays the Imp, uſed to Breakfaſt on Students; but, alas! I do not know by what ill Luck, they have of late joined the Holy Bible to their Studies; ſo the Devil a one we can get down among us: And I verily believe, that, unleſs the *Cafars* (*i. e.* the Hypocrites of the Tribe of *Levi*)

help us in it, taking from the enlightened Bookmongers their St. *Paul*, either by Threats, Revilings, Force, Violence, or Fire and Faggot, we ſhall not be able to hook in any more of them to nibble at below.

The Foſterers, Suttlers, Charcoalmen, and Boiling-Cooks, of Hell, that were mauled and peppered off in the northern Countries, are the Monks and Prieſts who were routed there, particularly in *England*.

By the Students of *Trebiſonde*, he means thoſe of the popiſh Univerſities, where, as he ſays, they are tempted, by the Devils, (by which he means Monks and Prieſts, Profeſſors and their Tutors,) to leave Father and Mother, forego for ever the eſtabliſhed and common Rule of living, free themſelves from obeying their lawful Sovereign's Edicts, live in abſolute Liberty, and, taking the fine jovial little Cap of poetic Licence, become ſo many pretty Hobgoblins. The *Cap* of *Licence* means their Degrees, or the Cowl; and *poetic* is only added to blind the Thing: So the Monks leave Father and Mother, and diſclaim all Authority but the Pope's.

On CHAP. XLVII.

BY the old Woman of *Pope-ſig Land*, who frights the Devil, and puts him to Flight, the Author means, that the Monks and Prieſts of the Church of *Rome* were ſo ignorant, and their Tenets ſo groundleſs, that the very Women could make Fools of them, even at *demonſtrative* Arguments.

On CHAP. XLVIII. *and five following.*

THE Iſland of *Papimany* is thoſe whoſe Love, and Zeal, for the Pope is ſo exceſſive, that it may be counted Madneſs. The Word is made of *Papa*, Pope, and *Mania*, Madneſs, from μαίνομαι, *inſanio*. Thus, in *Plutarch*, the *Andromanes* were Women whoſe Love for

for Men was moſt blind and furious; that Name being given to thoſe *Lacedæmonian* Women who uſed to fight before the People with bare Thighs, whence they were called *Phenomerides*. This blind Zeal for Popery is drawn in moſt lively Colours, by our ſatirical Painter, in all thoſe Chapters; and particularly appears by the Diſcourſe of the four Eſtates of the Country, the Gentleman, the Lawyer, the Monk, and the Clown, who all give the Pope thoſe Epithets which only belong to God, calling that Biſhop of *Rome*, *He that is*, and *God on Earth*. All know that the Pope's Flatterers have been very prodigal of ſuch Epithets, principally in *Rabelais*'s Time; as to *Paul* III. who, as *Alſtedius* and others write, was ſtyled, *Optimus maximus in terris Deus*: And the following Diſtich was alſo made to compliment a Pope, and prove that he was juſtly called *God on Earth*:

Enſe potens gemino, mundi moderaris habenas,
Et merito in terris diceris eſſe Deus.

The four Eſtates are brought in to ſhew that the Pope's Miſſionaries are of all Sorts of Conditions. Their frantic Zeal does not only make them adore the Pope, but proſtrate themſelves at the Feet of thoſe who have ſeen him. Says *Panurge* to them, when they aſked him whether he had been bleſſed with the Sight of that *God on Earth*, Yea, verily, Gentlemen, I have ſeen three of them, whoſe Sight has not much bettered me. Oh! thrice and four-times happy People, cried the *Papimanes*, you are welcome, and more than double welcome! and they would have kiſſed *Panurge*'s Feet; ſaying, they would even kiſs the Pope's A——, if ever he came among them. As ſoon as our Travellers are landed, the People throng to ſee thoſe bleſſed Men, who had ſeen his Holineſs's Face. *Homenas*, Biſhop of the Place, haſtens to them in *Pontificalibus*, with his Train of Church-Players, bearing Croſſes, Banners, Standards, Holy-Water Pots, and Canopies, ſuch as the Pope and the Hoſt uſe to be under when they are carried in Proceſſion. The Mob conducts and attends the Strangers to the Church, where there is not one Word mentioned of God, nor Jeſus Chriſt, nor the Goſpel; but much of

the moſt holy Decretals, or Pope's Decrees, written with the Hand of an Angel. Our Author admirably ridicules the Credulity of thoſe bigotted Papiſts; then *Homenas* mumbles over a Maſs, after which, from the Church he leads them to the Tavern, where he feaſts the Strangers with the Money that was gathered during the Maſs, yet not till he had ſhewn them the Pope's Picture, which *Epiſtemon* ſaid was not like the late Popes; for, ſaith he, I have ſeen them, not thus, with their *Pallium*, *Aumuſſe*, and Rochet, on, but with Helmets on their Heads, more like the Top of a *Perſian* Turban; and, while the Chriſtian Commonwealth was in Peace, they alone were furiouſly and cruelly making War. *Homenas* zealouſly takes their Part, and replies, that then it was againſt thoſe who tranſgreſſed againſt their Decretals; and that, whether they were Emperors, Kings, or Commonwealths, he was immediately to purſue them with Fire and Sword, ſtrip them of their Kingdoms, anathematize them; and not only deſtroy their Bodies, thoſe of their Children and Adherents, but alſo damn their Souls to the Pit of Hell. Nothing can be finer than the Feaſt, and the Diſcourſe of *Homenas* and his Gueſts. Young buxom Laſſes wait on them, principally *Homenas*'s Favourite, whom our Author calls *Clerica*. Frier *John*, who leered on them ſideways, like a Cur that ſteals a Capon, liked them better than ſome of the *bon Chriſtian* Pears; ſo does *Homenas*, who is very laviſh of that Fruit, like *Horace*'s *Calaber*,

——— *Hæc porcis hodiè comedenda relinques.*

But he will by no Means be perſuaded to part with one of the Doxies. The moſt holy and heavenly Decretals are celebrated with ſwingeing Bumpers of good Wine, juſt as *Belſhazzar* extolled his Gods of Gold and Silver. In ſhort, this Feaſt in a Triumph in which our Author has deſcribed the voluptuous Life of thoſe effeminate *Papimanes*, their Superſtitions which are the Foundation of their Idleneſs and Luxury, and their impious Doctrine, that encourages Subjects to kill their lawful Sovereign, and maſſacre all thoſe who will not blindly ſubmit to the Pope, and the blind idolatrous Worſhip which

which he has invented; by Means whereof, ſaith our Author, Gold is ſubtilly drawn out of *France* to *Rome*, above four Hundred Thouſand Ducats every Year. *England* was much more fleeced till it had ſhaken off the papal Yoke; and we muſt own, that, as Doctor *Rabelais* was very well informed of all theſe Abuſes, no Man ever deſcribed them more to the Life; and the beſt Proteſtant Writers have not equalled him in this, though they did it out of Intereſt, and made it their particular Buſineſs. Neither can I tell, whether *Rabelais*'s Boldneſs be more to be wondered at, in publiſhing ſuch a Work, while Fires were kindled, in every Part of *France*, to burn the *Lutherans*, than his good Fortune in having 'ſcaped thoſe Flames, to which many were condemned for leſs every Day where he wrote.

On CHAP. LV. *and* LVI.

BY the unfrozen or thawed Words, which *Pantagruel* and his Company heard at Sea, in open Air, juſt after they had left the *Papimanes*, our Author ingeniouſly deſcribes the Freedom which our Navigators took to ſpeak their true Sentiments of the groſs Ignorance, blind Zeal, looſe Lives, and worſe Principles, of thoſe ſuperſtitious Papiſts, as ſoon as they were out of their Reach. For, among them, the *Pantagrueliſts* did not dare diſcover their Minds, ſo that their Words were in a Manner frozen within their Mouths, which Fear and Intereſt kept ſhut. But, when they were out of Danger, they could no longer thus contain their Words; and then every one diſtinctly heard them murmuring Words againſt thoſe Bigots; very ſharp Words, bloody Words, terrible Words, angry Words, occaſioned by Reflections made on thoſe idolatrous Perſecutors; and, to thoſe Words, our jolly Company add ſome Words of *Gueules*, that is, merry Words, Jeſts, pleaſant Talk; probably about the young Wenches, ſo ready to wait on the Strangers at Table and on the good Biſhop a-bed.

Theſe frozen Words that thawed, and then were heard, may alſo mean the Books publiſhed, at that Time, at *Geneva* and elſewhere, againſt Popery and the Perſecution. Thoſe, who fled from it to Places of Safety, with

a great Deal of Freedom filled their Writings with ſuch Truths as were not to be ſpoken among the bigoted *Romaniſts*; and many of thoſe unfortunate Men, having been uſed very cruelly in their Slavery, and having Nothing to defend their Cauſe but their Pens, while their Adverſaries were armed with Fire and Sword, their Words could not but be very ſharp. The Words which *Rabelais* ſays were mere Gibberiſh, which they could not underſtand, may be the Books that were dark, ill written, and without Judgement; and the *Words of Gueules*, or *Jeſts*, may be pleaſant Books, ſuch as were ſome of *Marot*'s Epigrams, and other Pieces of that Nature.

On CHAP. LVII. *and the five following.*

THE Dwelling of Maſter *Gaſter*, whoſe Entrance is rugged, craggy, barren, and unpleaſant to the Eye, is found at laſt to be very fertile, healthful, and delightful, when, with much Toil, the difficult Ways on its Borders have been paſſed. This *Gaſter*, the firſt Maſter of Arts in the World, is the *Belly* in *Greek*:

Magiſter artis, ingeníque largitor,
Venter——— Perſius.

Yet our Author tells us, that the Muſes are the Offspring of *Penia*, that is to ſay, Poverty; I will not pretend to contradict him; neither will any contradict me, if I ſay, that, at leaſt, Poverty is the moſt common Reward which their unhappy Favourites reap for all their toilſome Study. The Deſcription of the Empire of *Gaſter* is very curious; and the Author diſplays there, at once, much Learning, Fancy, and Wit. The Gaſtrolaters are thoſe whoſe God is their Belly; the Engaſtrimythes are Paraſites, and all thoſe whom their hungry Bellies cauſe to ſay many Things againſt their Conſciences; ſo that they may be ſaid to ſpeak from the Belly. The Word *Engaſtrimythe* alſo means, one who, by Uſe ond Practice,

Practice, can ſpeak as it were out of his Belly, not moving his Lips; and, finally, one who has an evil Spirit ſpeaking out of his Belly.

Rabelais tells us a very remarkable Story of an *Italian* Woman, called *Jacobo Rodogyna*, one of thoſe Engaſtrimythes, whom he had ſeen at *Ferrara* in 1513. She was ſaid to be poſſeſſed by an evil Spirit who loved to be called *Cincinatulo*, and revealed Things paſt, to the Amazement of thoſe who aſked her Queſtions; but uſed to lie like a Devil when ſhe pretended to foretel any Thing; yet the People of Quality of the *Ciſalpine Gaul* uſed to conſult her very much.

Father *Mabillon*, in his *Muſæum Italicum*, ſpeaks of a Magician-Woman who had been thus famous at *Milan*, where he ſaw her Tomb. He calls her *Guillelmina*; ſaying, that, after her Death, three Holidays were inſtituted to her Memory; and that thoſe of her Sect had declared ſhe was the Holy Ghoſt that had appeared to the World in the Shape of a Woman; but that at laſt it was known ſhe was a Witch, and ſhe was *unſainted*. Many Saints would have the ſame Fate, if their Titles were *canonically* examined.

The Idol *Manduce* is the Figure of Gluttony, whoſe Eyes are bigger than its Belly, and its wide Jaws armed with dreadful Teeth: It is an Imitation of the *Manducus* of the Antients.

The great Number of Diſhes of all Sorts, that are ſacrificed to *Gaſter*, ſhew that Gluttony reigns among all Sorts of People, the Poor offering their groſs Food as well as the Rich their Dainties; and that coarſe Fare will go down with Belly-gods, and with all Men in general, for Want of better. What is offered him, on interlarded Fiſh-days, ſhews, that this noble *Meſſer Gaſter*, as he is called in the *French*, is a true *Papimane*; and agrees pretty well with the *Maſs*, *Meſſe* in *French*, which wants but an *r* of the Word *Meſſer*, uſed in thoſe Times for *Monſieur*.

On CHAP. LXIII. *and* LXIV.

Chaneph is Hypocriſy in *Hebrew*; ſo the Iſland of *Chanepis* is the Iſland of the Hypocrites; accordingly our Author ſays it was wholly inhabited by ſham Saints, ſpiritual Comedians, Forms of Holineſs, Tumblers of Beads, diſſembling Mumblers of *Avemaries*, and ſo forth; poor ſorry Rogues, who wholly lived on the Alms that were given them by Paſſengers, like the Hermit of *Lormont*, between *Blaye* and *Bourdeaux*: Thus he chiefly places the Orders of Mendicant Friers among the Hypocrites, becauſe their Convents have no Revenue but Mumping, and ſo they are obliged to affect a greater Devotion than thoſe religious Orders who do not make a Vow of Poverty as theſe do.

Our Author tells us, that the *Pantagruelian* Fleet was becalmed when it came in Sight of that Iſland, and was forced to tack from Larboard to Starboard, and from Starboard to Larboard, yet could not get a-head, though they had added Drabblers to their Sails. By this he inſinuates, that this inferior Crew of Hypocrites did put a Stop to the Progreſs of the Reformation and the Diſcovery of Truth in general; as when he himſelf was miſuſed by ſome of them, in the Convent of Cordeliers, at *Fontenay le Comte*, merely becauſe he ſtudied *Greek*. Theſe beggarly Tribes had not the Power to raiſe a Storm, like the nine Sail of Fathers who were going to the Council of *Cheſil*; they could do little more than hinder the Advancement of thoſe who ſearched after Truth. Thus we find, not only that the Fleet could not proceed, but that every Ship's Company in a Manner fell aſleep, dozed, and were out of Sorts and off the Hinges. At laſt this is remedied, by ſending to thoſe poor Hypocrites ſeventy-eight Thouſand little Half-Crowns, and by eating and drinking; which perhaps may mean, that, provided theſe poor hungry Curs have Meat and Drink, or Money to get Food, which is all they beg, they ceaſe to bark, and will ſuffer you to go on without any farther Impediment. This has been, and is ſtill, obſervable, in *France* and other Parts, among ſome of thoſe begging Friers; whereas your *Jeſuits*, *Domini-*

Dominicans, Auſtins, Bernardins, Celeſtins, Theatins, and Others, ſuch as were in the nine Sail, are not to be bribed or pacified ſo eaſily. One of theſe, whoſe Poetry and Criticiſms are deſervedly eſteemed among us, has reflected on our Author's admirable Satire too ſeverely for a Man of his Senſe, though not for one of his Order; I mean Father *Rapin*. But who could expect leſs from a Jeſuit; and a Jeſuit, too, whoſe Sodality is ſatirized in this Work? Yet, after all, that able Critic durſt not but own, that * *it is a moſt ingenious Satire.*

Panurge aſks, whether there be not Something of the feminine Gender among them, and whether they would not take a ſmall hypocritical Touch by the Bye? To which Anſwer is made, by *Xenomanes*, That, were there not ſome pretty kind-hearted Hypocriteſſes, Hermiteſſes, and ſpiritual Actreſſes, who beget a Race of young Hypocritillions and ſham Sanctitoes, the Iſland of *Chaneph* had long ſince been without Inhabitants.

This is true in more than one Senſe; for, did not Hypocrites beget Others, ſome Parts of the World would be very thin of People; then thoſe ſham Sanctities and Hermitillions, whom our Author means, are chiefly the young, baſtardly, monaſtic, Fry, the only Fruit many Nuns bear by the Means of the Father-Confeſſors kind Applications; for ſuch of thoſe By-blows, as eſcape Abortion or an untimely Death, are reared up, for a While, as the pious Father's or Siſter's poor Relations; and then caged, with Father or Mother, to ſing Mattins and Veſpers, and increaſe the larger Tribe of Hypocrites, *World without End.*

On CHAP. LXVI.

THE Iſland of *Ganabin* is the Iſland of Thieves, from *Gannah*, a Thief in *Hebrew*. *Xenomanes* ſays, that the People of that Iſland are all ſuch, and commends *Pantagruel* for not going aſhore there. Frier *John* adviſes *Pantagruel* to cauſe a Gun to be fired, as

* Rapin's *Reflect. on Poetry.*

it were, to ſalute the Muſes of that *Antiparnaſſus*. By this, perhaps, our Author may have a Mind to reflect on moſt of the Authors of that Age, who, as well as ſome of this, were very great Plagiaries. The fair Fountain, on that Hill, may mean the great Number of Subjects which might employ their Pens more to the Purpoſe than in tranſlating many fooliſh Romances, as the beſt Hands of *France* did at that Time. That *Spring* may alſo ſignify the *French* Tongue, which our Author commends ſo much in the Prologue to the Fifth Book, and inveighs againſt ſuch Sorts of Plagiaries, whom he calls Brokers and Retailers of antient Rhapſodies, and ſuch mouldy Traſh; Botchers of old threadbare Stuff, a Hundred and Hundred Times clouted up and pieced together; wretched Bunglers, that can do Nothing but new-vamp old ruſty Saws; beggarly Scavengers, that rake the muddieſt Canals of Antiquity, *&c.* By which he would encourage his Countrymen to follow his Example, ſtudy it, and write ſomething that might chiefly *ſpring* from their Fancies, without being wholly indebted to foreign Nations for what they publiſhed; yet not diſdaining to make Improvements from the Thoughts of the *Greek* and *Latin* Authors, as he himſelf has done, and enrich the Moderns with Tranſlations of the beſt Works of the Antients.

The large Foreſt, that is round the Fountain, may mean the wild, dark, intangled, voluminous, Writings of ſome of that Age. The Mountain is called *Antiparnaſſus*, in Oppoſition to that where the true Muſes were ſaid to dwell; and is placed in the Iſland of Thieves properly enough, becauſe Poets, as well as they, are the Children of *Penia*, or Poverty, according to our Author.

Panurge, who was afraid *Pantagruel* would land in the Iſland of *Ganabin*, uſes all the Arguments which Fear could ſuggeſt to a Coward, to perſuade him not to do it; and, among other Things, ſays, Do not go among them, I beſeech you; it were ſafer to take a Journey to Hell. Hark! by Cob's Body, I hear them ringing the Alarm-Bell moſt dreadfully, as the *Gaſcons* about *Bourdeaux* uſed formerly to do againſt the Commiſſaries and Officers for the Tax on Salt, or my Ears tingle. This

reſts

refers to what has been ſaid, in the Remarks on the Prologue, concerning the Rebellion at *Angouleſme* and *Bourdeaux*.

Rabelais ſeems to have deſcribed Part of this War in his ſecond Book, when he makes *Pantagruel* leave *Paris* to repulſe the *Dipſodes*, who had beſieged the great City of the *Amaurotes*. For, though I have proved, out of Hiſtory, that what is ſaid of the *Dipſodes* may reaſonably be adapted to the War of *Picardy*, yet I hope I have ſhewn, that our ingenious Author ſometimes deſcribes two Things by one, and ſo this may relate to two different Actions of the ſame Perſon.

This Rebellion, of *Angoumois* and *Bourdeaux*, happened about the Time when *Antony* of *Bourbon* (our *Pantagruel*) was married to the Queen of *Navarre*'s Daughter. Now *Francis* I. that Queen's Brother, and their Father, had been Earls of *Angouleſme*; which makes our Author ſay, in his ſecond Book, that *Gargantua*'s Queen was the Daughter of the King of the *Amaurots*; and, indeed, as there were no more Earls of *Angouleſme*, that Name, which ſignifies *being vaniſhed*, was not altogether improper then. Thus *Pantagruel* comes from *Paris* to relieve that Country; and has a Bark full of Salt tied to his Girdle, with which he fills the Mouths of the *Dipſodes*, which may imply the Heat and Combuſtion in which the People were there about the Tax on Salt; and, becauſe ſeveral of thoſe Mutineers were hanged at *Bourdeaux*, where they were moſt outrageous and ſtubborn, *Rabelais* makes *Pantagruel* the Inventor of the Uſe of *Pantagruelion*, which is Hemp, probably becauſe he adviſed to have many of them put to Death. Indeed I have not yet found that *Antony de Bourbon* came thither to aſſiſt the King of *Navarre*, his Father-in-law, Governor of that Country for *Henry* the Second of *France*; but, as the Conſtable of *Montmorency*, who, with that Duke of *Vendoſme*, had commanded in *Picardy* that Year, came into *Xaintonge* to puniſh the Rebels, it is very likely the Duke came hither alſo; and perhaps Hiſtorians are ſilent in this Matter, becauſe he only came as a Volunteer; and the Caſe did not ſeem worth employing, at once, a King of *Navarre*, a High-Conſtable of *France*, and a Prince of the royal Family.

And

And this may be the Reaſon why our ſatirical Hiſtorian has choſen to burleſque that Expedition; for doubtleſs there could be no Honour to the Duke in being concerned in it, principally under Others, though it were but in Complaiſance to the Princeſs of *Navarre*, his new Wife, and her royal Parents, the Honey-Moon being then hardly paſt.

On CHAP. LXVII.

Panurge's Fear, encreaſed by the Noiſe of the Guns, makes him run mad for a While, and lay hold of the large Cat, *Rodilardus*, by which he was ſcratched. He ſaith, he took it to be a young ſoft-chinned Devil, and thought he had ſnatched it up in the great Hutch of Hell as thieviſhly as any Sizer of *Montague-College* could have done. *Rodilardus* ſtands for *Croquelardon*, Lick-ſauce, a paraſitical Smell-feaſt. This Paſſage doubtleſs refers to ſome of *Montluc*'s Adventures, hardly to be diſcovered in our Age, yet known in that during which he lived. *Panurge*'s Cowardice and Impudence ſuits pretty well with that Biſhop of *Valence*'s Character; as appears by what I ſaid of his daring to preach before Queen *Catharine* of *Medicis* with a Hat and Cloke on, like a *Geneva* Divine, and then not having the Courage to go on, but leaving off in the Midſt of his Sermon, (though the Queen abetted him and her Preſence ſecured him,) as ſoon as the Conſtable of *Montmorency* ſpoke two Words againſt his Way of preaching.

Here *Rabelais* takes an Opportunity to bring in a Story, which, as well as ſome other Things of as odious a Nature, I would have omitted, did not many learned Men deſpiſe a maimed or imperfect Book as much as ſome ſelfiſh Women hate a Male in thoſe Circumſtances. That Story is what is ſaid of *Edward* V. King of *England*, and *Francis Villon*, the witty Rogue of whom I have already ſpoken. But, with our Author's good Leave, this Story is as falſe as it is filthy and improbable, though we ſhould ſuppoſe there is a Miſtake in the Printing, (as there are Thouſands even in the beſt Editions of this

this Work I have ſeen yet.) For none can imagine, that *Rabelais* was ſo little verſed in Hiſtory as not to know that *Edward* V. died a Child, and can neither have been coſtive in his old Age nor familiar with *Villon*, who, according to *Paſquier*, muſt have been hanged before the Reign of that unfortunate Prince, and perhaps before his Birth. And, ſhould any ſay that *Rabelais* means *Edward* the Fourth, I anſwer, that he neither died old, nor could be drolled upon, at that Rate, by a buffooning Inmate; ſince, though he was not one of the wiſeſt Heads, yet he was one of the braveſt Warriors, of his Time, having fought nine pitched Battles, generally on Foot, and at laſt gloriouſly overcome all his Enemies: So that the witty Jeſter would hardly have offered to have told him, that the Sight of *Lewis* the Eleventh's *Oriflamb*, or *royal Standard*, would have ſcared him into a Looſeneſs. The Verſes, which *Rabelais* makes *Villon* ſpeak, are mentioned as his, by *Paſquier*, ſomewhat otherwiſe than in this Chapter:

Je ſuis François, dont ce me poiſe,
Né de Paris, prez de Pontoiſe;
Où, d'une corde d'une toiſe,
Saura mon col, que mon cul poiſe.

The End of the Remarks on Book IV.

THE



THE

AUTHOR's

Epiſtle Dedicatory,

OF THIS

FOURTH BOOK,

TO THE

Moſt illuſtrious Prince and moſt Reverend Lord,

ODET,

CARDINAL de CHASTILLON.

YOU are not unacquainted, *moſt illuſtrious Prince*, how often I have been, and am daily, preſſed and required, by great Numbers of eminent Perſons, to proceed in the *Pantagruelian* Fables. They tell me, that many languiſhing, ſick, and diſconſolate, Perſons, peruſing them, have deceived their Grief, paſſed their Time merrily, and been inſpired with new Joy and Comfort. I commonly anſwer, that I aimed not at Glory and Applauſe when I diverted myſelf with writing; but only deſigned to give, by my Pen, to the Abſent who labour under Affliction, that little Help,

Help, which, at all Times, I willingly ſtrive to give to the Preſent that ſtand in Need of my Art and Service. Sometimes I at large relate to them, how *Hippocrates*, in ſeveral Places, and particularly in Lib. 6, *Epidem.* deſcribing the Inſtitution of the Phyſician, his Diſciple, and alſo *Soranus* of *Epheſus*, *Oribaſius*, *Galen*, *Hali Abbas*, and other Authors, have deſcended to Particulars in the Preſcription of his Motions, Deportment, Looks, Countenance, Gracefulneſs, Civility, Cleanlineſs of Face, Clothes, Beard, Hair, Hands, Mouth, even his very Nails; as if he were to play the Part of a Lover in ſome Comedy, or enter the Liſts to fight ſome potent Enemy. And, indeed, the Practice of Phyſic is properly enough compared, by *Hippocrates*, to a Fight, and alſo to a Farce acted between three Perſons, the Patient, the Phyſician, and the Diſeaſe. Which Paſſage has ſometimes put me in Mind of *Julia*'s Saying to *Auguſtus*, her Father: (1) One Day, ſhe came before him in a very gorgeous, looſe, laſcivious, Dreſs, which very much diſpleaſed him, though he did not much diſcover his Diſcontent. The next Day ſhe put on another; and, in a modeſt Garb, ſuch as chaſte *Roman* Ladies wore, came into his Preſence. The kind Father could not then forbear expreſſing the Pleaſure which he took to ſee her ſo much altered; and ſaid to her: *Oh! how much more this Garb becomes, and is commendable in, the Daughter of* Auguſtus. But ſhe, having her Excuſe ready, anſwered: *This Day*, Sir, *I dreſſed myſelf to pleaſe my Father's Eye; yeſterday, to gratify that of my Huſband.* Thus, diſguiſed in Looks and Garb, nay, even as formerly was the Faſhion, with a rich and pleaſant Gown with four Sleeves, which was called *Philonium*, according to *Petrus Alexandrinus*, *in* 6, *Epidem.* a Phyſician might anſwer, to ſuch as might find the *Metamorphoſis* indecent, *Thus have I accoutred myſelf, not that I am proud of appearing in ſuch a Dreſs, but for the Sake of my Patient, whom alone I wholly deſign to pleaſe, and no Ways offend or diſſatisfy.* There is alſo a Paſſage, in our Father *Hippocrates*, in the Book I have named, which cauſes ſome to ſweat, diſpute, and

(1) *One Day*, &c.] See *Macrobius*, l. 2, c. 5, of his *Saturnalia*.

labour;

labour; not, indeed, to know whether the Phyſician's frowning, diſcontented, and moroſe, *Catonian* Look, render the Patient, ſad, and his joyful, ſerene, and pleaſing, Countenance, rejoice him; for Experience teaches us that this is moſt certain; but whether ſuch Senſations, of Grief or Pleaſure, are produced by the Apprehenſion of the Patient, obſerving his Motions and Qualities in his Phyſician, and drawing from thence Conjectures of the End and Cataſtrophe of his Diſeaſe, as, by his pleaſing Look, joyful and deſirable Events, and, by his ſorrowful and unpleaſing Air, ſad and diſmal Conſequences; and whether thoſe Senſations be produced by a Transfuſion of the ſerene or gloomy, aerial or terreſtrial, joyful or melancholic, Spirits of the Phyſician, into the Perſon of the Patient, as is the Opinion of *Plato* and *Averroes*.

Above all Things, the fore-cited Authors have given particular Directions to Phyſicians about the Words, Diſcourſe, and Converſe, which they ought to have with their Patients, every one aiming at one Point, that is, to rejoice them without offending God, and in no Ways whatſoever to vex or diſpleaſe them. Which cauſes (2) *Herophilus* much to blame the Phyſician *Callianax*, who, being aſked, by a Patient of his, *Shall I die?* impudently made him this Anſwer:

> Patroclus *dy'd, whom all allow*
> *By much a better Man than you.*

Another, who had a Mind to know the State of his Diſtemper, aſking him, after our merry *Patelin*'s Way, *Well, Doctor, does not my Water tell you I ſhall die?* he fooliſhly anſwered, No, if *Latona*, the Mother of thoſe lovely Twins, *Phœbus* and *Diana*, begot thee. *Galen*, lib. 4, *Comment.* 6, *Epidem.* blames much alſo *Quintus*, his Tutor, who, a certain Nobleman of *Rome*, his Patient, ſaying to him, *You have been at Breakfaſt, my Maſter, your Breath*

(2) *Herophilus.*] *Rabelais* forgets himſelf. It was not *Herophilus* that blamed *Callianax*, but another. *Callianax*, in the Place from whence this is quoted, is only ſaid to be a *Herophitian*. See *Galen*, on lib. 6 of *Hippocrates de Epidem.*

ſmells

ſmells of Wine, anſwered arrogantly, *Yours ſmells of Fever: Which is the better Smell of the two, Wine or a putrid Fever?* But the Calumny of certain *Cannibals*, *Miſanthropes*, perpetual (3) Eaves-droppers, has been ſo foul and exceſſive againſt me, that it had conquered my Patience, and I had reſolved not to write one Jot more: For the leaſt of all their Detractions were, that my Books are all ſtuffed with various Hereſies, of which, nevertheleſs, they could not ſhew one ſingle Inſtance; much, indeed, of comical and facetious Fooleries, neither offending God nor the King; (and, truly, I own they are the only Subject and only Theme of theſe Books;) but of Hereſy not a Word, unleſs they interpreted wrong, and againſt all Uſe of Reaſon and common Language, what I had rather ſuffer a Thouſand Deaths, if it were poſſible, than have thought; as who ſhould make Bread to be *Stone*, a Fiſh to be a *Serpent*, and an Egg to be a *Scorpion*. This, my Lord, emboldened me once to tell you, as I was complaining of it in your Preſence, that, if I did not eſteem myſelf a better Chriſtian than they ſhew themſelves towards me; and if my Life, Writings, Words, nay, Thoughts, betrayed to me one ſingle Spark of Hereſy, or I ſhould, in a deteſtable Manner, fall into the Snares of the Spirit of Detraction, Διάβολος, who, by their Means, raiſes ſuch Crimes againſt me; I would then, like a *Phœnix*, gather dry Wood, kindle a Fire, and burn myſelf in the Midſt of it. You were then pleaſed to ſay to me, That King *Francis*, of eternal Memory, had been made ſenſible of thoſe falſe Accuſations; and that, having cauſed my Books (mine, I ſay, becauſe ſeveral, falſe and infamous, have been wickedly laid to me) to be carefully and diſtinctly read to him, by the moſt learned and faithful Anagnoſt in this Kingdom, he had not found any Paſſage ſuſpicious; and that he abhorred (4) a certain en-

(3) *Eaves-droppers.*] *Agelaſtes*, i. e. one that never laughs; a *Greek* Word, as well as *Miſanthrope*, a Man-hater.

(4) *A certain envious*, &c.] The Original has it only *a Snake-eater*, by which Word *Rabelais* deſigns the Monks, whom, in Chap. 46, he compares to the *Troglodytes*, who, *Pliny* tells us, *lib.* 5, *cap.* 8, lived in Caverns and fed on Snakes.

vious

vious, ignorant, hypocritical, Informer, who grounded a mortal Hereſy on an (5) N put inſtead of an M by the (6) Careleſsneſs of the Printers.

As much was done by his Son, our moſt gracious, virtuous, and bleſſed, Sovereign, *Henry*, whom Heaven long preſerve! ſo that he granted you his royal Privilege and particular Protection for me againſt my ſlandering Adverſaries.

You kindly condeſcended, ſince, to confirm me theſe happy News at *Paris*; and alſo lately, when you viſited my Lord Cardinal *du Bellay*, who, for the Benefit of his Health, after a lingering Diſtemper, was retired to St. *Maur*, that Place (or rather Paradiſe) of Salubrity, Serenity, Conveniency, and all deſirable Country Pleaſures.

Thus, *my Lord*, under ſo glorious a Patronage, I am emboldened once more to draw my Pen, undaunted now and ſecure, with Hopes that you will ſtill prove to me, againſt the Power of Detraction, a ſecond *Gallic Hercules* in Learning, Prudence, and Eloquence; and *Alexicacos* in Virtue, Power, and Authority: You, of whom I may truly ſay what the wiſe Monarch, *Solomon*, ſaith of *Moſes*, that great Prophet and Captain of *Iſrael*, Eccleſiaſt. 45. *A Man fearing and loving God, who found Favour in the Sight of all Fleſh; well-beloved both of God and Man; whoſe Memorial is bleſſed. God made him like to the glorious Saints; and magnified him ſo, that his Enemies ſtood in Fear of him; and for him made Wonders: Made him glorious in the Sight of Kings, gave him a Commandment for his People, and by him ſhewed his Light. He ſanctified him in his Faithfulneſs and Meekneſs, and choſe him out of all Men. By him he made us to hear his Voice, and cauſed by him the Law of Life and Knowledge to be given.*

(5) *An* N *for an M.*] As there are Inſtances enough that formerly they wrote *aſme*, with an S, for *ame*, the *Soul*, this might be an impious Alluſion of *aſme* to *aſne*, an *Aſs*, which ſo often is mentioned, *l.* 3, *c.* 22 and 23, in the old Editions. Thoſe of *Lyons*, and that of 1626, corrected, as is ſaid in the Title, according to the Cenſure paſſ'd in 1552, has removed the Scandal.

(6) *Careleſsneſs of the Printers.*] The Author had before complained of them, in *Prol.* to *l.* 3, printed even in 1546.

Accordingly,

Accordingly, if I ſhall be ſo happy as to hear any one commend theſe merry Compoſures, they ſhall be adjured by me to be obliged, and pay their Thanks, to you alone, as alſo to offer their Prayers to Heaven for the Continuance and Increaſe of your Greatneſs, and to attribute no more to me than my humble and ready Obedience to your Commands: For, by your moſt honourable Encouragement, you at once have inſpired me with Spirit and with Invention; and, without you, my Heart had failed me, and the Fountain-head of my animal Spirits had been dry. May the Lord keep you in his bleſſed Mercy.

My LORD,

Your moſt humble and

moſt devoted Servant,

Paris, this 28th of *January*, MDLII.

FRANCIS RABELAIS, Phyſician.

THE

THE AUTHOR's PROLOGUE TO THE *FOURTH BOOK.*

(1) GOOD People, God ſave and keep you: Where are you? I cannot ſee you. Stay, —I will ſaddle my Noſe with Spectacles. — Oh ho! (2) it will be fair anon: (3) I ſee you. Well, you have had a good Vintage, they ſay; this is no bad News to *Frank*, you may ſwear. You have got an infallible Cure againſt Thirſt; rarely performed of you, my Friends! You, your Wives, Children, Friends, and Families, are in as good Caſe as Heart can wiſh; it is well, it is as I'd have it. God be praiſed for it; and, if ſuch be his Will, may

(1) *Good People. —— I cannot ſee you.*] He cannot ſee good People, they are ſo ſcarce. So *Ariſtophanes*, in his *Plutus*, makes *Cremylus* ſpeak.

(2) *It will be fair anon.*] It ſhould be engliſhed, *Soft and fair, Lent is drawing to an End: I ſee you.* Bien & beau s'en va Quareſme; je vous vois.

(3) *I ſee you.*] *Rabelais*, who, but a Moment before, ſaw none of theſe *good People*, to whom he addreſſes his Prologue, (or Preface,) ſees Numbers of them all of a ſudden, which he aſcribes to Lent drawing to a Concluſion. And, indeed, as ſoon as *Eaſter* approaches, in Obedience to the Church's Command, every Body is forward to receive the Communion, in Order to ſeem, at leaſt, to be *good People*.

you

you long be ſo. For my Part, I am thereabouts, Thanks to his bleſſed Goodneſs; and, by the Means of a little *Pantagrueliſm*, (which, you know, is a certain Jollity of Mind pickled in the Scorn of Fortune,) you ſee me now hale and cheery, as ſound as a Bell, and ready to drink, if you will. Would you know why I am thus, good People? I will e'en give you a poſitive Anſwer:—Such is the Lord's Will, which I obey and revere; it being ſaid in his Word, in great Deriſion to the *Phyſician* neglectful of his own Health,—*Phyſician*, heal thyſelf.

Galen had ſome Knowledge of the Bible, and had converſed with the Chriſtians of his Time, as appears—*Lib.* 11, *De uſu Partium*; *Lib.* 2, *de differentiis Pulſuum*, *cap.* 3, and *ibid. lib.* 3, *cap.* 2; and *Lib. de rerum affectibus*, (if it be *Galen*'s.) Yet it was not for any ſuch Veneration of Holy Writ that he took Care of his own Health: No, it was for Fear of being twitted with the Saying ſo well known among *Phyſicians:*

Ἰατρὸς ἄλλων αὐτὸς ἕλκεσι (4) βρύων.

He boaſts of healing Poor and Rich,
Yet is himſelf all over Itch.

This made him boldly ſay, that he did not deſire to be eſteemed a *Phyſician*, if, from his twenty-eighth Year to his old Age, he had not lived in perfect Health, except ſome (5) ephemerous Fevers, of which he ſoon rid himſelf; yet he was not naturally of the ſoundeſt Temper, his Stomach being evidently bad. Indeed, as he ſaith, *lib.* 5, *de ſanitate tuenda*, that *Phyſician* will hardly be thought very careful of the Health of Others who neglects his own. (6) *Aſclepiades* boaſted yet more than this; for he ſaid, that he had articled with Fortune not to be reputed a *Phyſician*, if he could be ſaid to have been ſick, ſince he began to practiſe Phyſic, to his latter Age, which he reached luſty in all his Members, and victorious over Fortune; till, at laſt, the old Gentleman un-

(4) Βρύων.] A Sentence aſcribed, by *Plutarch*, to a certain tragic Poet. See his Diſcourſe againſt *Colotes*, the *Epicurean*.

(5) *Ephemerous Fevers.*] Fevers that laſt but a Day, and are cured with Reſt.

(6) Aſclepiades, &c.] See *Pliny*, l. 26, c. 3.

luckily

luckily tumbled down from the Top of a certain ill-propt and (7) rotten Stair-caſe, and ſo there was an End of him.

If, by ſome Diſaſter, Health is fled from your Worſhips to the Right or to the Left, above or below, before or behind, within or without, far or near, on this Side or t'other Side, whereſoever it be, may you preſently, with the Help of the Lord, meet with it! having found it, may you immediately claim it, ſeize it, and ſecure it. The Law allows it; the King would have it ſo: Nay, you have my Advice for it; neither more nor leſs than the Law-makers of old did fully impower a Maſter to claim and ſeize his run-away Servant wherever he might be found. Ods-bodikins! is it not written and warranted by the antient Cuſtoms of this ſo noble, ſo rich, ſo flouriſhing, Realm of *France*, (8) *That the Dead ſeizes the Quick?* See what has been declared, very lately, in that Point, by that learned, wiſe, (9) courteous, humane, and juſt, Civilian, *Andrew Tiraqueau*, (10) Counſellor of the great, victorious, and triumphant, *Henry* II. in the moſt honourable Court of *Parliament* at *Paris*. Health is our Life, as (11) *Ariphron*, the *Sicyonian*, wiſely has it; without Health, Life is no Life, it is not living Life: (12) ΆΒΙΟΣ ΒΙΟΣ, ΒΙΟΣ ΆΒΙΩΤΟΣ. Without Health,

(7) *Rotten Stairs.*] See *Pliny*, l. 7. c. 27.

(8) *The Dead*, &c.] That is, the Death of a Perſon gives a Right to his Heir to ſeize what he has left, *i. e.* to give him, as it were, Livery and *Seiſin* of it, as I ſuppoſe that is meant by the Word *ſeize*.

(9) *Courteous*, &c.] When *Tiraqueau* was Lieutenant-General of the Balliwic of *Fontenay le-Comte*, he releaſed *Rabelais* out of Priſon, into which the Cordeliers of the Place had caſt him. *Rabelais* here teſtifies his Gratitude to him.

(10) *Great, victorious, and triumphant.*] M. *du Chat* ſays, the Author having publiſhed this, his fourth, Book, before *Henry* II. had ſeized the three Biſhoprics, (*Metz*, *Toul*, and *Verudn*, I ſuppoſe he means,) the Eulogium, we ſee here of that Monarch, was inſerted after the firſt Edition, and only out of Regard to that Conqueſt.

(11) *Ariphron.*] See *Athenæus*, l. 15, *c. ultim.*

(12) ΆΒΙΟΣ ΒΙΟΣ, ΒΙΟΣ ΆΒΙΩΤΟΣ.] To theſe *Greek* Words ſhould be added χωρὶς ὑγιείας, and then the Sentence is complete, otherwiſe not. Here it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that the great *Pyrrhus*, King of *Epirus*, (now *Albania inferior*,) never prayed to the Gods to give him any Thing but Health: And *Manege* uſed to ſay, *Sanitas ſanitatum, omnia ſanitas.*

Life

Life is only a Languiſhment and an Image of Death. Therefore, you that want your Health, that is to ſay, *that are dead, ſeize the Quick*; ſecure Life to your ſelves, that is to ſay, Health.

I have this Hope in the Lord, that he will hear our Supplications, conſidering with what Faith and Zeal we pray, and that he will grant this our Wiſh, becauſe it is moderate and mean. Mediocrity was held by the ancient Sages to be *golden*, that is to ſay, precious, praiſed by all Men, and pleaſing in all Places. Read the ſacred Bible, you'll find the Prayers of thoſe who aſked moderately were never unanſwered. For Example, little dapper *Zaccheus*, whoſe Body and Reliques the Monks of (13) St. *Garlic* near *Orleans* boaſt of having, and nick-name him St. (14) *Sylvanus*: He only wiſhed to ſee our bleſſed Saviour near *Jeruſalem*: It was but a ſmall Requeſt, and no more than any Body then might pretend to. But, alas! he was but low built; and one of ſo diminutive a Size, among the Crowd, could not ſo much as get a Glimpſe of him: Well then, he ſtruts, ſtands on Tip-toes, buſtles, and, be-ſtirring his Stumps, ſhoves and makes Way, and with much ado clambers up a *Sycamore*. Upon this, the Lord, who knew his ſincere Affection, preſented himſelf to his Sight, and was not only ſeen by him, but heard alſo: Nay, what is more, he came to his Houſe, and bleſt his Family.

One of the Sons of the Prophets in *Iſrael* felling Wood near the River *Jordan*, his Hatchet forſook the Helve and fell to the Bottom of the River; ſo he prayed to have it again, (it was but a ſmall Requeſt, mark ye me;) and, having a ſtrong Faith, he did not throw the Hatchet after the Helve, as ſome Spirits of Contradiction ſay by Way of ſcandalous Blunder, but the Helve after the Hatchet, as you all properly have it. Preſently two

(13) *Monks of St.* Garlic.] Or rather of St. *Onion*, for *Rabelais*, who was a dear Lover of Puns, (and the worſe the Pun the better, as Mr. *Dryden* uſed to ſay,) quibbles upon the Similitude between *Ainan* and *Onion*, for near *Orleans* there is an Abby called St. *Aignan* or *Anian*, as it is pronounced, ſo ſounds juſt like *Oignon*.

(14) *Sylvanus*.] From *Sylva*, a Wood. *Zaccheus* might be ſo called from his climbing up a *Tree* the better to behold the *Meſſias* as he paſſed by.

great Miracles were ſeen, up ſprings the Hatchet from the Bottom of the Water, and fixes itſelf to its old Acquaintance the Helve. Now, had he wiſhed to coach it to Heaven in a fiery Chariot like *Elias*, to multiply in Seed like *Abraham*, be as rich as *Job*, ſtrong as *Sampſon*, and beautiful as *Abſalom*, would he have obtained it d'ye think? I' troth, my Friends, I queſtion it very much.

Now I talk of moderate Wiſhes, in Point of Hatchet, (but, hark'e me, be ſure you don't forget when we ought to drink,) I'll tell you what's written among the Apologues of wiſe *Æſop* the *Frenchman*, I mean the *Phrygian* and *Trojan*, as *Max. Planudes* makes him; from which People, according to the moſt faithful Chronicles, the noble *French* are deſcended: *Ælian* writes that he was of *Thrace*, and *Agathias*, after *Herodotus*, that he was of *Samos*; 'tis all one to *Frank*.

In his Time lived a (15) poor honeſt Country Fellow of *Gravot*, *Tom Wellhung* by Name, a Wood-cleaver by Trade, who in that low Drudgery made Shift ſo to pick up a ſorry Lively-hood. It happened that he loſt his Hatchet. Now tell me who ever had more Cauſe to be vext than poor *Tom?* Alas his whole Eſtate and Life depended on his Hatchet; by his Hatchet he earned many a fair Penny of the beſt Wood-mongers, or Log-Merchants, among whom he went a jobbing; for Want of his Hatchet he was like to ſtarve; and, had Death but met him ſix Days after without a Hatchet, the grim Fiend would have mowed him down in the twinkling of a Bed-ſtaff. In this ſad Caſe he began to be in a heavy Taking, and called upon *Jupiter* with moſt eloquent Prayers, (for, you know, Neceſſity was the Mother of Eloquence,) with the Whites of his Eyes turned up towards Heaven, down on his Marrowbones, his Arms reared high, his Fingers ſtretched wide, and his Head bare, the poor Wretch, without ceaſing, was roaring out, by Way of Litany, at every Repetition of his Supplications, my

(15) *A poor honeſt Country Fellow.*] A Story very like this we have among the *Diverſorum Authorum jocularium dicta*, printed at the End of *Poggius*'s Jeſts and merry Tales. Edition of 1542. It begins *Imperator Adrianus*,

Hatchet,

Hatchet, Lord *Jupiter*, my Hatchet, my Hatchet; only my Hatchet, O *Jupiter*, or Money to buy another, and Nothing elſe; alas, my poor Hatchet!

Jupiter happened then to be holding a grand Council about certain urgent Affairs, and old Gammer *Cybele* was juſt giving her Opinion, or, if you had rather have it ſo, it was young *Phœbus* the *Beau:* But, in ſhort, *Tom's* Outcry and Lamentations were ſo loud that they were heard, with no ſmall Amazement, at the Council-Board, by the whole Conſiſtory of the Gods. What a Devil have we below, quoth *Jupiter*, that howls ſo horridly? By the Mud of *Styx*, haven't we had all along and haven't we here ſtill enough to do to ſet to Rights a World of damned puzzling Buſineſſes of Conſequence? We made an End of the Fray between *Preſthan* King of *Perſia* and *Soliman* the *Turkiſh* Emperor; we have ſtopped up the Paſſages between the *Tartars* and *Muſcovites*; anſwered the Xeriff's Petition, done the ſame to that of (16) *Golgot's Rays*; the State of *Parma's* diſpatched, ſo is that of *Maydemburg*, that of *Mirandola*, and that of *Africa*; that Town on the *Mediterranean* which we call (17) *Aphrodiſium*; *Tripoli* by Careleſſneſs has got a new Maſter, her Hour was come.

Here are the *Gaſcons*, curſing and damning, demanding (18) the Reſtitution of their Bells.

(16) *Golgot's Rays.*] The famous Corſair *Dragut.*

(17) *Aphrodiſium.*] A Town of *Africa* in *Barbary.*

(18) *Reſtitution of their Bells.*] K. *Francis* 1ſt had introduced the Tax on Salt throughout the Country of *Guienne*; the People, eſpecially the Peaſants, who could not brook this new Impoſition, took their Opportunity, and, when the new King *Henry* II. was in *Piedmont* with moſt of his Forces, roſe in Arms and crouded into *Bourdeaux*, where they maſſacred the King's Lieutenant of the Province, *Triſtande Monnius*, a Kinſman of the high Conſtade's. This Rebellion too much concerned the firſt (military) Officer of the Crown, for him to ſit ſtill and not take immediate Meaſures to puniſh it with Severity. He haſtened towards *Bourdeaux* with ſome Troops and a good Train of Artillery in 1549, and, the Gates being thrown open, on the bare Terror of his Name, among other diſgraceful Penalties which he inflicted on the People of *Bourdeaux*, he took away all their Bells, nor were they reſtored to them again till Three Months afterwards, together with their Privileges. See *Mezeray* in the Year abovementioned.

In yonder Corner are the *Saxons*, *Eaſterlings*, *Oſtrogoths*, and *Germans*, Nations formerly invincible, but now (19) *Aberkeids*, bridled, curbed, and brought under, by a paltry diminutive crippled Fellow; they aſk us Revenge, Relief, Reſtitution, of their former good Senſe and ancient Liberty.

But what ſhall we do with this ſame (20) *Ramus* and this *Galland*, with a Pox to'em, who, ſurrounded with a Swarm of their Scullions, Black-guards, Ragamuffins, Sizers, Vouchers, and Stipulators, ſet together by the Ears the whole Univerſity of *Paris?* I am in a ſad Quandary about it, and for the Heart's Blood of me cannot tell yet with whom of the two to ſide.

Both ſeem to me notable Fellows, and as true Cods as ever piſſed; the one has (21) Roſe-nobles, I ſay fine and

(19) *Aberkeids.*] It was the Emperor *Charles* Vth, who, though he had for many Years been crippled with the Gout, yet held the *German* Noſes to the Grindſtone, and had ſo done even from the Time he obtained the Victory over the Proteſtants at *Mulgbert* in 1547. The Notes on the fourth Book of *Rabelais*, aſcribed to *Rabelais* himſelf, give us for *High-Dutch* the Word *Aberkieds*, which is read in this Place in all the Editions I have ſeen, and they explain it by *reviled, ſnubbed.* But this is no *German* Word, much leſs ought it to have the Signification thoſe Notes put upon it; which may raiſe a juſt Suſpicion that *Rabelais* was not the Author of thoſe Notes. *Aber-geiſs*, for ſo it ought to be ſpelt, is compounded of *Geiſs*, a *Goat*, and *Haber*, *Oats*, (and ſo ſay we too in the North of *England*, an Haver-cake, *i. e.* an *Oat-cake. Do ye ken the Stag a-gobbling up the* Haver *at the leer Deur?* (in ſome Parts of *Yorkſhire*) *i. e.* Do ye ſee the Gooſe eating up the Oats at the Barn-door?) Now this Word, *Aber-geiſs*, means a particular Sort of Top or Gigg, which the Children divert themſelves with in *Germany*, eſpecially at *Straſburg*, where *Rabelais* in his Travels, no Doubt, tarry'd ſome Time. This Top has a Head and a Tail, about which a Packthread is wound, and then it is thrown with Violence to the Ground, where for a Time it makes a Noiſe, enough to frighten one that knows Nothing of the Matter. It is this childiſh Sport that *Rabelais* here compares the *Germans* to, whom, in his Time, *Charles* V. made to go like ſo many Tops, but they ſoon found Means to recover their Liberty.

(20) *Ramus*, &c.] *Ramus* oppoſed *Ariſtotle*'s Philoſophy; *Gallandus* defended it. Though *Ramus* never wrote againſt any of his Adverſaries, yet *Gallandus* fell foul on him, and, by the bye, calls *Rabelais* a ridiculous Writer: His Words are *vernaculos ridiculi Pantagruelis libros*, &c. Here *Rabelais* revenges himſelf, but not ſeverely. See *Ramus*'s Life by *Tho. Freigius*, p. 34.

(21) *The one has Roſe-nobles.*] *Ramus*, who was rich,

weighty

weighty ones; (22) the other would gladly have ſome too. The one knows Something; the other's no Dunce. The one loves the better Sort of Men, the other's belov'd by 'em. The one is an old cunning Fox, the other, with Tongue and Pen, Tooth and Nail, falls foul on the antient (23) Orators and Philoſophers, and barks at them like a Cur.

What think'ſt thou of it? ſay, thou bawdy *Priapus*. I have found thy Council juſt before now, *Et habet tua mentula mentem*.

King *Jupiter*, anſwer'd *Priapus*, ſtanding up and taking off his Cowle, his Snout uncas'd and rear'd up, fiery, and ſtiffly propt, ſince you compare the one to a yelping ſnarling Cur, and the other to ſly Reynard the Fox, my Advice is, with Submiſſion, that, without fretting or puzzling your Brains any farther about 'em, without any more ado, e'en ſerve 'em both as in the Days of Yore you did the Dog and the Fox. How? aſked *Jupiter*; when? who were they? where was it? You have a rare Memory, for ought I ſee, return'd *Priapus!* This right-worſhipful Father *Bacchus*, whom we have here nodding with his crimſon Phiz, to be reveng'd on the *Thebans*, had got a Fairy Fox, who, whatever Miſchief he did, was never to be caught or wrong'd by any Beaſt that wore a Head.

The noble *Vulcan* here preſent had fram'd a Dog of Moneſian Braſs, and, with long puffing and blowing, put the Spirit of Life into him: He gave it you, you gave it your Miſs *Europa*, Miſs *Europa* gave it *Minos*, *Minos* gave it *Procris*, *Procris* gave it *Cephalus*. He was alſo of the Fairy Kind, ſo that, like the Lawyers of our Age, he was too hard for all other Sorts of Creatures. Nothing could 'ſcape the Dog. Now who ſhould happen to meet but theſe two? What do you think they did? Dog by his Deſtiny was to take Fox, and Fox by his Fate was not to be taken.

(22) *The other wou'd gladly have ſome too.*] *Rabelais* ſeems here to tax *Peter Gallandus* with having no other View in writing againſt *Ramus*, in Behalf of the old Philoſophy, but only to get Patrons that might make him rich too.

(23) *Ancient Orators and Philoſophers.*] *Ariſtotle* and *Cicero*.

The Caſe was brought before your Council; you proteſted that you would not act againſt the Fates; and the Fates were contradictory. In ſhort, the End and Reſult of the Matter was, that to reconcile two Contradictions was an Impoſſibility in Nature. The very Pang put you into (24) a Sweat, ſome Drops of which, happening to light on the Earth, produced what the Mortals call Cabbage. All our noble Conſiſtory, for Want of a categorical Reſolution, were ſeiz'd with ſuch a horrid Thirſt, that above ſeventy-eight Hogſheads of Nectar were ſwill'd down at that ſitting. At laſt you took my Advice, and tranſmogrify'd 'em into Stones, and immediately got rid of your Perplexity, and a Truce with Thirſt was proclaim'd thro' this vaſt *Olympus*. This was the year of flabby Cods, near (25) *Teumeſſus*, between *Thebes* and *Chalcis*.

After this Manner, 'tis my Opinion, that you ſhould petrify this Dog and this Fox. The Metamorphoſis will not be (26) incongruous; for they both bear the Name of (27) *Peter*. And becauſe, according to the *Limoſin* Proverb, to make an Oven's Mouth there muſt be three Stones, you may aſſociate them with Maſter (28) *Peter du*

(24) *A Sweat.*] Nothing is ſo brackiſh to the Taſte as Sweat, and Nothing cauſes Draught like Cabbage, particularly that call'd Colecabbage, whether dreſt with Beef-marrow for Fleſh-days, or with Oil for Fiſh-days. The white Cabbage-heads, being of themſelves inſipid, muſt be well pepper'd and ſalted, eſpecially, conſiſting of ſo many very thick Leaves, neither the Salt nor the Pepper can penetrate unleſs there's Abundance of both.

(25) Teumeſſus.] *Pauſanias*, in his *Bœotica*, relates this Fable, and after him *Cœlius Rhodiginus*.

(26) *Incongruous.*] Read, inſtead of not *incongruous*, not *unprecedented*, there havi ngbeen one before. It i-, in the beſt Editions, *incongrueus*, not *incongrue*.

(27) Peter.] *Pierre*, in *French*, ſignifies both *Peter* and a *Stone*.

(28) Peter du Coignet.] Or *de Cognieres*, a Knigh', and Advocate-General of the Parliament of *Paris*, in the Reign of *Philip de Valois*, did, with great Vigour and ſome Succeſs, oppoſe the Incroachments made by the Clergy of his Time on the King's Authority. The Eccleſiaſtics labour'd hard to ruin this honeſt Man, but in vain. So they fell foul upon his Memory, and, as ſoon as ever he was dead, they took 'em to be made, in moſt of the Churches which were chiefly reſorted to, ſeveral odd Kind of groteſque Monkey-like Figures in Stone, and gave 'em the Name of *Pierre du Coignet*, from their being placed in *Corners*

du Coignet, whom you formerly *petrified* for the ſame Cauſe. Then thoſe three dead Pieces ſhall be put in an equilateral Trigone, ſomewhere in the great Temple at *Paris*, in the Middle of the Porch, if you will, there to perform the Office of Extinguiſhers, and with their Noſes put out the lighted Candles, Torches, Tapers, and Flambeaux; ſince, while they lived, they ſtill lighted, Ballock-like, the Fire of Faction, Diviſion, (29) Ballock Sects, and wrangling among thoſe idle bearded Boys, the Students. And this will be an everlaſting Monument to ſhew, that thoſe puny ſelf-conceited Pedants, Ballock-Framers, were rather contemned than condemned by you. *Dixi*, I have ſaid my Say.

You deal too kindly by them, ſaid *Jupiter*, for ought I ſee, Monſieur *Priapus*. You don't uſe to be ſo kind to every Body, let me tell you: For, as they ſeek to eternize their Names, it would be much better for them to be thus changed into hard Stones than to return to Earth and Putrefaction. But now to other Matters: Yonder, behind us, towards the *Tuſcan* Sea, and the Neighbourhood of *Mount Appennin*, do you ſee what (30) Trage-

Corners (Coins in *French.)* Theſe impertinent Statues they would have to repreſent the *impious Pierre de Cugnieres*, as they called him. He being thus marked before he died, for an Enemy of the Church, and a Reprobate, People made a Merit of abuſing his Statues any how. Thus, at *Notre Dame* at *Paris*, under a Show of offering Candles to the Statue of *Peter du Coignet*, as is uſually done to the Images of the Saints, they ran the Candles in his Face when they wanted to extinguiſh them. And, it being impoſſible but that this ridiculous Figure being put to ſuch a Uſe muſt be extremely daubed and be-grimed, thence it came about, that, in Order to exaggerate the Uglineſs of any Body, it has been a common Saying, for above two hundred Years, *Uglier than Pierre du Coignet.*

(29) *Ballock Sects.*] If, becauſe it is *Priapus* that ſpeaks here, we ſhould take this Word *Couilloniques* in an obſcene Senſe, we ſhould fall into the very Snare *Rabelais* had a Mind to catch his leſs judicious Readers in. Theſe *Couillonic* Sects are not properly any other Thing than the different Orders of Monks, or *cucullated* (i. e. hooded) Gentry: For the Word may come from the Latin *cucullus, a Hood*, as well as from *couillon, the Cod.* Among theſe Monks there are generally ſubſiſting Diviſions and Factions about Things of much the ſame Weight as thoſe which then divided the Univerſity of *Paris.*

(30) *Tragedies.*] The Commotions of Pope *Julius* III. about the Affair of *Parma*, which ceaſed not till 1552. See *Sleidan.* l. 22. *&c.*

dies are ſtirred up by certain topping (31) eccleſiaſtical Bullies? This hot Fit will laſt its Time, like the *Limoſin* Events, and then will be cooled, but not ſo faſt.

We ſhall have Sport enough with it, but I foreſee one Inconveniency; for methinks we have but little Store of Thunder-Ammunition, ſince the Time that you, my Fellow Gods, for your Paſtime, laviſhed them away to bombard new (32) *Antioch*, by my particular Permiſſion; as ſince, after your Example, the ſtout Champions, who had undertaken to hold the Fortreſs of (33) *Dindenarois* againſt all Comers, fairly waſted their Powder with ſhooting at Sparrows; and then, not having wherewith to defend themſelves in Time of Need, *valiantly* ſurrendered to the Enemy, who were already packing up their Alls, full of Madneſs and Deſpair, and thought on Nothing but a ſhameful Retreat. Take Care this be remedied, Son *Vulcan*; rouſe up your drowſy *Cyclopes*, *Aſteropes*, *Brontes*, *Arges*, *Polyphemus*, *Steropes*, *Pyracmon*, and ſo forth; ſet them at Work, and make them drink as they ought.

Never ſpare Liquor to ſuch as are at hot Work. Now let us diſpatch this bawling Fellow below. You *Mercury*, go ſee who it is, and know what he wants. *Mercury* looked out at Heaven's Trap-door, through which, as I am told, they hear what's ſaid here below; by the

(31) *Eccleſiaſtical Bullies.*] *Paſtophores* in the Original, *i. e.* ſacred Prieſts, reverend Prelates, among the ancient *Egyptians*. The *Cambridge* Dictionary ſays Prieſts of *Iſis* and *Oſiris*. Παστοφόροι, *qui ferunt τὸν παστὸν, i. e.* thalamum, *puta Iſidis*.

(32) *Antioch.*] New *Antioch* muſt be the City of *Rome*. The Word *Antioch* means Nothing but prepoſterous Venery, *ἀντὶ contra & ὀχεία concubitus*. The Thunder, darted againſt this *Antioch*, may be the ſacking of it in 1527, as alſo the conſiderable Diminutions of the Extent of her Church by the Introduction of the Proteſtant Religion, Misfortunes which befel her when *Rabelais* wrote.

(33) *Dindenarois.*] The *German dinten-nar* ſignifies one poſſeſſed with the Dæmon of Scribbling. I fancy *Rabelais*, by this, means certain Scholaſtics, who, being furiouſly bent on debating with one another upon Queſtions of no Moment, were mute when they ſhould have ſtrenuouſly defended the Doctrine and Worſhip of the *Romiſh* Church againſt the *Lutherans*, whoſe Party, humanly ſpeaking, could never have ſubſiſted, if, at the Beginning, it had been attacked by ſome Preachers of the *Croiſades*.

Way,

Way, one might well enough miſtake it for the Scuttle of a Ship; tho' *Icaromenippus* ſaid it was like the (34) Mouth of a Well: The light-heel'd Deity ſaw that it was honeſt *Tom*, who aſk'd for his loſt Hatchet; and accordingly he made his Report to the Synod. Marry, ſaid *Jupiter*, we are finely hold'n up, as if we had now Nothing elſe to do here but to reſtore loſt Hatchets. Well, he muſt then have it for all this, for ſo 'tis written in the Book of Fate, (do you hear?) as well as if it was worth the whole Dutchy of *Milan*. The Truth is, the Fellow's Hatchet is as much to him as a Kingdom to a King. Come, come, let no more Words be ſcatter'd about it, let him have his Hatchet again.

Now, let us make an End of the Difference betwixt the *Levites* and (35) *Molecatcher* of *Landerouſſe*.

(34) *Mouth of a Well.*] See *Lucian*, *Icaromenippus*.

(35) Molecatcher *of* Landerouſſe.] I think it ſhould rather be tranſlated *their Mole-ſhips the Monks* of *Landerouſſe*: For *Rabelais* elſewhere, more than once, calls the *Monks Moles*, (not Molecatchers,) from their living as it were under Ground. The original runs, *Reſolvons la difference du Clergé & de la Taulpitiere de Landerouſſe*. This Difference between theſe two Bodies of Eccleſiaſtics, M. *D. C.* ſays, may have been the famous Law-ſuit between the Chapter of St. *Gatein* of *Tours*, and the Chapter of St. *Martin* of the ſame City, about the *Dirt* (or *Pus*) of St. *Martin*. The laſt were in Poſſeſſion of this pretended Relic, but the Property of it had been claim'd by the former for the Space of between threeſcore and fourſcore Years, and it was not till ten Years after *Rabelais*'s Death that the *Huguenots* cut this Gordian-Knot. See *Beza*'s Eccl. Hiſt. on the Year 1563. and M. *du Thou*, l. 30. [I have look'd into *Thuanus*, and find Nothing of the Matter in that Year, but only the *Huguenots* riſing at *Tours*, and deſtroying all the Relics, which is what I ſuppoſe M. *D. C.* means by cutting the Gordian-Knot. As for *Beza*'s Eccl. Hiſt. I can't learn where I may find it, tho' I have ſearch'd ſeveral conſiderable public Libraries. I want to know whether the Relic above-mention'd (in *French les Boues*) ſignifies *Dirt*. The *Grand Trevoux* Dictionary ſays the *Pariſians* are taxed to *les Boues*, the *Scavenger* I take it. I never before met with *les Boues*, in the Plural.] But M. *D. C.* goes on: I am not ignorant that the Regiſters of the Church of St. *Martin de Tours*, from *Louis* XIth's Time to *Charles* IX. make not the leaſt Mention of this Law-ſuit; but as the Succeſs of it was pretty ſingular, and the whole Affair divulged by *Beza* in ſuch a Manner as to do the contending Parties no Honour, it is poſſible that, ſince the annihilating the Relic which occaſioned the Suit, ſo much of the Record as concern'd this Affair may be ſecreted, thereby to create a Suſpicion of the *Huguenot* Hiſtorian's Veracity.

Whereabouts were we? *Priapus* was ſtanding in the Chimney-corner, and, having heard what *Mercury* had reported, ſaid, in a moſt courteous and (36) jovial Manner: King *Jupiter*, while, by your Order and particular Favour, I was Garden-keeper-general on Earth, I obſerved that this Word *Hatchet* is equivocal to many Things: For it ſignifies a certain Inſtrument, by the Means of which Men fell and cleave Timber. It alſo ſignifies (at leaſt I am ſure it did formerly) a Female ſoundly and frequently thumpthumpriggletickletetwiddletoby'd; thus I perceiv'd that every Cock of the Game us'd to call his Doxy his Hatchet, for with that ſame Tool (this he ſaid lugging out and exhibiting his nine-inch *Knocker*) they ſo ſtrongly and reſolutely ſhove and drive in their Helves, that the Females remain free from a Fear epidemical amongſt their Sex, *viz.* that, from the Bottom of the Male's Belly the ſaid Inſtrument ſhould dangle at his Heel for Want of ſuch feminine Props. And I remember, (for I have a *Member* and a *Memory* too, ay, and a fine Memory large enough, to fill a Butter-*Firkin*,) I remember, I ſay, that one Day of (37) Tubiluſtre, [*Horn-Fair*,] at the Feſtivals of Good-man *Vulcan* in *May*, I heard (38) *Joſquin Des Prez*, *Olkegan*, *Hobreths*, *Agricola*, *Brumel*, *Camelin*, *Vigoris*, *de la Fage*, *Bruyer*, *Prioris*, *Seguin*, *de la Rue*, *Midy*, *Moulu*, *Mouton*, *Gaſcoigne*, *Loiſet*, *Compere*, *Penet*, *Fevin*, *Rouſee*, *Richard Fort*, *Rouſſeau*, *Conſilion*, *Conſtantio Feſti*, *Jacquet*, *Jacquet Bercan*, melodiouſly ſinging the following Catch on a pleaſant Green.

(36) *Jovial Manner.*] *Priapus* was reckon'd to be *Jupiter*'s Son: Wherefore *Rabelais* ſomewhere calls him *John Thurſday*.

(37) *Tubiluſtre.*] From *Tuba* a Trumpet, and *Luſtrum* a Sacrifice. The *Cambridge* Dictionary gives a ſomewhat different Account of this Feaſt from what *Cotgrave* does, who ſays, it was the Day whereon the Trumpets, dedicated to Sacrifice, were hollow'd, (I ſuppoſe he means hallow'd,) and the Trumpeters with Water purg'd. M. *Motteux*, in his merry Way, calls it *Horn fair*.

(38) Joſquin Des Prez.] Ten of thoſe many Muſicians, nam'd here, were the Diſciples of this excellent Muſician, who was of *Cambray*. There are ſeveral Books of Songs of his compoſing, printed with Muſic-Notes, at *Paris*, *Lyons*, *Antwerp*. &c.

Long

Long John *to Bed went to his Bride,*
And laid a Mallet by his Side:
What means this Mallet, John, *ſaith ſhe?*
Why! 'tis to wedge thee home, quoth he.
Alas! cry'd ſhe, the Man's a Fool:
What need you uſe a wooden Tool?
When luſty John *does to me come,*
He never ſhoves but with his Bum.

Nine Olympiads, and an *intercalary* Year after, (I have a rare Member, I would ſay Memory, but I often make Blunders in the Symbolization and Colligance of thoſe two Words,) I heard *Adrian Villard*, *Gombert*, *Janequin*, *Arcadet*, *Claudin*, *Certon*, *Manchicourt*, *Auxerre*, *Villiers*, *Sandrin*, *Sobier*, *Heſdim*, *Morales*, *Paſſereau*, *Maille*, *Maillart*, *Jacotin*, *Hurteur*, *Verdelot*, *Carpentras*, *l'Heriter*, *Cadeac*, *Doublet*, *Vermont*, *Bouteiller*, *Lupi*, *Pagnier*, *Millet*, *Du Moulin*, *Alaire*, *Maraut*, *Morpin*, *Gendre*, and other merry Lovers of Muſic, in (39) a private Garden, under ſome fine ſhady Trees round about a Bulwark of Flaggons, Gammons, Paſties, with ſeveral *coated Quails*, and *laced Mutton*, waggiſhly ſinging.

Since Tools without their Hafts are uſeleſs Lumber,
And Hatchets without Helves are of that Number;
That one may go in t'other and may match it,
I'll be the Helve, and thou ſhalt be the Hatchet.

Now would I know what Kind of Hatchet this bawling *Tom* wants? This threw all the venerable Gods and Goddeſſes into a Fit of Laughter, like any Microcoſm of Flies; and even ſet limping *Vulcan* a hopping and jumping (40) *ſmoothly*, three or four Times, for the Sake of his Dear. Come, come, ſaid *Jupiter* to *Mercury*, run down immediately, and caſt at the poor Fellow's Feet three Hatchets; his own, another of Gold, and a third of maſſy Silver, all of one Size: Then, having left it to his Will to take his Choice, if he take his

(39) *A private Garden.*] *Belon.* l. 4. c. 26. of his *Ornithologia*, ſeems to ſpeak of this Adventure, and dates it in 1552.

(40) *Smoothly.*] He danced the Trihori of *Britany*. This, ſays *Cotgrave*, is a Kind of *Britiſh*, and peaſantly, or booriſh, Dance, conſiſting of three Steps, and performed by thoſe hobbling Youths commonly in a Round.

own, and be ſatisfied with it, give him t'other two. If he take another, chop his Head off with his own; and henceforth ſerve me all thoſe Loſers of Hatchets after that Manner. Having ſaid this, *Jupiter*, with an aukward Turn of his Head, like a Jakanapes ſwallowing of Pills, made ſo dreadful a Phiz, that all the vaſt *Olympus* quaked again. Heaven's Foot-Meſſenger, Thanks to his low-crowned narrow-brim'd Hat, and Plume of Feathers, Heel-pieces, and running Stick with Pidgeon Wings, flings himſelf out at Heaven's Wicket, through the empty Deſarts of the Air, and in a Trice nimbly alights on the Earth, and throws at Friend *Tom's* Feet the three Hatchets; ſaying to him, thou haſt bawl'd long enough to be dry, thy Prayers and Requeſts are granted by *Jupiter*; ſee which of theſe three is thy Hatchet, and take it away with thee. *Wellhung* lifts up the golden Hatchet, peeps upon it, and finds it very heavy; then, ſtaring on *Mercury*, cries, Cods-zouks this is none of mine; I wont ha't; the ſame he did with the Silver one, and ſaid it is not this neither; you may e'en take them again. At laſt he takes up his own Hatchet, examines the End of the Helve, and finds his Mark there; then, raviſhed with Joy, like a Fox that meets ſome ſtraggling Poultry, and ſneering from the Tip of the Noſe, he cry'd, by the Maſs this is my Hatchet, Maſter God; if you will leave it me, I will ſacrifice to you a very good and huge Pot of Milk, brim full, cover'd with fine Strawberries, next Ides, *i. e.* the 15th of May.

Honeſt Fellow, ſaid *Mercury*, I leave it thee, take it; and, becauſe thou haſt wiſhed and choſen moderately, in Point of Hatchet, by *Jupiter's* Command, I give thee theſe two others; thou haſt now wherewith to make thyſelf rich: Be honeſt. Honeſt *Tom* gave *Mercury* a whole Cartload of Thanks, and revered the moſt great *Jupiter*. His old Hatchet he faſtened cloſe to his leathern Girdle; and girds it about his Breech like (41) *Martin* of *Cambray*; the two others, being more

(41) *Martin of Cambray.*] *Martin* & *Martine* are the Names which are given to two Figures, who, each with a (*Marteau*) Hammer, ſtrike the Hours on the Clock at *Cambray*. And *Martin* being repreſented

more heavy, he lays on his Shoulder. Thus he plods on, trudging over the Fields, keeping a good Countenance amongſt his Neighbours and Fellow-pariſhioners, with one merry Saying or other after *Patelin's* Way. The next Day, having put on a clean white Jacket, he takes on his Back the two precious Hatchets, and comes to *Chinon*, the famous City, noble City, ancient City, yea the firſt City in the World, according to the Judgement and Aſſertion of the moſt learned *Maſſoreths*. At *Chinon* he turned his Silver Hatchet into fine *Teſtons*, Crown-pieces, and other white Caſh; his golden Hatchet into fine Angels, curious Ducats, ſubſtantial Ridders, Spankers, and Roſe-nobles. Then with them purchaſes a good Number of Farms, Barns, Houſes, Outhouſes, Thatch-Houſes, Stables, Meadows, Orchards, Fields, Vineyards, Woods, arable Lands, Paſtures, Ponds, Mills, Gardens, Nurſeries, Oxen, Cows, Sheep, Goats, Swine, Hogs, Aſſes, Horſes, Hens, Cocks, Capons, Chickens, Geeſe, Ganders, Ducks, Drakes, and a World of all other Neceſſaries; and in a ſhort Time became the richeſt Man in all the Country, nay even richer than that limping Scrape-good, *Maulevrier*. (42) His Brother Bumpkins and the Yeomen, and other Country-puts thereabouts, perceiving his good Fortune, were not a little amazed, inſomuch that their former Pity of poor *Tom* was ſoon changed into an Envy of his ſo great and unexpectedRiſe; and, as they could not for their Souls deviſe how this came about, they made it

preſented as a Peaſant in a Jacket girded about the Waiſt very tight, thence comes it that, when a Man is ridiculouſly girt with his Belt over his Clothes, People ſay, proverbially, *he is girt like* Martin *of* Cambray.

(42) *His Brother Bumpkins.*] *Rabelais's* Words are *Les francs gontiers & Jaques bons-hommes. Franc-gontier* is one of the better Sort of Peaſants, and ſuch whoſe Circumſtances enable them to help their poor Neighbours, ſuch as our *Tom* was before his good Fortune. *Gunter* is a *High-Dutch* Word made, by Contraction, from *Gunſtiger*, (derived originally from the Verb *gonnon*;) it ſignifies properly a Man able to do others a Service. See *Becman*, p. 903. of his *De Originibus Linguæ Latinæ*, *Ann.* 1613. *Franc-gontier* is a Word of long Standing in *France*. As for *Jaques bons hommes*, they are the next Step below the others: A good Sort of Country Folks, to whom our Romances give the Name of *Jaques*, from their wearing a Cotton ſleeveleſs Waiſtcoat called *Jaques*.

their

their Buſineſs to pry up and down, and lay their Heads together, to enquire, ſeek, and inform themſelves, by what Means, in what Place, on what Day, what Hour, how, why, and wherefore, he had come by this great Treaſure.

At laſt, hearing it was by loſing his Hatchet, ha, ha! ſaid they, was there no more to do but to loſe a Hatchet to make us rich? Mum for that; 'tis as eaſy as piſſing a-bed, and will coſt but little; are then at this Time the Revolutions of the Heavens, the Conſtellations of the Firmament, and Aſpects of the Planets, ſuch, that, whoſoever ſhall loſe a Hatchet, ſhall immediately grow rich? ha, ha, ha, by *Jove*, you ſhall e'en be loſt, an't pleaſe you, my dear Hatchet. With this they all fairly loſt their Hatchets out of Hand. The Devil a one that had a Hatchet left; he was not his Mother's Son that did not loſe his Hatchet. No more was Wood fell'd or cleav'd in that Country through Want of Hatchets. Nay, the *Æſopian* Apologue even ſaith, that certain petty *Country* (43) Gents, of the lower Claſs, who had ſold *Wellhung* their little Mill and little Field to have wherewithal to make a Figure at the next Muſter, having been told that this Treaſure was come to him by that only Means, ſold the only Badge of their Gentility, their Swords, to purchaſe Hatchets to go to loſe them, as the ſilly Clodpates did, in Hopes to gain Store of Chink by that Loſs.

You would have truly ſworn they had been a Parcel of your petty ſpiritual Uſurers, Rome-bound, ſelling their all, and borrowing of others to buy Store of *Mandates*, a Pennyworth, of a new-made Pope.

Now they cry'd out, and bray'd, and pray'd, and bawl'd, and lamented, and invoked *Jupiter*; my *Hatchet!* my *Hatchet! Jupiter*, my *Hatchet*; on this Side, my *Hatchet*; on that Side, my *Hatchet*, ho, ho, ho, ho, *Jupiter*, my *Hachet*. The Air round about rung again with the Cries and Howlings of theſe raſcally Loſers of *Hatchets*.

Mercury was nimble in bringing them Hatchets; to

(43) *Gents.*] *Janſpill' hommes*, a Sort of ſmall Gentry, a little given to *pillage*; thence the Word.

each

each offering that which he had loſt, as alſo another of Gold, and a third of Silver.

Every He ſtill was for that of Gold, giving Thanks in Abundance to the great Giver *Jupiter*; but, in the very Nick of Time that they bow'd and ſtoop'd to take it from the Ground, whip, in a Trice, Mercury lopp'd off their Heads, as *Jupiter* had commanded; and of Heads, thus cut off, the Number was equal to that of the loſt Hatchets.

You ſee how it is now; you ſee how it goes with thoſe who, in the Simplicity of their Hearts, wiſh and deſire with Moderation. Take Warning by this, all you greedy, freſh-water, Sharks, who ſcorn, to wiſh for any Thing under ten Thouſand Pounds: And do not for the future run on impudently, as I have ſometimes heard you wiſhing, Would to God I had now one Hundred ſeventy-eight Millions of Gold; Oh! how I ſhould tickle it off! The Deuce on you, what more might a King, an Emperor, or a Pope, wiſh for? For that Reaſon, indeed, you ſee that, after you have made ſuch hopeful Wiſhes, all the Good comes to you of it is the Itch or Scab, and not a Croſs in your Breeches to ſcare the Devil that tempts you to make theſe Wiſhes; no more than thoſe two Mumpers, Wiſhers, (44) after the Cuſtom of *Paris*; one of whom only wiſh'd to have in good old Gold as much as hath been ſpent, bought, and ſold, in *Paris*, ſince its firſt Foundations were laid, to this Hour; all of it valued at the Price, Sale, and Rate, of the deareſt Year in all that Space of Time. Do you think the Fellow was baſhful? Had he eaten four Plumbs unpeel'd? Were his Teeth on Edge, I pray you? The other wiſh'd our Lady's Church brim-full of ſteel Needles, from the Floor to the Top of the Roof, and to have as many Ducats as might be cramm'd into as many Bags as might be ſew'd with each and every one of theſe Needles, till they were all either broke at the Point or Eye. This is to wiſh with a Vengeance! What think you of it? What did they get by't, in your Opinion? Why, at Night, both my Gentlemen had kibed-heels, a Tetter in the Chin, a

(44) *After the Cuſtom of* Paris.] At *Paris* every Thing goes by Grandeur: Divine Service laſts longer there than it does any where elſe, and the Ell there exceeds in Meaſure the Ell of other Places.

Church-

Church-yard Cough in the Lungs, a Catarrh in the Throat, a ſwinging Bile at the Rump, and the Devil of one muſty Cruſt of a brown George the poor Dogs had to ſcour their Grinders with. Wiſh therefore for Mediocrity, and it ſhall be given unto you, and over and above yet; that is to ſay, provided you beſtir yourſelves manfully, and do your beſt in the mean Time.

Ay, but, ſay you, God might as ſoon have given me ſeventy-eight Thouſand as the thirteenth Part of one Half; for he is omnipotent, and a Million of Gold is no more to him than one Farthing? Oh, oh, pray tell me who taught you to talk at this Rate of the Power and Predeſtination of God, poor ſilly People? Peace, Tuſh, St, St, St, fall down before his ſacred Face, and own the *Nothingneſs* of your *Nothing*.

Upon this, O ye that labour under the Affliction of the Gout, I ground my Hopes; firmly believing, that, if ſo it pleaſes the divine Goodneſs, you ſhall obtain Health; ſince you wiſh and aſk for Nothing elſe, at leaſt for the preſent. Well, ſtay a little longer, with Half an Ounce of Patience.

The *Genoeſe* do not uſe, like you, to be ſatisfied with wiſhing Health alone, when, after they have all the live-long Morning been in a Brown-ſtudy, talk'd, ponder'd, ruminated, and reſolv'd, in the Counting-houſes, of whom and how they may ſqueeze the *Ready*, and who by their Craft muſt be hook'd in, wheedled, bubbled, ſharp'd, over-reach'd, and chous'd; they go to the Exchange, and greet one another with a (45) *Sanità & guadagno, Meſſer:* Health and Gain to you, Sir. Health alone will not go down with the greedy Curmudgeons, they over and above muſt wiſh for Gain, with a Pox to 'em; ay, and for the fine Crowns or *ſcudi di* (46) *Guadagno*; whence, Heaven be praiſed, it happens, many a Time, that the ſilly Wiſhers and Woulders are baulk'd and get neither.

Now, my Lads, as you hope for good Health, cough once aloud with Lungs of Leather; take me off three ſwinging Bumpers; prick up your Ears; and you ſhall hear me tell Wonders of the noble and good *Pantagruel*.

(45) Sanità & guadagno, Meſſer.] At *Florence*, and throughout *Italy*, the middling Sort of People ſcarce ever ſalute one another any otherwiſe.

(46) Guadagno.] *Thomas de Gadagne*, who is ſaid to have lent *Francis* the Iſt Fifty Thouſand Crowns, when he was firſt impriſon'd. See *Morery* at the Word *Guadagne*.

THE

THE FOURTH BOOK OF *PANTAGRUEL.*

CHAP. I.

How Pantagruel *went to Sea to viſit the Oracle of* Bacbuc, *aliàs the* Holy Bottle.

IN the Month of *June*, (1) on *Veſta*'s Holiday, the very numerical Day on which *Brutus*, conquering *Spain*, taught its ſtrutting Dons to truckle under him, and that niggardly Miſer *Craſſus* was routed and knocked on the Head by the *Parthians*, *Pantagruel* took his Leave of the good *Gargantua*, his royal Father. The old Gentleman, according to the laudable Cuſtom of the primitive Chriſtians, devoutly prayed for the happy Voyage of his Son and his whole Company, and then they took Shipping at the Port of *Thalaſſa*. *Panta-*

(1) *On* Veſta's *Holiday.*] The 9th of *June*. *Ovid*, l. 6. of the Faſti.

Aſpicit inſtantes mediis ſex lucibus Idus
Illa dies, qua ſunt vota ſoluta Deæ.
Veſta, fave: tibi nunc operata reſolvimus ora:
Ad tua ſi nobis ſacra venire licet.

gruel

gruel had with him *Panurge*, (2) Frier *John des Entomeures, alias*, of the *Funnels*, (3) *Epiſtemon*, *Gymnaſt*, (4) *Euſthenes*, (5) *Rhizotomus*, (6) *Carpalim*, *cum multis aliis*, his ancient Servants and Domeſtics. Alſo *Xenomanes*, the great Traveller, who had croſſed ſo many dangerous Roads, Dikes, Ponds, Seas, and ſo-forth, and was come ſome Time before, having been ſent for by *Panurge*.

For certain good Cauſes and Conſiderations, him thereunto moving, he had left with *Gargantua*, and marked out, in his great and univerſal hydrographical *Chart*, the Courſe which they were to ſteer to viſit the Oracle of the *Holy Bottle*, (7) *Bacbuc*. The Number of Ships was ſuch as I deſcribed in the third Book, convoyed by a like Number of (8) *Triremes*, (9) Men of War, *Galleons*,

(2) *Frier* John des Entomeures, *alias*, *Frier* John *of the Funnels*.] I ſhould rather tranſlate it Frier *John* of the *Chopping-knives*, that being the true Meaning of *Entomeures*; for the anonymous *Dutch* Scholiaſt rightly ſays on the Words *Entomeurs* and *Entomer*; inſtead of the modern *French* Word *Entamer*, which ſignifies, *to have the firſt Cut of a Loaf*, or *a Joint of Meat*, or *any Thing elſe*, from the *Greek* ἐντομὴ, ἐντέμνειν, to cut, ſlice, ſliver; all very agreeable and ſuitable Virtues to Frier *John des Entomeures*, who loved to be perpetually running his Noſe into every Kitchen, and playing at Snicker-ſnee with any Edible that came in his Way, as the Author deſcribes him in ch. 10 and 11 of lib. 4, and lib. 1, ch. 27.

(3) *Epiſtémon*.] With the Accent on the laſt Syllable but one: Ἐπιστήμων, *ſcientiâ præditus*: A Man of Learning.

(4) *Euſthenes*.] Robuſt, ſtrong, well-proportioned; or a brave Man. Εὐσθενὴς, *validus*.

(5) *Rhizotomus*.] Was a young Page that ſerved *Gargantua* as an Apothecary, lib. 1. c. 23. it comes from the *Greek* ῥιζότομος, *Root-cutter*, as Apothecaries and Druggiſts are.

(6) *Carpalim*.] *Pantagruel's* Lackey; thus named from the *Greek* καρπαλιμῶς, *i. e. ſuddenly, ſwiftly*, the Properties of a Lackey; l. 2. c. 9. The Reſt another Time.

(7) *Bacbuc*.] *Hebrew* for a *Bottle*; called ſo from the Sound it makes when emptying.

(8) *Triremes*.] A Gally with three Banks of Oars, one above another; or with three Oars *(tres remi)* on each Side or Bank.

(9) *Men of War*.] *Remberges* (in the Original). Both by its Name and Make, it ſhould be but a Sort of *Row-barge*, not a Man of War. *Howell's Cotgrave* ſays, it is a long Ship, or Sea-veſſel, narrower than a Gally, but ſwift and eaſy to be governed. That this is a true

leons, and *Felutcas*, well-rigged, caulked, and ſtored with a good Quantity of *Pantagruelion*.

All the Officers, Droggermen, (Interpreters) Pilots, Captains, Mates, Boatſwains, Midſhipmen, Quarter-Maſters, and Sailors, met in the *Thalamege*, *Pantagruel's* principal Flag-Ship, which had in her Stern, for her Enſign, a huge large Bottle, Half Silver, well poliſhed, the other Half Gold, enamell'd with Carnation; whereby it was eaſy to gueſs that White and Red were the Colours of the noble Travellers, and that they went for the Word of the *Bottle*.

On the Stern of the ſecond was a Lantern like thoſe of the Ancients, induſtriouſly made with *diaphanous* Stone, implying that they were to paſs by *Lanternland*. The third Ship had, for her Device, a fine deep *China* Ewer. The fourth, a double-handed Jar, of Gold, much like an ancient Urn. The fifth, a famous Can made (10) of Sperm of Emerald. The ſixth, a Monk's mumping Bottle made of the four Metals together. The ſeventh, an Ebony Funnel, all imboſſed and wrought with Gold after the *Tauchic* Manner. The eighth, an Ivy Goblet, very precious, inlaid with Gold. The ninth, a Cup of fine *Obriz* Gold. The tenth, a Tumbler of aromatic Agoloch, (you call it *lignum aloes*,) edged with *Cyprian* Gold, after the (11) *Azemine* Make. The eleventh, a Golden Vine-Tub of *Mouaic* Work. The twelfth, a Runlet of unpoliſhed Gold, covered with a ſmall Vine of large *Indian* Pearl of *Topiarian* Work. In-

true Deſcription of it, and alſo that it is an *Engliſh-Latin* Word, hear what *Du Bellai* ſays, l. 10. of his Memoirs, on the Year 1545. *Il y a une eſpece de navires particulieres dont uſoient nos ennemis*, (les Anglois,) *en forme plus longue que ronde, & plus eſtroite de beaucoup que les galeres, pour mieux ſe regir, & commander aux courantes qui ſont ordinairement en cette mer*, (de la Manche,) *à quoy les hommes ſont ſi duits, qu'avec ces vaiſſeaux ils contendent de viteſſe avec les galeres, & les nomment Remberges* (à remo & barcâ)

(10) *Sperm of Emerald.*] The *praſius lapis* of *Pliny*, l. 37. c. 8. a Sort of baſtard Emerald.

(11) *Azemine Make.*] *Perſian* Make or Work. From *Agem*, the Name by which the *Arabians* call *Perſia*. *Horace*, *Carm. l.* 2, *Od.* 12. ſpeaks of the firſt King of *Perſia*, *Achemenes*, from whom, according to *Herodotus*, the *Perſians* were called *Achemenians*.

ſomuch

ſomuch that there was no Man, however in the Dumps, muſty, ſour-looked, or melancholic, he were, not even excepting that blubbering Whiner *Heraclitus*, had he been there, but, ſeeing this noble Convoy of Ships and their Devices, muſt have been ſeized with preſent Gladneſs of Heart, and, ſmiling at the Conceit, have ſaid that the Travellers were all honeſt Topers, true Pitcher-men, and have judged, by a moſt ſure Prognoſtication, that their Voyage, both outward and homeward-bound, would be performed in Mirth and perfect Health.

In the *Thalamege*, where was the general Meeting, *Pantagruel* made a ſhort but ſweet Exhortation, wholly back'd with Authorities from Scripture, upon Navigation; which being ended, with an audible Voice Prayers were ſaid in the Preſence and Hearing of all the Burghers of *Thalaſſa*, who had flock'd to the Mole to ſee them take Shipping. After the Prayers, was melodiouſly ſung a *Pſalm* of the holy King *David*, which begins, (12) *When Iſrael went out of Ægypt*; and, that being ended, Tables were plac'd upon Deck, and a Feaſt ſpeedily ſerved up. The *Thalaſſians*, who had alſo borne a Chorus in the *Pſalm*, caus'd Store of Belly-timber and Vinegar to be brought out of their Houſes. All drank to them, they drank to all; which was the Cauſe that none of the whole Company gave up what they had eaten, nor were Sea-ſick, with a Pain at the Head and Stomach, which Inconveniency they could not ſo eaſily have prevented, by drinking, for ſome Time before, ſalt Water, either alone or mixt with Wine, uſing Quinces, Citron-peel, Juice of Pomegranates, ſouriſh Sweetmeats, faſting a long Time, covering their Stomachs with Paper; or following ſuch other idle Remedies as fooliſh Phyſicians preſcribe to thoſe that go to Sea.

Having often renewed their Tipplings, each Mother's Son retired on-board his own Ship, and ſet ſail all ſo faſt, with a merry Gale at South-Eaſt; to which Point of the Compaſs, the chief Pilot, *James Brayer* by Name, had ſhap'd his Courſe, and fix'd all Things accordingly. For,

(12) *When* Iſrael, &c.] In *Rabelais*'s Time, the *Pſalms* of *David* were ſung publicly at Court, being newly put into Rhime by *Marot*.

ſeeing

ſeeing that the Oracle of the *Holy Bottle* lay near *Catay*, in the upper *India*, his Advice, and that of *Xenomanes* alſo, was, not to ſteer the Courſe which *Portugueſe* uſe, while ſailing through the *Torrid Zone*, and Cape *Bona Speranza*, at the South Point of *Afric*, beyond the *Equinoctial Line*, and loſing Sight of the Northern Pole, their Guide, they make a prodigious long Voyage; but rather to keep as near the Parallel of the ſaid *India* as poſſible, and to tack to the Weſtward of the ſaid Pole, ſo that, winding under the North, they might find themſelves in the Latitude of the Port of *Olone*, without coming nearer it, for Fear of being ſhut up in the frozen Sea; whereas, following this canonical Turn by the ſaid Parallel, they muſt have that on the right, to the Eaſtward, which at their Departure was on their left.

This prov'd a much ſhorter Cut; for, without Shipwreck, Danger, or Loſs of Men, with uninterrupted good Weather, except one Day near the Iſland of the *Macroens*, they perform'd, in leſs than four Months, the Voyage of Upper *India*, which the *Portugueſe*, with a thouſand Inconveniences and innumerable Dangers, can hardly complete in three Years. And it is my Opinion, with Submiſſion to better Judgements, that this Courſe was perhaps ſteered by thoſe *Indians* who ſail'd to *Germany*, and were honourably received by the (13) King of the *Swedes*, while *Quintus Metellus Celer* was Proconſul of the *Gauls*, as *Corn. Nepos*, *Pomponius Mela*, and *Pliny* after them, tell us.

CHAP.

(13) *King of the* Swedes, &c.] Of the three Paſſages, concerning this Piece of Hiſtory, in as many ancient Authors, the firſt in Date is loſt, namely that of *Corn. Nepos*, whom *Pomp. Mela* has but copied, *l.* 3. *c.* 5. *de ſitu orbis.* Nay, even he, if his Commentator *Voſſius* may be credited, did not write *Suevorum* as the ancient Editions of *Pomp. Mela* have it. It was *Hermolaus Barbarus*, who, not taking ſufficient Heed to *Pliny*'s uſual Practice of ſubſtituting other Names in the Room of ſuch as don't ſuit his Humour, having found in ſome Manuſcripts *Botorum*, [I ſuppoſe M. *D. C.* means *Boiorum*,] did of his own Head change this Word into *Suevorum*, which he had found in *Pliny*'s Copy of this Place of *Pomp. Mela*. *Voſſius* therefore aſſerts, that *Corn. Nepos* neither ſaid *Suevorum* nor *Boiorum*, and builds this his Aſſertion upon his finding the Word to be *Bœtorum* in all the ancient *MSS* of *Pomp. Mela*, which he had conſulted. Now, he proves, by an ancient Inſcription,

CHAP. II.

How Pantagruel *bought many Rarities in the Iſland of* Medamothy.

THAT Day, and the two following, they neither diſcovered Land nor any Thing new; for they had formerly ſailed that Way; but on the fourth they made an Iſland called *Medamothy*, of a fine and delighful Proſpect, by Reaſon of the vaſt Number of Light-Houſes and high marble Towers in it's Circuit, which is not leſs than that of *Canada*. *Pantagruel*, enquiring who govern'd there, heard that it was King *Philophanes*, abſent at that Time upon Account of the Marriage of his Brother *Philotheamon* with the *Infanta* of the Kingdom of *Engys*.

Hearing this, he went aſhore in the Harbour, and, while every Ship's Crew water'd, paſs'd his Time in viewing divers Pictures, Pieces of Tap'ſtry, Animals, Fiſhes, Birds, and other exotic and foreign Merchandiſes, which were along the Walks of the Mole and in the Markets of the Port. For it was the third Day of the great and famous Fair of the Place, to which the chief Merchants of *Africa* and *Aſia* reſorted. Out of theſe Frier *John* bought him two rare Pictures, in one of which the Face of a Man that brings in an Appeal (or that calls out to another) was drawn to the Life, and,

Inſcription, that theſe *Bœti* were the *Bataves*, or *Hollanders*, call'd, ſays he, by Hiſtorians as well as old Monuments, ſometimes *Bati*, *Bœti*, *Bœtai*, and ſometimes *Badai*, and *Batavi*, from their Cantons, call'd *Betua* and *Battua*. But ſince, according to *Voſſius*, it were ſtill as ridiculous to affirm that real *Indians* could come by Sea from their Country either into *Bavaria* or into *Holland*, he takes theſe *Indians* of *Corn. Nepos* for People who had only the *Teint* and Colour of *Indians*, and, in his Opinion, were the Blanders of and from *Great Britain*, who, as reported by *Cæſar*, *l.* 5. and *Pliny*, *l.* 22. *c.* 1. being accuſtomed in thoſe Days to paint their whole Body with Wood, were taken for *Indians* by ſuch as knew Nothing of the ſaid Cuſtom. *Rabelais*, ſeeing the Manuſcripts to vary ſo much about the Names of the Nations among whom theſe pretended *Indians* landed, thought it more advifible to write *Swedes* than *Sweves*.

in

in the other, a Servant that wants a Maſter, with every needful Particular, Action, Countenance, Look, Gait, Feature, and Deportment, being an Original, by Maſter *Charles Charmois*, principal Painter to (1) King *Megiſtus*; and he paid for them in the Court Faſhion, (2) with *Congé* and *Grimace*. *Panurge* bought a large Picture, copied and done from the Needle-work formerly wrought by *Philomela*, ſhewing to her Siſter *Progne* how her Brother-in-Law *Tereus* had by Force hanſell'd her Copy-hold and then cut out her Tongue, that ſhe might not (as Women will) tell Tales. I vow and ſwear, by the Handle of my paper Lantern, that it was (3) a gallant, a mirific, nay a moſt admirable, Piece. Nor do you think, I pray you, that in it was the Picture of a Man playing the Beaſt with two Backs with a Female; this had been too ſilly and groſs; no, no; it was another-guiſe Thing, and much plainer. You may, if you pleaſe, ſee it at *Theleme* on the left Hand, as you go into the high Gallery. *Epiſtemon* bought another, wherein were painted, to the Life, the *Ideas* of *Plato* and the *Atoms* of *Epicurus*. *Rizotomus* purchaſed another wherein *Echo* was drawn to the Life. *Pantagruel* cauſed to be bought, by *Gymnaſt*, the Life and Deeds of *Achilles*, in ſeventy-eight Pieces of Tapeſtry, four Fathom long and three Fathom broad, all of *Phrygian* Silk, imboſs'd with Gold and Silver; the Work, beginning at the Nuptials of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, continuing to the Birth of *Achilles*; his Youth deſcribed by *Statius Papinius*; his warlike Atchievements celebrated by *Homer*; his Death and Exequies written by *Ovid* and *Quintus Calaber*; and ending at the Appearance of his Ghoſt, and *Polyxena*'s Sacrifice rehearſed by *Euripides*.

He alſo cauſed to be bought three fine young Unicorns; one of them a Male of a Cheſnut Colour, and

(1) *King* Megiſtus.] The K. of *France*, whom, in *ch.* 35. of *l.* 3. *Rabelais* calls *the Great King*, and whom he here repreſents under the Idea of the greateſt King in Chriſtendom.

(2) *With Congé*, &c.] *En Monnoye de Singe*. That is, in mumbling over (like a chattering Monkey) ſome Prayers on Behalf of the Merchant, who was ſatisfy'd with that Sort of Caſh.

(3) *A Gallant*, &c.] This puts one in Mind of that other Picture in *Tiberius*'s Cloſet, not unlike it both for the Subject and Artifice, mentioned by *Suetonius* and *Martial*.

two

two grey dappled Females; alſo a Tarand, whom he bought of a *Scythian* of the *Gelone*'s Country.

(4) A Tarand is an Animal as big as a Bullock, having a Head like a Stag, or a little bigger, two ſtately Horns with large Branches, cloven Feet, Hair long like that of a furr'd *Muſcovite*, I mean a Bear, and a Skin almoſt as hard as Steel Armour. The *Scythian* ſaid that there are but few Tarands to be found in *Scythia*, (5) becauſe it varieth its Colour according to the Diverſity of the Places where it grazes and abides, and repreſents the Colour of the Graſs, Plants, Trees, Shrubs, Flowers, Meadows, Rocks, and generally of all Things near which it comes. It hath this in common with the Seapulp, or (6) Polypus, with the Thoes, with the (7) Wolves of *India*, and with the Chamælion, which is a Kind of Lizard, ſo wonderful, that *Democritus* hath written (8) a whole Book of its Figure and Anatomy, as alſo of its Virtue and Propriety in Magic. This I can affirm, that I have ſeen it change its Colour, not only at the Approach of Things that have a Colour, but by its own voluntary Impulſe, according to its Fear or other Affections: As for Example, upon a green Carpet, I have ſeen it certainly become green; but, having remain'd there ſome Time, it turn'd yellow, blue, tann'd, and purple, in Courſe, in the ſame Manner as you ſee a Turkey-cock's Comb change Colour according to its Paſſions. But, what we find moſt ſurpriſing in this Tarand, is, that, not only its Face and Skin, but alſo its Hair, could take whatever Colour was about it. Near *Panurge*, with his Kerſy Coat, its Hair uſed to turn grey; near *Pantagruel*, with his Scarlet Mantle, its Hair and Skin grew red; near the *Pilot*, dreſs'd after the Faſhion of the *Iſides* of *Anubis* in *Ægypt*, its Hair ſeem'd all white; which two laſt Colours the (9) Chamælion can't borrow.

(4) *Tarand.*] See *Pliny*, l. 8. c. 34.

(5) *Becauſe*, &c.] I don't underſtand the Reaſonableneſs of this Reaſon; but 'tis a *Scythian* that ſpeaks.

(6) *Polypus.*] See *Pliny*, l. 9. c. 29.

(7) *Wolves.*] See *Pliny*, l. 8. ch. 34.

(8) *A whole Book*, &c.] See *Pliny*, l. 22. ch. 8.

(9) *Chamælion can't borrow.*] See *Plutarch* in his Treatiſe of natural Cauſes.

When

When the Creature was free from any Fear, or Affection, the Colour of its Hair was juſt ſuch as you ſee that of the Aſſes of *Meung*.

CHAP. III.

How Pantagruel *received a Letter from his Father* Gargantua, *and of the ſtrange Way to have ſpeedy News from far diſtant Places.*

WHILE *Pantagruel* was taken up with the Purchaſe of thoſe foreign Animals, the Noiſe of ten Guns and Culverins, together with a loud and joyful Cheer of all the Fleet, was heard from the Mole. *Pantagruel* look'd towards the Haven, and perceived that this was occaſioned by the Arrival of one of his Father *Gargantua*'s *Celoces*, or Advice-boats, named the *Chelidonia*, becauſe, on the Stern of it, was carv'd, in *Corinthian* Braſs, a Sea Swallow, which is a Fiſh as large as a Dare-fiſh of *Loire*, all Fleſh, without Scale, with cartilaginous Wings, (like a Bat's,) very long and broad, by the Means of which I have ſeen them fly a Fathom above Water about a Bow-ſhot. At *Marſeilles* this flying Fiſh is call'd *Lendole*. And indeed that Ship was as light as a Swallow; ſo that it rather ſeem'd to fly on the Sea than to ſail. *Malicorn*, *Gargantua*'s Eſquire-Carver, was come in her, being ſent expreſsly by his Maſter to have an Account of his Son's Health and Circumſtances, and to bring him Credentials. When *Malicorn* had ſaluted *Pantagruel*, and the Prince had embraced him about the Neck, and ſhew'd him a little of the Cap-courteſy, before he opened the Letters, the firſt Thing he ſaid unto him, was, have you here the (1) *Gozal*, the (2) heavenly Meſſenger? Yes, Sir, ſaid he, here

(1) Gozal.] *Hebrew* Word for a (ſitting) Pigeon.

(2) *Heavenly Meſſenger.*] This Piece of Ingenuity, or political Contrivance, was not unknown to the Ancients. See *Pliny*, l. 10. c. 24. and *Frontinus*, l. 3. but was moſt happily practiſed, in 1573, by the *Dutch*, when the *Spaniards* were beſieging *Haerlem*.

it is ſwaddled up in this Baſket. It was a grey Pigeon taken out of *Gargantua*'s Dove-houſe, whoſe young ones were juſt hatch'd when the Advice-boat was going off.

If any ill Fortune had befallen *Pantagruel* he would have faſtened ſome black Ribbon to its Feet; but, becauſe all Things had ſucceeded happily hitherto, having caus'd it to be undreſt, he ty'd to its Feet a white Ribbon, and, without any farther Delay, let it looſe. The Pigeon preſently flew away, cutting the Air with an incredible Speed, as you know that there is no Flight like a Pigeon's, eſpecially when it hath Eggs or young ones, through the extreme Care which Nature hath fix'd in it to relieve and be with its young; inſomuch that in leſs than two Hours it compaſs'd, in the Air, the long Tract which the Advice-Boat, with all her Diligence, with Oars, and Sails, and a fair Wind, could not go through in leſs than three Days and three Nights, and was ſeen as it was going into the Dove-houſe in its Neſt. Whereupon the worthy *Gargantua*, hearing that it had the white Ribbon on, was joyful and ſecure of his Son's Welfare. This was the Cuſtom of the noble *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*, when they would have ſpeedy News of Something of great Concern, as the Event of ſome Battle either by Sea or Land; the Surrendering or Holding-out of ſome ſtrong Place; the Determination of ſome Difference of Moment; the ſafe or unhappy Delivery of ſome Queen or great Lady; the Death or Recovery of their ſick Friends or Allies; and ſo forth. They uſed to take the *Gozal*, and had it carried from one to another, by the Poſt, to the Places whence they deſir'd to have News. The *Gozal* bearing either a black or white Ribbon, according to the Occurrences and Accidents, us'd to remove their Doubts at its Return, making, in the Space of one Hour, more Way through the Air, than thirty Poſt-boys could have done in one natural Day. May not this be ſaid to redeem and gain Time with a Vengeance, think you? For the like Service, therefore, you may believe, as a moſt true Thing, that, in the Dove-houſes of their Farms, there was to be found, all the Year long, Store of Pigeons hatching Eggs or rearing their young. Which may be eaſily done in *Aviaries*

ries and *Voleries* by the Help of *Salt-petre* and the ſacred Herb *Vervain*.

The *Gozal* being let fly, *Pantagruel* perus'd his Father *Gargantua*'s Letter, the Contents of which were as follow.

My deareſt Son,

THE Affection, that naturally a Father bears a beloved Son, is ſo much encreaſed in me, by reflecting on the particular Gifts, which, by the divine Goodneſs have been heaped on thee, that ſince thy Departure it hath often baniſhed all other Thoughts out of my Mind; leaving my Heart wholly poſſeſs'd with Fear, leſt ſome Misfortune has attended thy Voyage; for thou knoweſt that Fear was ever the Attendant of true and ſincere Love. Now becauſe (as Heſiod *ſaith)* A good Beginning of any Thing is the Half of it; *or,* Well begun's Half done, *according to the old Saying; to free my Mind from this Anxiety, I have expreſsly diſpatched* (3) Malicorn, *that he may give me a true Account of thy Health at the Beginning of thy Voyage. For, if it be good, and ſuch as I wiſh it, I ſhall eaſily foreſee the Reſt.*

I have met with ſome diverting Books, which the Bearer will deliver thee; thou mayeſt read them when thou wanteſt to unbend and eaſe thy Mind from thy better Studies: He will alſo give thee at large the News at Court. The Peace of the Lord be with thee. Remember me to Panurge, *Frier* John, Epiſtemon, Xenomanes, Gymnaſt, *and thy other principal Domeſtics, my good Friends.* Dated, at our Paternal Seat, the 13th Day of *June.*

Thy Father and Friend,

GARGANTUA.

(3) *Malicorn.*] There was one Sieur de *Malicorn*, &c. as appears by the Records of *Touraine* in 1559.

CHAP. IV.

How Pantagruel *wrote to his Father* Gargantua, *and ſent him ſeveral Curioſities.*

Pantagruel, having peruſed the Letter, had a long Conference with the Eſquire *Malicorn*, inſomuch that *Panurge*, at laſt interrupting them, aſk'd him, Pray, Sir, when do you deſign to drink? when ſhall we drink? When ſhall the worſhipful Eſquire drink? What a Devil have you not talk'd long enough to drink? 'Tis a good Motion, anſwered *Pantagruel*, go, get us Something ready at the next Inn; I think 'tis the *Satyr on Horſe-back*. In the mean Time he wrote to *Gargantua* as followeth, to be ſent by the aforeſaid Eſquire.

Moſt Gracious Father,

AS our Senſes and animal Faculties are more diſcompos'd at the News of Events unexpected, though deſir'd, (even to an immediate Diſſolution of the Soul from the Body,) than if thoſe Accidents had been foreſeen; ſo the coming of Malicorn *hath much ſurpriſed and diſordered me. For I had no Hopes to ſee any of your Servants, or to hear from you, before I had finiſh'd our Voyage, and contented myſelf with the dear Remembrance of your auguſt Majeſty, deeply impreſs'd in the hindmoſt Ventricle of my Brain, often repreſenting you to my Mind.*

But, ſince you have made me happy, beyond Expectation, by the Peruſal of your gracious Letter, and the Faith I have in your Eſquire hath reviv'd my Spirits by the News of your Welfare, I am, as it were, compell'd to do what formerly I did freely, that is, firſt to praiſe the bleſſed Redeemer, who, by his divine Goodneſs, preſerves you in this long Enjoyment of perfect Health; then to return you eternal Thanks for the fervent Affection which you have for me, your moſt humble Son and unprofitable Servant.

Formerly, a Roman, *named* Furnius, *ſaid to* Auguſtus, *who had received his Father into Favour, and pardoned him after he had ſided with* Anthony, *that by that Action*

on the Emperor had reduc'd him to this Extremity, That, for Want of Power to be grateful, both while he lived and after it, he ſhould be obliged to be tax'd with Ingratitude: *So I may ſay, That the Exceſs of your fatherly Affection drives me into ſuch a Strait, that I ſhall be forced to live and die ungrateful; unleſs that Crime be redreſs'd by the Sentence of the* Stoics, *who ſay*, That there are three Parts in a Benefit, the one of the Giver, the other of the Receiver, the third of the Remunerator; and that the Receiver rewards the Giver when he freely receives the Benefit and always remembers it; as, on the contrary, That Man is moſt ungrateful who deſpiſes and forgets a Benefit. *Therefore, being overwhelm'd with infinite Favours, all proceeding from your extreme Goodneſs, and on the other Side wholly uncapable of making the ſmalleſt Return, I hope at leaſt to free myſelf from the Imputation of Ingratitude, ſince they can never be blotted out of my Mind; and my Tongue ſhall never ceaſe to own, that to thank you as I ought tranſcends my Capacity.*

As for us, I have this Aſſurance in the Lord's Mercy and Help, that the End of our Voyage will be anſwerable to its Beginning, and ſo it will be entirely performed in Health and Mirth. I will not fail to ſet down in a Journal a full Account of our Navigation, that, at our Return, you may have an exact Relation of the whole.

I have found here a Scythian *Tarand, an Animal ſtrange and wonderful for the Variations of Colour on its Skin and Hair, according to the Diſtinction of neighbouring Things: It is as tractable and eaſily kept as a Lamb; be pleaſed to accept of it.*

I alſo ſend you three young Unicorns, which are the tameſt of Creatures.

I have conferr'd with the Eſquire, and taught him how they muſt be fed; theſe cannot graze on the Ground by Reaſon of the long Horn on their Forehead, but are forced to brouze on Fruit-Trees, or on proper Racks, or to be fed by Hand, with Herbs, Sheaves, Apples, Pears, Barley, Rye, and other Fruits, and Roots, being plac'd before them.

I am amazed that ancient Writers ſhould report them to be ſo wild, furious, and dangerous, and never ſeen a-

live; far from it, you will find that they are the mildeſt Things in the World, provided they are not maliciouſly offended. Likewiſe I ſend you the Life and Deeds of Achilles *in curious Tapeſtry; aſſuring you that whatever Rarities of Animals, Plants, Birds, or precious Stones, and others, I ſhall be able to find and purchaſe in our Travels, ſhall be brought to you, God willing, whom I beſeech, by his bleſſed Grace, to preſerve you.*

From Medamothy, *this* 15*th of* June. Panurge, *Frier* John, Epiſtemon, Xenomanes, Gymnaſt, Euſthenes, Rhizotomus, *and* Carpalim, *having moſt humbly kiſs'd your Hand, return your Salute a thouſand Times.*

Your moſt dutiful Son and Servant,

PANTAGRUEL.

While *Pantagruel* was writing this Letter, *Malicorn* was made welcome by all with a thouſand goodly Good-morrows and How-d'y's; they clung about him ſo, that I cannot tell you how much they made of him, how many humble Services, how many, *from my Love and to my Love*, were ſent with him. *Pantagruel*, having writ his Letters, ſat down at Table with him, and afterwards preſented him with a large Chain of Gold, weighing eight hundred Crowns; between whoſe ſeptenary Links, ſome large Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds, *Turky* Stones, and Unions, were alternatively ſet in. To each of his Bark's Crew he ordered to be given five hundred Crowns. To *Gargantua*, his Father, he ſent the Tarand covered with a Cloth of Sattin brocaded with Gold, and the Tapeſtry, containing the Life and Deeds of *Achilles*, with the three Unicorns in friz'd Cloth of Gold Trappings: And ſo they left *Medamothy*; *Malicorn*, to return to *Gargantua*; and *Pantagruel*, to proceed in his Voyage; during which, *Epiſtemon* read to him the Books which the Eſquire had brought; and, becauſe he found them jovial and pleaſant, I ſhall give you an Account of them, if you earneſtly deſire it.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

How Pantagruel *met a Ship with Paſſengers returning from* Lanternland.

ON the fifth Day we began already to wind, by little and little, about the *Pole*; going ſtill farther from the *equinoctial Line*, we diſcover'd a Merchantman to the Windward of us. The Joy for this was not ſmall on both Sides; we in Hopes to hear News from Sea, and thoſe in the Merchantman from Land. So we bore upon 'em, and, coming up with them, we hail'd them, and, finding them to be *French-men* of *Xaintonge*, back'd our Sails and lay-by to talk to them. *Pantagruel* heard that they came from *Lanternland*, which added to his Joy and that of the whole Fleet. We enquir'd about the State of that Country, and the Way of living of the *Lanterns*, and were told, that about the latter End of the following *July* was (1) the Time prefix'd for the meeting of the General Chapter of the *Lanterns*; and that if we arrived there at that Time, as we might eaſily, we ſhould ſee a handſome, honourable, and jolly, Company of *Lanterns*, and that great Preparations were making, as if they intended to *Lanterniſe* there to the Purpoſe. We were told alſo, that, if we touch'd at the great Kingdom of *Gebarim*, we ſhould be honourably received and treated by the Sovereign of that Country, King *Ohabe*, who, as well as all his Subjects, ſpeaks *Touraine French*.

(1) *The Time prefix'd.*] The Council of *Trent*, which, in Concert with the Emperor and Pope, at this Time continued ſitting in Spite of the Oppoſition made to it by the King of *France*. *Rabelais*, by the Word *Lanterns*, means the Prelates and Divines of that Aſſembly; becauſe, inſtead of enlightning the People, (as they would do if they anſwered the End of the Function,) they conſumed Abundance of Time in *lanterning*, as the *French* ſay, (*i. e.* trifling and playing the Fool,) and in no Wiſe heal'd or compos'd the Differences of Religion. *To lanternize profoundly*, as the Author a little lower ſays they wou'd do at this Council, means, to put one's ſelf into a deep Meditation, as the Monks do, when the Hood of their Habit, being brought over their Faces, looks like the Top of a Lantern.

While we were liſtening to this News, *Panurge* fell out with one *Dingdong*, a Drover, or Sheep-merchant, of *Taillebourg*. The Occaſion of the Fray was thus.

This ſame *Dingdong* ſeeing *Panurge* without a Cod-piece, with his Spectacles faſtened to his Cap, ſaid to one of his Comrades, prithee look, is not there here a fine Medal of a Cuckold? *Panurge*, by Reaſon of his Spectacles, as you may well think, heard more plainly by Half with his Ears than uſually; which cauſed him (hearing this) to ſay to the ſaucy Dealer in Mutton, in a Kind of a Pet:

How the Devil ſhould I be one of the hornified Fraternity, ſince I am not yet a Brother of the Marriage-Nooſe, as thou art, as I gueſs by thy ill-favour'd Phyz.

Yea verily, quoth the Graſier, I am married, and would not be otherwiſe for all the Pairs of Spectacles in *Europe*; nay, not for all the magnifying Gim-cracks in *Africa*; for I have got me the clevereſt, prettieſt, handſomeſt, propereſt, neateſt, tighteſt, honeſteſt, and ſobereſt, Piece of Woman's Fleſh for my Wife, that is in all the whole Country of *Xaintonge*, I'll ſay that for her, and a Fart for all the Reſt. I bring her home a fine eleven-inch-long Branch of Red Coral, *for her Chriſtmas-box*: What haſt thou to do with it? What's that to thee? Who art thou? Whence comeſt thou, O dark Lantern of Antichriſt? Anſwer if thou art of God? I aſk thee, *by the Way of Queſtion*, ſaid *Panurge* to him very ſeriouſly, if, with the Conſent and Countenance of all the Elements, I had gingumbob'd, codpiec'd, and (2) thumpthumpriggledtwiddl'd, thy ſo clever, ſo pretty, ſo handſome, ſo proper, ſo neat, ſo tight, ſo honeſt, and ſo ſober, female Importance, inſomuch that the ſtiff Deity that has no Forecaſt, *Priapus*, (who dwells here at Liberty, all Subjection of faſtened Codpieces, or Bolts, Bars, and Locks, abdicated,) remain'd ſticking in her natural *Chriſtmas-box* in ſuch a lamentable Manner that it were never to come out, but eternally ſhould ſtick there, unleſs thou didſt pull it out with thy Teeth,

(2) *Thump*, &c.] *Sacſabezevezinemaſſé*, in the Original. A Word not much ſhorter than *Naſtypatwardifacilowzifartical* Fellow, which we ſee quoted in the *Cambridge* Dictionary.

what

what wouldſt thou do? Wouldſt thou everlaſtingly leave it there, or wouldſt thou pluck it out with thy Grinders? anſwer me, O thou Ram of *Mahomet*, ſince thou art one of the Devil's Gang. I would, reply'd the Sheep-monger, take thee ſuch a woundy Cut on this Spectacle-bearing Lug of thine, with my truſty Bilbo, as would ſmite thee dead as a Herring. Thus, having taken Pepper in the Noſe, he was lugging out his Sword; but, alas! curs'd Cows have ſhort Horns, it ſtuck in the Scabbard; as you know that at Sea cold Iron will eaſily take Ruſt, by Reaſon of the exceſſive and nitrous Moiſtneſs, *Panurge*, ſo ſmitten with Terror, that his Heart ſunk down to his Midriff, ſcower'd off to *Pantagruel* for Help: But Frier *John* laid Hand on his flaſhing Scymitar that was (3) new-ground, and would certainly have diſpatch'd *Dingdong* to Rights, had not the Skipper and ſome of his Paſſengers beſeech'd *Pantagruel* not to ſuffer ſuch an Outrage to be committed on-board his Ship. So the Matter was made up, and *Panurge* and his Antagoniſt ſhook Fiſts, and drank in Courſe to one another, in Token of a perfect Reconciliation.

CHAP. VI.

How, the Fray being over, Panurge *cheapened one of* Dingdong's *Sheep.*

THIS Quarrel being huſh'd, *Panurge* tipp'd the Wink upon *Epiſtemon* and Frier *John*, and, taking them aſide, Stand at ſome Diſtance out of the Way, ſaid he, and take your Share of the following Scene of Mirth; you ſhall have rare Sport anon, if my Cake ben't Dough, and my Plot do but take. Then, addreſſing himſelf to the Drover, he took off to him a Bumper of good (1) *Lantern* Wine. The other pledg'd him briſkly

(3) *New-ground.*] Frier *John* had got it new-ground, upon *Panurge*'s telling him, (l. 3. c. 23.) that, for Wan of Occupation, it was become more ruſty than the Key-hole of an old Powdering-Tub.

(1) Lantern *Wine.*] Excellent Wine, Wine *theological.*

briſkly and courteouſly. This done, *Panurge* earneſtly entreated him to ſell him one of his Sheep.

But the other anſwered him; Is it come to that, Friend and Neighbour, would you put Tricks upon Travellers? Alas, how finely you love to play upon poor Folk! Nay, you ſeem a rare Chapman, that's the Truth on't. Oh what a mighty Sheep-merchant you are! In good Faith you look liker one of the diving Trade than a Buyer of Sheep. Adzookers, what a Bleſſing it would be to have one's Purſe well lin'd with Chink near your Worſhip at a Tripe-houſe (2) when it begins to thaw! Humph, humph, did not we know you well, you might ſerve one a ſlippery Trick! Pray do but ſee, good People, what a mighty Conjurer the Fellow would be reckon'd. Patience, ſaid *Panurge*; but, waving that, be ſo kind as to ſell me one of your Sheep; come, how much? What do you mean, Maſter of mine, anſwered the other? They are long-wool Sheep, from theſe did *Jaſon* take his *Golden Fleece*. The Order of the Houſe of *Burgundy* was drawn from them. Zwoons, Man, they are Oriental Sheep, topping Sheep, fatted Sheep, Sheep of Quality. Be it ſo, ſaid *Panurge*; but ſell me one of them, I beſeech you, and that for a Cauſe, paying you ready Money upon the Nail, in good and lawful Occidental current Caſh; wilt ſay how much? Friend, Neighbour, anſwered the Seller of the Mutton, hark'e me a little on the Ear.

Panurge. On which Side you pleaſe; I hear you.
Dingdong. You are going to *Lantern-land*, they ſay.
Panurge. Yea, verily.
Ding. To ſee Faſhions?
Panurge. Yea, verily.
Ding. And be merry?
Panurge. Yea, verily.
Ding. Your Name is, as I take it, *Robin Mutton?*
Panurge. As you pleaſe for that, ſweet Sir.
Ding. Nay, without Offence.

(2) *When it begins to thaw.*] In a *Thaw*, when Tripe may be had almoſt for Nothing, it would not be over-ſafe to be near you in a Crowd of poor People ſtriving to buy that Sort of Mouth-Ammunition. An honeſt Man's Purſe wou'd ſtand a bad Chance in Company of ſuch an odd ill-looking Sort of a Chap as you.

Panurge.

Panurge. (3) So I underſtand it.

Ding. You are, as I take it, the King's Jeſter, are n't you?

Panurge. Yea, verily.

Ding. Give me your Hand.—Humph, humph, you go to ſee Faſhions, you are the King's Jeſter, your Name is (4) *Robin Mutton?* Do you ſee this ſame Ram? His Name too is *Robin.* Here *Robin, Robin, Robin?* Baea, Baea, Baea. Hath he not a rare Voice?

Panurge. Ay, marry has he, a very fine and harmonious Voice.

Ding. Well, this Bargain ſhall be made between you and me, Friend and Neighbour; we will get a Pair of Scales; then you *Robin Mutton* ſhall be put into one of them, and *Tup Robin* into the other. Now, I'll hold you a Peck of *Buſch Oiſters*, that, in Weight, Value, and Price, he ſhall outdo you, and you ſhall be found light in the very numerical Manner as when you ſhall be hang'd and ſuſpended.

Patience, ſaid *Panurge*; but you would do much for me, and your whole Poſterity, if you would chaffer with me for him or ſome other of his Inferiors. I beg it of you; good your Worſhip, be ſo kind. Hark'e, Friend of mine, anſwered the other, with the Fleece of theſe your fine *Roan* Cloth is to be made, your *Lemſter* ſuperfine Wool is mine Arſe to't; mere Flock in Compariſon: Of their Skins the beſt *Cordivant* will be made, which ſhall be ſold for *Turky* and *Montelimart*,

(3) *So I underſtand it.*] The firſt Edition of the 2d Book of *Rabelais* contained Nothing injurious againſt *Calvin*; but *Calvin*, in the firſt of his Letters, in the Year 1553, having rank'd *Pantagruel* among obſcene and prohibited Books, the Reader has already ſeen how in his Turn *Rabelais* delineates *Calvin* under the Names of *Predeſtinator* and *Impoſtor*, in the Preface to the laſt Editions of the ſaid 2d Book. Here, from Scurrility he paſſes to Raillery, and, when he brings in *Panurge* anſwering *Dingdong* by *ſo I underſtand it*, and, by four *Yea verilys* running, it is viſible he ridicules the too frequent Uſe of thoſe Words in *Calvin*'s Catechiſm.

(4) Robin Mutton.] To call any one *un plaiſant Robin* is as much as to call him Simpleton, becauſe a Sheep is counted the ſilliеſt of all Quadruped. As for *Robin*, in the Signification of *Mutton*, that Word may come from *Rupinus*; for Sheep muſt have Heads as hard as a Rock (*Rupes*) to puſh at one another as they do.

or for *Spaniſh* Leather at leaſt. Of the Guts ſhall be made Fiddle and Harp Strings, that will ſell as dear as if they came from (5) *Munican* or *Aquileia*. What do you think on't, hah? If you pleaſe, ſell me one of them, ſaid *Panurge*, and (6) I will be yours for ever. Look, here's ready Caſh. What's the Price? This he ſaid, exhibiting his Purſe ſtuffed with new *Henricus*'s.

CHAP. VII.

Which if you read, you'll find how Panurge *bargain'd with* Dingdong.

NEighbour, my Friend, anſwer'd *Dingdong*, they are Meat for none but Kings and Princes; their Fleſh is ſo delicate, ſo ſavoury, and ſo dainty, that one would ſwear it melted in the Mouth. I bring them out of a Country where the very Hogs, God be with us! live on Nothing but Myrobalans. The Sows in their Sties when they ly-in (ſaving the Honour of this good Company) are fed only with Orange-Flowers. But, ſaid *Panurge*, (1) drive a Bargain with me for one of them,

(5) Munican.] Some may underſtand, by this, the City of *Municken*, the Capital of *Bavaria*; but I rather think the Author had in his Eye *Munaco* in *Liguria*; the beſt Lute-ſtrings coming from *Italy*.

(6) *And I will be yours for ever.*] It is, in the Original, *J'en ſeray bien fort tenu au courrail de voſtre huys.* I ſhall be ſo much oblig'd to you, that for the Time to come you ſhall do with me juſt what you pleaſe, even as if I were for ever faſtened to the *Bolt* of your *Door*, and conſequently muſt move forwards or backwards according to the Action of your Hand upon me. So far M. *D. Chat.* Now hear what M. *Miege* ſays, under the Word *Verrou*, a Bolt for a Door. *Baiſer le Verrou*, i. e. *rendre Homage, to kiſs the Bolt, or to do Homage.* Formerly, when a Vaſſal did Homage to his Lord, either the Lord was preſent or abſent. If preſent, the Vaſſal kiſs'd him on the Mouth, in Caſe the Vaſſal was a Gentleman born; otherwiſe he only kiſs'd his Hands. But, if the Lord were not preſent, the Vaſſal kiſs'd the *Bolt* of the *Door: Courrail de Huys*. Old *French* Words; from the laſt of which our Word *Uſher* comes; i. e. *Door-keeper*.

(1) *Drive a Bargain*, &c.] This is all taken from *Merlinus Coccaius*, Macaronic XI, at the Beginning:

Fraudiſer

them, and I will pay you for't like a King, upon the honeſt Word of a true *Trojan*: Come, come, what do you aſk? Not ſo faſt, *Robin*, anſwer'd the Trader, theſe Sheep are lineally deſcended from the very Family of the Ram that waſted *Phryxus* and *Helle* over the Sea, ſince called the *Helleſpont*. A Pox on't, ſaid *Panurge*, you are (2) *Clericus, vel addiſcens! Itâ* is a Cabbage, and *Verè* a Leek, anſwered the Merchant. But (3) *rr*, *rrr*, *rrrr*, *rrrrr*, hoh *Robin*, *rr*, *rrrrrrr*, you don't underſtand that Gibberiſh, do you? Now I think on't, over all the Fields, where they piſs, Corn grows as faſt as if the Lord had piſs'd there; they need neither be till'd or dung'd. Beſides, Man, your Chemiſts extract the beſt Salpetre in the World out of their Urine: Nay, with their very Dung (with Reverence be it ſpoken) the Doctors in our Country make Pills that cure ſeventy-eight Kinds of Diſeaſes, the leaſt of which is the Evil of St. *Eutropius* of *Xaintes*, from which, good Lord, deliver us! Now what do you think on't, Neighbour, my Friend? The Truth is, they coſt me Money, that they do. Coſt what they will, cry'd *Panurge*, trade with me for one of them, paying you well. Our Friend, quoth the quack-like Sheep-man, do but mind the Wonders of Nature that are found in thoſe Animals, even in a Member which one would think were of no Uſe. Take me but theſe Horns, and bray them a little with an Iron Peſtle, or with an Andiron, which you pleaſe, 'tis all one to me; then bury them wherever you will, provided it be where the Sun may ſhine, and water them frequently; in a few Months I'll engage you will have the beſt (4) Aſparagus in the World, not even ex-

Fraudifer ergo loquit paſtorem Cingar ad unum:
Vis, Compagne, mihi caſtorem vendere groſſum?

(2) Clericus, vel addiſcens.] You know ſo many Things, that, if you are not a Clerk, you are at leaſt aſpiring to be one.

(3) Rr, rrr, &c.] The canine Voice of a Shepherd, or Drover, getting together, or putting forward, a Flock of Sheep; *r, litera, quæ in rixando prima eſt, canina vocatur*, ſays *Eraſmus*. See his Adages, at the Word, *Canina facundia*.

(4) *The beſt Aſparagus in the World.*] See *Pliny*, l. 19. c. 8.

cepting

cepting (5) thoſe of *Ravenna*. Now, come and tell me whether the Horns of you other Knights of the Bull's Feather have ſuch a Virtue and wonderful Propriety?

Patience, ſaid *Panurge*. I don't know whether you be a Scholar or not, purſued *Dingdong*; I have ſeen a World of Scholars, I ſay great Scholars, that were Cuckolds, I'll aſſure you. But, hark you me, if you were a Scholar, you ſhould know that, in the moſt inferior Members of thoſe Animals, (which are the Feet,) there is a Bone, (which is the Heel,) the *Aſtragalus*, if you will have it ſo, wherewith, and with that of no other Creature breathing except the *Indian* Aſs and the Dorcades of *Libya*, they us'd in old Times to play at the Royal Game of Dice, whereat (6) *Auguſtus* the Emperor won above fifty Thouſand Crowns one Evening. Now ſuch Cuckolds as you will be hang'd e'er you get Half ſo much at it. Patience, ſaid *Panurge*; but let us diſpatch. And when, my Friend and Neighbour, continu'd the canting Sheep-ſeller, ſhall I have duly prais'd the inward Members, the Shoulders, the Legs, the Knuckles, the Neck, the Breaſt, the Liver, the Spleen, the Tripes, the Kidneys, the Bladder, wherewith they make Foot-balls; the Ribs, which ſerve in *Pigmy-land* to make little Croſs-bows to pelt the Cranes with Cherry-ſtones; the Head, which with a little Brimſtone ſerves to make a miraculous Decoction to looſen and eaſe the Belly of coſtive Dogs! A Turd on't, ſaid the Skipper to his preaching Paſſenger, what a Fiddle-faddle have we here? There is too long a Lecture by Half; ſell him one if thou wilt; if thou won't, don't let the Man loſe more Time. I hate a gibble-gabble and a rimble-ramble Talk, I am for a Man of Brevity. I will, for your Sake, replied the Holder-forth; but then he ſhall give me three Livres, French Money, for each, pick and chooſe. 'Tis a woundy Price, cried *Panurge*; in our Country I could have five, nay ſix, for the Money; ſee that you do not over-reach me, Maſter. You are not

(5) *Thoſe of* Ravenna.] *Martial*, Epigr. 1. l. 23.
Mollis in æquorea quæ crevit ſpina Ravenna,
Non erit incultis gratior aſparagis.

(6) Auguſtus.] See *Suetonius*, ch. 71. of the Life of *Auguſtus*.

the

the firſt Man whom I have known to have fallen, even ſometime to the indangering, if not breaking, of his own Neck, for endeavouring to riſe all at once. A Murrain ſeize thee for a blockheaded Booby, cried the angry Seller of Sheep; (7) by the worthy Vow of our Lady of *Charroux*, the worſt in this Flock is four Times better than thoſe which in the Days of Yore the (8) *Coraxians* in *Tuditania*, a Country of *Spain*, uſed to ſell for a Gold Talent each; and how much doeſt thou think, thou Hybernian Fool, that a Talent of Gold was worth? Sweet Sir, (9) you fall into a Paſſion, I ſee, returned *Panurge*: Well, hold, here is your Money. *Panurge*, having paid his Money, choſe him out

(7) *By the worthy Vow of our Lady of* Charroux.] *Rabelais*'s Words are, *Par le digne Vœu de Charroux*, i. e. *By the worthy Vow of* Charroux; M. *M——x* has added *our Lady*. *Rabelais* makes no Mention of our Lady; neither was that Relic the Image of our Lady, or of any other Female, but of a very large Man: None of the female Sex were ſuffered to come near it. See more of it, among the Notes on *Chapter* V. *&c.* in the Beginning of this Volume. There the Reader will find a large Account of it, tranſlated by M. *M——x* from the Dutch Scholiaſt, which ſaves me the Trouble of doing it. I ſhall only add what he has omitted, *viz. That* Charroux *is a little Town in the* Upper Poictou, *on the Confines of* la Marche *and the* Limoſin, *which was in great Renown on Account of certain Reliques kept in the Monaſtery of the Abby, ſituated in the Heart of the City, built by* Charlemagne, *as the Monks allege*. It may be worth the Reader's While to return back to that Note of M. *M——x*'s. Only I muſt caution him, that what M. *M——x* tranſlates *Shrine*, ſhould be *Statue*, and it was that which the Men and Boys uſed to kiſs, not the Shrine; *la Statue*, not *la Chaſſe*, in the *French*.

(8) *Coraxians* in *Tuditania*.] *Rabelais* does indeed expreſs himſelf exactly as it is tranſlated, which would make one believe the *Coraxians* were a People of *Tuditania*. They were far from being ſo: *Tuditania* is *Andaluſia*. The *Coraxians* were a People of *Colchis*. It was a troubleſome, expenſive, and difficult Thing to carry Sheep from *Colchis* to *Andaluſia* (from one End of the *Mediterranean* to the other.) This was what made the *Coraxian* Sheep ſell ſo dear among the *Andaluſians*, who, beſides, abounding with Gold as they did, ſtuck at no Price, and valued no Money, ſo they could but furniſh themſelves with a Breed of ſuch Sheep. See *Strabo*'s *Geogr.* l. 3.

(9) *You fall into a Paſſion*.] *Vous vous eſchauffez en voſtre harnois. You heat yourſelf in your Armour*. An old Proverb borrowed from Tilts and Tournaments.

of

of all the Flock a fine topping Ram, and, as he was hauling it along crying out and bleating, all the Reſt, hearing and bleating in Concert, ſtared to ſee whither their Brother-Ram ſhould be carried. In the mean While the Drover was ſaying to his Shepherds: Ah! how well the Knave could chooſe him out a Ram, the Whoreſon has Skill in Cattle; on my honeſt Word, I reſerv'd that very Piece of Fleſh for the Lord of (10) *Cancale*, well knowing his Diſpoſition; for the good Man naturally is overjoyed when he holds a good-ſized handſome Shoulder of Mutton, inſtead of a left-handed Racket, in one Hand, with a good ſharp Carver in the other: God wots how he beſtirs himſelf then!

CHAP. VIII.

How Panurge *cauſed* Dingdong *and his Sheep to be drowned in the Sea.*

ON a ſudden, you would wonder how the Thing was ſo ſoon done; for my Part I can't tell you, for I had not Leiſure to mind it; our Friend *Panurge*, without any farther Tittle-tattle, throws you his Ram over-board into the Middle of the Sea, bleating and making a ſad Noiſe. Upon this all the other Sheep in the Ship, crying and bleating in the ſame Tone, made all the Haſte they could to leap nimbly into the Sea one after another, and great was the Throng who ſhould leap in firſt after their Leader. It was impoſſible to hinder them; for you know that it is the Nature of Sheep always to follow the firſt, whereſoever it goes; which makes *Ariſtotle*, *lib.* 9. *de hiſt. animal.* mark them for the moſt ſilly and fooliſh Animals in the World. *Dingdong* at his Wit's End, and ſtark ſtaring mad like a Man who ſaw his Sheep deſtroy and drown themſelves before his Face, ſtrove to hinder and keep

(10) Cancale.] Read *Candale*. There is indeed a Sea-port Town of that Name in the Sea of *Bretagne*, not far from St. *Malo*: But that's not meant here.

them

them back with Might and Main, but all in vain; they all one after t'other friſked and jumped into the Sea, and were loſt: At laſt he laid hold on a huge ſturdy one by the Fleece, upon the Deck of the Ship, hoping to keep it back, and ſo to ſave that and the Reſt; but the Ram was ſo ſtrong that it proved too hard for him, and carried its Maſter into the Herring-Pond, in Spite of his Teeth; where 'tis ſuppoſed he drank ſomewhat more than his Fill; ſo that he was drowned, in the ſame Manner as one-ey'd *Polyphemus's* Sheep, carried out of the Den by *Ulyſſes* and his Companions: The like happened to the Shepherds and all their Gang, ſome laying Hold on their beloved Tup, this by the Horns, t'other by the Legs, a third by the Rump, and others by the Fleece; till, in Time, they were all of them forced to Sea, and drowned like ſo many Rats. *Panurge*, on the Gunwal of the Ship with an Oar in his Hand, not to help them, you may ſwear, but to keep them from ſwimming to the Ship, and ſaving themſelves from drowning, preached and canted to them all the While like any little Frier *Maillard*, or another Frier *John Burgeſs*, laying before them rhetorical Common places, concerning the Miſeries of this Life and the Bleſſings and Felicity of the next; aſſuring them that the Dead were much happier than the Living in this Vale of Miſery, and promiſing to erect a ſtately Cenotaph and honorary Tomb to every one of them, on the higheſt Summit of Mount *Cenis*, at his Return from *Lantern* Land; wiſhing them, nevertheleſs, in Caſe they were not yet diſpoſed to ſhake Hands with this Life, and did not like their ſalt Liquor, they might have the good Luck to meet with ſome kind Whale, which might ſet them aſhore ſafe and ſound, on ſome bleſſed Land of *Gotham*, (1) after a famous Example.

The Ship being cleared of *Dingdong* and his Tups: Is there ever another (2) ſheepiſh Soul left lurking on-

(1) *After a famous Example.*] *A l'Exemple de Jonas*, ſays *Rabelais*, which I think is leſs ſhocking.

(2) *Sheepiſh Soul.*] *Ame mouttoniere*; alluding to thoſe, who, like true Sheep, are incapable of determining upon any Thing of themſelves. According to that of *Juvenal*,

Vervecum in patria, craſſoque ſub aëre naſci.

board?

board? cried *Panurge:* Where are thoſe of *Toby Lamb*, and *Robin Ram*, that ſleep whilſt the Reſt are a feeding? Faith, I can't tell myſelf. This was an old Coaſter's Trick: What thinkeſt thou of it, Frier *John*, ha? Rarely performed, anſwered Frier *John*; only methinks that, as formerly in War, on the Day of Battle, a double Pay was commonly promiſed the Soldiers for that Day; for, if they overcame, there was enough to pay them; and, if they loſt, it would have been ſhameful of them to demand it, as the cowardly (3) *Foreſters* did after the Battle of *Cerizoles:* Likewiſe, my Friend, you ought not to have paid your Man, and the Money had been ſaved. A Fart for the Money, ſaid *Panurge*, have I not had above fifty Thouſand Pounds Worth of Sport? Come now, let's begone, the Wind is fair; hark you me, my Friend *John*, never did Man do me a good Turn but I returned, or at leaſt acknowledged it: No, I ſcorn to be ungrateful, I never was, nor ever will be: Never did Man do me an ill one without ruing the Day that he did it, either in this World or the next. I am not yet ſo much a Fool neither. Thou damneſt thyſelf like an old Devil, quoth Frier *John*; it is written *Mihi vindictam*, &c. Matter of Breviary, mark ye me; (4) *that's holy Stuff.*

(3) *Cowardly* Foreſters.] *Les fuyars gruyers*, in the Original. M. *M——x*, in the Explanation of this Word, follows *Cotgrave*, who ſays *Gruyer* is a general Name for all the King's Officers belonging to a Foreſt, as Keepers, Verdurers, Woodwards, and the like. But that it can't mean ſo here is plain to a Demonſtration. *Gruyers*, ſays M. *D. Chat*, were Soldiers raiſed and levied for *Swiſſers* in the County of *Gruyere*, ſituated between *Berne* and the City of *Sion*, hard by Lauſane and the Lake of Geneva. See *Paulus Jovius*, Hiſt. l. 44. There were ſome of thoſe *Gruyers* in the *French* Army at the Battle of *Cerizol*, and as their Bravery was no leſs depended upon than that of the *Swiſſers* themſelves, they were poſted promiſcuouſly among the true *Swiſſers* in the Rear: But they turn'd Tail at the very firſt Onſet, which gave Occaſion to *Martin Bellay* to ſay, *That it was a very difficult Thing to diſguiſe an Aſs like a War-horſe.* See his Mem. in the Year 1543.

(4) That's holy Stuff.] A frequent Additlon of Mr. *M——x.*

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

How Pantagruel *arrived at the Iſland of* Ennaſin, *and of the ſtrange Ways of being akin in that Country.*

WE had ſtill the Wind at South-South-Weſt, and had been a whole Day without making Land. On the third Day, at the (1) Flies Up-riſing, [*which, you know, is ſome two or three Hours after the Sun's,*] we got Sight of a triangular Iſland, very much like *Sicily* for its Form and Situation. It was called the Iſland of *Alliances*.

The People there, are much like your (2) Carrot-pated *Poitevins*, ſave only that all of them, Men, Women, and Children, have their Noſes ſhaped like an Ace of Clubs. For that Reaſon the ancient Name of

(1) *The Flies Up-riſing.*] The Words in Italic, and between theſe Marks [ ], are not in *Rabelais*, who only ſays *à l' aulbe des mouſches*. This Expreſſion, according to *Cotgrave*, does indeed ſignify *ſome two or three Hours after Sun-riſe; or when the Sun begins to be hot.* But M. *D. Chat* ſays *l' aulbe des mouſches* means *the Evening*, not the Morning. Her refers to Oudin's Ital. and Fr. Dict. at the Word: *Alba de Tafani.* The *aube*, or *point*, of Day is when the Sun begins to *point (poindre,)* [*prick his Rays* through the Dark, I ſuppoſe:] Thus the *aube*, or Up-riſing, of the Flies is properly the Time when the Flies begin to *prick* and make us feel them, *poindre.*

(2) *Carrot-pated* Poitevins.] *Poitevins rouges.* That this does not mean *Carrot-pated*, but rather *Carrot-faced*, if any Thing, is plain from M. *D. Chat*'s Note. The People of *Poictou* have been, for a long Time, call'd *red Poitevins.* The Reaſon whereof, according to the Annaliſt, *John Bouchet*, l. 2. c. 2. is, that, in Imitation of the ancient *Scythians*, from whom they are ſaid to be deſcended, gorging themſelves with human Blood, they had generally their Faces all over red as Blood. *John de la Haie*, or the ſuppoſed Author of the Antiquities of *Poictou*, grants that the Inhabitants of *Poictou* are called *red Poictevins*, but he aſſerts that they were only called ſo, becauſe, being by Nature addicted to War, they not only painted their Bucklers red, but their Faces likewiſe of that Colour. For my Part, I ſhould rather think that the *Poictevins*, though, by the bye, they are no Enemies to a Glaſs of good Wine, have had this Appellation given them purely on Account of an ancient Piece of Money called *Poictevine*, which was coined at *Poictiers*, and which conſiſting of a very little Silver, mixt with a great Deal of *red* Copper, the latter uſed to diſcover itſelf upon being ever ſo little handled.

the

the Country was (3) *Ennaſin*. They were all akin, as the Mayor of the Place told us, at leaſt they boaſted ſo.

You, People of the other World, eſteem it a wonderful Thing, that, out of the Family of the (4) *Fabii* at *Rome*, on a certain Day, which was the 13th of *February*, at a certain Gate, which was the *Porta Carmentalis*, ſince named *Scelerata*, formerly ſituated at the Foot of the *Capitol*, between the *Tarpeian Rock* and the *Tiber*, marched out, againſt the *Veientes* of *Etruria*, three hundred and ſix Men bearing Arms, all related to each other, with five Thouſand other Soldiers, every one of them their Vaſſals, who were all ſlain near the River *Cremera* that comes out of the Lake of *Beccano*. Now, from this ſame Country of *Ennaſin*, in Caſe of Need, above three hundred Thouſand, all Relations, and of one Family, might march out. Their Degrees of Conſanguinity and Alliance are very ſtrange; for, being thus akin and allied to one another, we found that none was either Father or Mother, Brother or Siſter, Uncle or Aunt, Nephew or Niece, Son-in-Law or Daughter-in-Law, God-Father or God-Mother, to the other, unleſs, truly, a tall flat-noſed old Fellow, who, as I perceived, called a little ſhitten-ars'd Girl, of three or four Years old, Father, and the Child called him Daughter.

Their Diſtinction of Degrees of Kindred was thus; a Man uſed to call a Woman my (5) *Lean-bit*; the Woman called him my *Porpus*. Thoſe, ſaid Frier *John*, muſt needs ſtink damnably of Fiſh, when they have rubbed their Bacon one with the other. One, ſmiling on a young buxom Baggage, ſaid, good Morrow dear

(3) Ennaſin.] Noſeleſs or Flat-noſed. At *Metz*, *Ennaſe* ſignifies *Enchiffrené*, becauſe thoſe who have flat Noſes ſpeak through the Noſe, or rather ſnuffle as if they had no Noſe. *Enchiffrené* generally means *One whoſe Noſe is ſtopt with a Rheum*; one that hath the Mur, or Poſe.

(4) Fabii.] See *Aulus Gellius*, l. 17. c. 21.

(5) Lean-bit.] There's a Fiſh called by the *French*, by Way of Antiphraſis, *Maigre*, [*Lean-bit.*] It is a Sea-fiſh as well as the Porpus, as this laſt is vulgarly written; tho' *Porc-piſce* is known to be the true Spelling; it being a Sort of a *Hog-fiſh*, or *Sea-hog*. *Rabelais* here quibbles upon the two Words. I take the *Maigre* to be a Sort of *Halibut*. *Cotgrave* gives a large and curious Account of the *Maigre*, and its Properties in Phyſic. Which ſee.

Curry-

Curry-Comb: She, to return him his Civility, ſaid, the, like to you, my *Steed*. Hah! hah! hah! ſaid *Panurge*, that's pretty well i'faith, for indeed it ſtands her in good Stead to curry-comb this Steed. Another greeted his Buttock with a *Farewel, my Caſe:* She replied, adieu *Trial*. By St. *Winifrid*'s Placket, cried *Gymnaſt*, this Caſe has been often tried. Another aſked a ſhe Friend of his, how is't, *Hatchet?* She anſwered him, at your Service, dear *Helve*. Odds Belly, ſaith *Carpalim*, this Helve and this Hatchet are well match'd. As we went on, I ſaw one who, calling his She-Relation, ſtyled her my *Cram*, and ſhe called him my *Cruſt*.

Quoth one, to a briſk, plump, juicy, Female, I am glad to ſee you, dear *Tap:* So am I to find you ſo merry, ſweet *Spiggot*, replied ſhe. One call'd a Wench his *Shovel*, ſhe call'd him her *Peal*; one nam'd his, my *Slipper*, and ſhe him, my *Foot:* Another my *Boot*, ſhe my (6) *Shaſoon*.

In the ſame Degree of Kindred, one call'd his my *Butter*, ſhe call'd him, my *Eggs*, and they were akin juſt like a Diſh of butter'd Eggs. I heard one call his, my *Tripe*, and ſhe him, my *Faggot*. Now I could not, for the Heart's Blood of me, pick out or diſcover what Parentage, Alliance, Affinity, or Conſanguinity, was between them, with Reference to our Cuſtom, only they told us, that ſhe was Faggot's Tripe. [*Tripe de Faggot*, means the ſmalleſt Sticks in a Faggot.] Another, complimenting his Convenient, ſaid, yours, my *Shell*; ſhe replied, I was yours before, ſweet *Oiſter*. I reckon, ſaid *Carpalim*, ſhe hath gutted his Oiſter. Another long-ſhanked ugly Rogue, mounted on a Pair of high-heeled wooden Slippers, meeting a ſtrapping, fuſty, ſquabbed, Dowdy, ſays he to her, how'ſt, my *Top?* She was ſhort upon him, and arrogantly replied, never the better for

(6) *Eſtivallet.*] A Buſkin or Summer-Boot, called ſo from the *High-Dutch*, *Stiefel*, or rather the *Latin*, *Æſtivale*, becauſe uſed in Summer (*Æſtas*). *Æſtivalia ſunt ocreæ, ſeu calceamenta, de corio: Quibus etiam aliqui utuntur in æſtate*, ſays an ancient Law-Dictionary, printed at *Paris* 1538. If any Body has a Mind to know where this Sort of Boots was beſt made in Days of Yore, the ſaid Dictionary tells ye, *fiunt optima (æſtivalia) apud S. Severinum*, a little Town in the March of *Ancona*.

you,

you, my *Whip*. (7) By St. *Anthony*'s Hog, ſaid *Xenomenes*, I believe ſo, for how can this Whip be ſufficient to laſh this Top?

A College-Profeſſor, well provided with Cod, and powdered and prinked up, having a while diſcourſed with a great Lady, taking his Leave with theſe Words, thank you, *Sweet-Meat*; ſhe cried there needs no Thanks, *Sour-Sauce*. Saith *Pantagruel*, this is not altogether incongruous, for ſweet Meat muſt have ſour Sauce. A wooden Loggerhead ſaid to a young Wench, 'tis long ſince I ſaw you, *Bag*; all the better cry'd ſhe, *Pipe*. Set them together, ſaid *Panurge*, then blow in their Arſes, 'twill be a Bag-Pipe. We ſaw, after that, a diminutive hump-backed Gallant, pretty near us, taking Leave of a ſhe Relation of his, thus, Fare thee well, Friend *Hole*; ſhe repartee'd, ſave thee, Friend *Peg*. Quoth Frier *John*, what could they ſay more were he all Peg and ſhe all Hole? But now would I give Something to know if every Cranny of the Hole can be ſtopp'd up with that ſame Peg.

A bawdy Batchelor, talking with an old Trout, was ſaying, Remember, (8) *ruſty Gun*; I won't fail, ſaid ſhe, (9) *Scowerer*. Do you reckon theſe two to be akin, ſaid *Pantagruel* to the Mayor? I rather take them to be Foes; in our Country a Woman would take this as a mortal Affront. Good People of t'other World, re-

(7) *By St.* Anthony's *Hog.*] It is, in the Original, *Sang Saint Gris. By the Blood of Saint Grey.* Here *Xenomanes* ſwears by the Blood drawn by the Diſcipline (Whip) from the *Franciſcan* Friers, called by their *Alcoran* (abuſively) *Diables gris*, (Grey Devils.) *Saint Gris* is St. *Francis d'Aſſiſe*, as he was *ceint* (girt) with a Cord and clothed in a Habit which were both *grey (gris)*. *Henry* the IVth uſed to ſwear by *Ventre Saint Gris*; and, if we are to believe *Vigneul Marville*, this Oath meant Nothing at all. But 'tis plain he was miſtaken, as was likewiſe the late M. *de Vendome*'s Gentleman, and his Maſter too, who are made to ſay that the Governors of the young Prince of *Bearne*, (afterwards *Henry* the IV.) being afraid of his giving Way to Blaſphemy, as many others did, allowed him to ſwear in that Manner. *Saint Gris*, therefore, is *Saint Francis*, the Patriarch of the *Grey Friers*; and *Henry* the IVth, though he was a long While a Hugonot, uſed to ſwear by that Saint's Belly, as others, l. 1. c. 5. *by* St. *Quenet*'s Belly. St. *Gris* is alſo a *Poitevin* Oath.

(8) Rutty Gun.] *Fart*, it is in the Original: *(Ped.)*

(9) Scowerer.] *Fyſte*, in the Original: *(Veſſe)*.

plied

plied the Mayor, you have few ſuch and ſo near Relations as this Gun and Scowerer are to one another; for they both came out of (10) one Shop. What, (11) was the Shop their Mother, quoth *Panurge?* What Mother, ſaid the Mayor, does the Man mean? That muſt be ſome of your World's Affinity; we have here neither Father nor Mother: Your little paultry Fellows that live on t'other Side the Water, poor Rogues, booted with Whiſps of Hay, may indeed have ſuch, but we ſcorn it. The good *Pantagruel* ſtood gazing and liſtning, but at thoſe Words he had like to have loſt all Patience.

Having very exactly viewed the Situation of the Iſland, and the Way of living of the *Ennaſed* Nation, we went to take a Cup of the Creature at a Tavern where there happened to be a Wedding after the Manner of the Country; bating that ſhocking Cuſtom, there was ſpecial good Cheer.

While we were there, a pleaſant Match was ſtruck up betwixt a Female, called *Pear*, (a tight Thing, as we thought, but by ſome, who knew better Things, ſaid to be quaggy and flabby,) and a young ſoft Male, called *Cheeſe*, ſomewhat ſandy. [(12) Many ſuch Matches have been, and they were formerly much commended.] In our Country we ſay, *Il ne fut onc tel Marriage, qu'eſt de la Poire & du Fromage:* There's no Match like that made between the Pear and the Cheeſe; and in many other Places good Store of ſuch Bargains have been driven. Beſides, when the Women are at their laſt Prayers, 'tis to this Day a noted Saying, *That after Cheeſe comes Nothing.*

In another Room I ſaw them marrying an old greaſy Boot to a young pliable Buſkin. *Pantagruel* was told, that young Buſkin took old Boot *to have and to hold*, becauſe ſhe was of ſpecial Leather, in good Caſe, and waxed, ſeared, liquor'd, and greaſed, to the Purpoſe,

(10) *One Shop.*] *One Hole* in the Original; *(d'ung trou.)*

(11) *Was the Shop their Mother?*] In the Original, *Was the Wind their Mother?* Alluding, though jeſtingly, to what the ancient Naturaliſts have advanced concerning the Winds making the Mares in *Spain* conceive.

(12) *Many ſuch Matches*, &c.] What's between theſe Marks [] is omitted by Mr. *M——x.*

even

even though it had been for the Fiſherman that went to Bed with his Boots on. In another Room below I ſaw a (13) young Brogue taking a young Slipper *for better for worſe:* Which, they told us, was neither for the Sake of her Piety, Parts, or Perſon, but for the fourth comprehenſive P, Portion; the Spankers, Spur-Royals, Roſe-Nobles, and other Coriander Seed, with which ſhe was quilted all over.

CHAP. X.

How Pantagruel *went aſhore at the Iſland of* Chely, *where he ſaw King* St. Panigon.

WE ſailed right before the Wind which we had at Weſt, leaving thoſe odd *Alliancers* with their Ace of Clubs Snouts; (1) and, having taken Height by the Sun, ſtood in for *Chely*, a large fruitful, wealthy, and

(13) *Young Brogue.*] *Un jeune Eſcafignon.* Under the idea of an *Eſcafignon* (i. e. a ſingle-ſoled Shoe of thin Leather, a Rope-dancer or Tumbler's Pump) *Rabelais* ridiculeſ a young, threadbare, ſingle-ſoled, Gentleman; a Gentleman of low Degree.

(1) *And, having taken the Height of the Sun, ſtood in for* Chely.] Read, (inſtead of *ſtood in for* Chely,) *ſtood out to Sea.* (Montaſmes en haulte mer.) Read likewiſe (inſtead of *having taken the Height of the Sun*) about Sun-ſet (*ſus la declination du ſoleil*, &c.) As for *taking the Height of the Sun*, it is certain the Tranſlator did not *take the Height* of the Author's Meaning in this Place: His Words are *feiſme ſcalle en l'Iſle de* Chely. We *landed* on the Iſland of *Chely*. *Faire ſcale* is *to land, ſet foot on land, to go aſhore*, ſays *Cotgrave* expreſsly. *Far ſcala* (for *Rabelais* borrows the Expreſſion from the *Italians*) is *to come to a Landing-place, to ſet foot on-ſhore*, ſays *Torriano*'s great Dictionary *in totidem verbis:* Mr. *D. Chat* confirms all this by telling us that *ſcala* ſignifies a Ladder (in *Italian:*) *Far ſcala* is *to ſet a Ladder on the Shore from the Ship*, in Order *to get down by it.* He proves this from *Arioſto, Canto* 18. To conclude, the Word *Scale* deceived Sir *T. U.* into a Belief that it meant ſome mathematical Inſtrument Aſtronomers uſe in making their Obſervations in the Heavens. In ſhort, this is what *Rabelais* ſays, (and I think it is a more natural Beginning than that of the Tranſlator:) *The South-Weſt Wind* (for that's the *Garbino* of the *Italians*, and the *Garbin* of the *French*, ſee *Torriano* and *Cotgrave*) *blowing full in our Poop, we left theſe impertinent* (mal-plaiſans) *Alliancers, with their Ace-of-Clubs Snouts, and ſtood out to Sea. About Sun-ſet we went aſhore on the Iſland of* Cheli, &c.

well-

well-peopled, Iſland. King St. *Panigon*, firſt of the Name, reigned there; and, attended by the Princes, his Sons, and the Nobles of his Court, came as far as the Port to receive *Pantagruel*, and conducted him to his Palace; near the Gate of which, the Queen, attended by the Princeſſes, her Daughters, and the Court-Ladies, received us. *Panigon* directed her and all her Retinue to ſalute *Pantagruel* and his Men with a Kiſs; for ſuch was the civil Cuſtom of the Country; and they were all fairly buſſed accordingly, except Frier *John*, who ſtepped aſide and ſneaked off amongſt the King's Officers. *Panigon* uſed all the Intreaties imaginable to perſuade *Pantagruel* to tarry there that Day and the next; but he would needs be gone, and excuſed himſelf upon the Opportunity of Wind and Weather, which, being oftener deſired than enjoyed, ought not to be neglected when it comes. *Panigon*, having heard theſe Reaſons, let us go; but firſt made us take off ſome five-and-twenty or thirty Bumpers each.

Pantagruel, returning to the Port, miſſed Frier *John*, and aſked why he was not with the Reſt of the Company. *Panurge* could not tell how to excuſe him, and would have gone back to the Palace to call him, when Frier *John* overtook him, and merrily cried, Long live the noble *Panigon!* as I love my Belly, he minds good Eating, and keeps a noble Houſe and a dainty Kitchen. I have been there, Boys! every Thing goes about by Dozens; I was in good Hopes to have ſtuffed my Puddings there like a Monk. What! always in a Kitchen, Friend? ſaid *Pantagruel*. By the Belly of St. *Cramcapon*, quoth the Frier, I underſtand the Cuſtoms and Ceremonies which are uſed there much better than all the formal Stuff, antic Poſtures, and nonſenſical Fiddle-faddle, that muſt be uſed with thoſe Women; *magni, magna, Shittencumſhita*, Cringes, Grimaces, Scrapes, Bows, and Congees; double Honours this Way, triple Salutes that Way; the Embrace, the Graſp, the Squeeſe, the Hug, the Leer, the Smack; *baſo las manos de voſtra mercé, de voſtra maeſtá*. You are moſt *tarabin, tarabas*. (2) *Stront*, that is downright *Dutch*.

(2) Stront.] *Bren, c'eſt merde à Rouen*, i. e. *Turd: Turd is the Rouen Word*. And indeed it is hardly uſed any where elſe but there; nor

Why all this Ado? I do not ſay but a Man might be for a Bit by the By, and away, to be doing as well as his Neighbours; but this little naſty Cringing and Courteſying made me as mad as any (3) *March Devil.* You talk of kiſſing Ladies: By the worthy and ſacred Frock I wear, I ſeldom venture upon it, leſt I be ſerved as was the Lord of *Guyercharois.* What was it? ſaid *Pantagruel:* I know him; he is one of the beſt Friends I have.

He was invited to a ſumptuous Feaſt, ſaid Frier *John*, by a Relation and Neighbour of his, together with all the Gentlemen and Ladies in the Neighbourhood. Now ſome of the latter, [the Ladies,] expecting his coming, dreſſed the Pages in Womens Clothes, and *finified* them (4) like any Babies; then ordered them to meet my Lord, at his Coming, near the Draw-bridge. So the *complimenting Monſieur* came, and (5) there kiſſed the petticoated Lads with great Formality. At laſt the Ladies, who lined the Paſſages in the Gallery, burſt out with laughing, and made Signs to the Pages to take off their Dreſs; which the good Lord having obſerved, the Devil a Bit he durſt make up to the true Ladies to kiſs them, but ſaid, that, ſince they had diſguiſed the Pages, by his great Grandfather's Helmet, theſe were certainly the very Footmen and Grooms ſtill more cunningly diſguiſed. Ods Fiſh! *da Jurandi*, why do not we rather remove our Humanities into ſome good warm Kitchen of God, that noble Laboratory! and there admire the Turning of the Spits, the harmonious Rattling of the Jacks and Fenders; criticiſe on the Poſition of the Lard, the Temperature of the Pottages, the Preparation for the *Deſſert*, and the Order of the Wine-Service?

nor there, but in the Suburbs and Country round about; a ruſtical, clowniſh, Word.

(3) March Devil.] After this, add, St. *Benedict never diſſembled for the Matter*; St. *Benoiſt n'en mentit jamais*, (a Rhime.) On this M. *D. C.* obſerves, that neither the *Benedictine* nor any other Monks ever ſalute any Body otherwiſe than by bowing their Head and Body, [like our Quakers.]

(4) *Like any Babies.*] An damoiſelles bien pimpantes & atourées. Like young Girls curiouſly prankt up and dizened out.

(5) *There kiſſ'd*, &c.] It was them the Cuſtom, for a Gentleman, as ſoon as he alighted among Ladies, to kiſs them all on the Cheek; and

Service? (6) *Beati immaculati in via:* Matter of Breviary, my Maſters.

CHAP. XI.

Why Monks *love to be in Kitchens.*

THIS, ſaid *Epiſtemon*, is ſpoke like a true *Monk*: I mean like a right (1) *monking Monk*, not a *bemonked* monaſtical *Monkling*. Truly, you put me in Mind of ſome Paſſages that happened at *Florence*, ſome (2) twenty Years ago, in a Company of ſtudious Travellers, fond of viſiting the Learned and ſeeing the Antiquities of *Italy*, among whom I was. As we viewed the Situation and Beauty of *Florence*, the Structure of the Dome, the Magnificence of the Churches and Palaces, we ſtrove to out-do one another in giving them their Due; when a certain Monk of *Amiens*, *Bernard Lardon* by Name, quite angry, ſcandalized, and out of all Patience, told us, I do not know what the Devil you can find, in this ſame Town, that is ſo much to be be cried up: For my Part, I have looked, and pored, and ſtared, as well as the beſt of you; I think my Eye-ſight is as

and this Mode continued in *France* till *Henry* the Third's Time. — See *H. Stephens*, p. 379. of his Dial. concerning the new Fr. Lang. Italianized.

(6) Beati, &c.] *Bleſſed are thoſe that are undefiled in their Way:* The firſt Words of the 119th Pſalm, profaned by Frier *John*, who applies them to ſuch as get no Spots on their Clothes, when they viſit, from Time to Time, the Convent-Kitchen.

(1) Monking Monk.] *Moine moinant* is he that has the Direction and Government of the other Monks of his Convent. Whereas a bemonked Monk *(Moyne moyné)* means any Monk who is obliged to obey the *monking Monk*, and to ſuffer himſelf to be led by him. — In which Senſe, when any Brother (Frier) ſeems to make Scorn of the Poſt he is advanced to in the Houſe, they tell him jocularly, by Way of Conſolation, *It is better, however, to be a Horſe than a Cart.*

(2) *Twenty Years ago.*] Read *twelve Years ago*, according to the Edition of 1547. This happened to *Rabelais*, during his Travels, at *Rome*, where he was in 1536, as appears by his Letter to the Biſhop of *Maillezais*.

clear as another Body's; and what can one ſee after all? There are fine Houſes, indeed, and that is all. But the Cage does not feed the Birds: God, and *Monſieur* St. *Bernard*, our good Patron, be with us! in all this ſame Town I have not ſeen one poor Lane of roaſting Cooks, and yet I have not a little looked about and ſought for ſo neceſſary a Part of a Commonwealth; ay, and I dare aſſure you, that I have pried up and down with the Exactneſs of an Informer; as ready to number, both to the right and left, how many, and on what Side we might find moſt, roaſting Cooks, as a Spy would be to reckon the Baſtions of a Town. Now (3) at *Amiens*, in four, nay five, Times leſs Ground than we have trod in our Contemplations, I could have ſhewn you above fourteen Streets of roaſting Cooks, moſt antient, ſavory, and aromatic. I cannot imagine what Kind of Pleaſure you can have taken in gazing on the Lions and *Africans* (ſo, methinks, you call their Tigers) near the *Belfry*, or in obliging the *Porcupines* and *Oſtriches* in the Lord *Philip Strozzi*'s Palace. Faith and Troth! I had rather ſee a good fat Gooſe at the Spit. This Porphyry, thoſe Marbles, are fine; I ſay Nothing to the contrary; but our Cheeſecakes, at *Amiens*, are far better, in my Mind. Theſe antient Statues are well made; I am willing to believe it; but, (4) by St. *Ferreol* of *Abbeville*, we have young Wenches, in our Country, which pleaſe me better a Thouſand Times.

What is the Reaſon, aſked Frier *John*, that *Monks* are always to be found in Kitchens; and Kings, Emperors, and Popes, are never there? Is there not, ſaid *Rhizotomus*, ſome latent Virtue and ſpecific Property

(3) *At* Amiens.] The Reaſon of the vaſt Number of Cooks Shops, with which, for a long Time, the whole Province of *Picardy*, and eſpecially the City of *Amiens*, has abounded, is becauſe the Inns there find Travellers in Nothing but a Table-cloth, a Cover, (*i. e.* a Plate, with a Napkin, Knife, Fork, and Spoon,) with Glaſſes, not forgetting Bread and Wine you may be ſure. See *Jodoc. Sincer. Itiner. Gall.* page 315.

(4) *By St.* Ferreol.] Frier *Bernard Lardon* loved the fat, bacon-like, Laſſes of this Country; and he ſwears it, too, by the Saint that has the Superintendency of the fattening of Geeſe. See Apol. for *Herodotus*, ch. 38.

hid

hid in the Kettles and Pans, which, as the Loadſtone attracts Iron, draws the *Monks* there, and cannot attract Emperors, Popes, or Kings? Or is it a natural Induction and Inclination, fixed in the Frocks and Cowls, which of itſelf leads and forceth thoſe good religious men into Kitchens whether they will or not? He means, Forms following Matter, as *Averroës* calls them, anſwered *Epiſtemon*. Right, ſaid Frier *John*.

I will not offer to ſolve this Problem, ſaid *Pantagruel*, for it is ſomewhat tickliſh, and you can hardly handle it without coming off ſcurvily; but I will tell you (5) what I have heard.

Antigonus, King of *Macedon*, one Day coming into one of the Tents where his Cooks uſed to dreſs his Meat, and finding the *Poet Antagoras* frying a Conger, and holding the Pan himſelf, merrily aſked him, Pray, Mr. *Poet*, was *Homer* frying Congers when he writ the Deeds of *Agamemnon*? *Antagoras* readily anſwered, But do you think, Sir, that, when *Agamemnon* did them, he made it his Buſineſs to know if any in his Camp were frying Congers? The King thought it an Indecency that a Poet ſhould be thus a-frying in a Kitchen; and the Poet let the King know that it was a more indecent Thing for a King to be found in ſuch a Place. I will clap another Story upon the Neck of this, quoth *Panurge*, and will tell you what (6) *Breton Villandry* anſwered one Day to the Duke of *Guiſe*.

They were ſaying, that, at a certain Battle of King *Francis* againſt the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, *Breton*, armed capapee to the Teeth, and mounted like St. *George*, yet ſneaked off, and played leaſt in Sight during the Engagement. Blood and Oons! anſwered *Breton*, I was there, and can prove it eaſily; nay, even where you, my Lord,

(5) *What I have heard.*] *What I have read*, it ſhould be *avois leu*. It is in *Plutarch*'s notable Sayings of antient Kings, Princes, and Captains.

(6) Breton Villandry.] *John le Breton*, Lord of *Villandry*, Favourite of *Francis* the Firſt, and Secretary to that Prince and *Henry* the Second, in 1537. See *Cardan*, *de vita propria*, ch. 32. He wrote ſeveral Memoirs of the moſt conſiderable Occurrences of *France* under the Kings, his Maſters; and *la Croix du Maine* was poſſeſſed of ſome written with the Author's own Hand.

dared not have been. The Duke began to reſent this as too raſh and ſaucy: But *Breton* eaſily appeaſed him, and ſet them all a laughing. Igad, my Lord, quoth he, I kept out of Harm's Way; I was all the While with your Page, *Jack*, ſculking in a certain Place where you had not dared hide your Head as I did. Thus diſcourſing, they got to their Ships, and left the Iſland of *Chely*.

CHAP. XII.

How Pantagruel *paſſed through the Land of* Pettifogging, *and of the ſtrange Way of living among the* Catchpoles.

STeering our Courſe forwards, the next Day we paſſed through *Pettifogging*, a Country all blurred and blotted, ſo that I could hardly tell what to make of it. There we ſaw ſome Pettifoggers and Catchpoles, Rogues that will hang their Father for a Groat. They neither invited us to eat nor drink; but, with a multiplied Train of Scrapes and Cringes, ſaid they were all at our Service (1) for the *Legem pone*.

One of our *Droggermen* (Interpreters) related to *Pantagruel* their ſtrange Way of living, diametrically oppoſite to that of our modern *Romans*: For, at *Rome*, a World of Folks get an honeſt Livelihood by poiſoning, drubbing, lambaſting, ſtabbing, and murdering; but the (2) *Catchpoles* earn theirs by being thraſhed; ſo that, if they were long without a tight Lambaſting, the poor Dogs, with their Wives and Children, would be ſtarved. This is juſt, quoth *Panurge*, like thoſe who, as *Galen*

(1) *For the* Legem pone.] *En payant*: For a valuable Conſideration; provided we paid him well, or came down with the Crop, as we ſay.

(2) Catchpoles.] *Rabelais*'s Word is *Chicquanou*, which is properly what we call a *Barretor*, (Wrangler.) *Catchpole*, I think, means Nothing but a Bum-Bailiff.

tells

tells us, cannot erect the cavernous Nerve towards the equinoctial Circle, (3) unleſs they are ſoundly flogged. By St. *Patrick*'s Slipper, whoever ſhould jirk me ſo, would ſoon, inſtead of ſetting me right, throw me off the Saddle, in the Devil's Name!

The Way is this, ſaid the Interpreter: When a Monk, Levite, cloſe-fiſted Uſurer, or Lawyer, owes a Grudge to ſome neighbouring Gentleman, he ſends to him one of thoſe Catchpoles, or Apparitors, who nabs, or at leaſt cites, him, ſerves a Writ or Warrant upon him, thumps, abuſes, and affronts, him impudently, by natural Inſtinct, and according to his pious Inſtructions; inſomuch that, if the Gentleman (4) hath but any Guts in his Brains, and is not more ſtupid than a (5) *Gyrin* Frog, he will find himſelf obliged either to apply a Faggot-ſtick or his Sword to the Raſcal's Jobbernol, give him the gentle Laſh, or make him cut a Caper out at the Window, by Way of Correction. This done, *Catchpole* is rich for four Months at leaſt, as if Baſtinadoes were his real Harveſt; for the Monk, Levite, Uſurer, or Lawyer, will reward him roundly, and my Gentleman muſt pay him ſuch ſwingeing Damages, that his Acres may bleed for it, and he be in Danger of miſerably rotting within a Stone Doublet, as if he had ſtruck the King.

Quoth *Panurge*, I know an excellent Remedy againſt this, uſed by the (6) Lord of *Baſché*. What is it? ſaid *Pantagruel*. The Lord of *Baſché*, ſaid *Panurge*,

(3) *Unleſs they are ſoundly flogged.*] *Cœlius Rhodiginus*, *l.* 6. *c.* 37. of his antient Readings, and, before him, the Count *de la Mirandola*, *l.* 3. of his Treatiſe againſt judicial Aſtrology, ſpeak of a certain Man, who, to raiſe his Letchery, would cauſe himſelf to be flogged, with Rods ſteeped in Vinegar, till he was all over of a Gore-blood. — *Simon Goulard*, *l.* 4. *p.* 635. of his wonderful and memorable Stories, relates this Fact as a very ſingular and uncommon Thing; and it may have been ſo perhaps in his Time; but, now-a-days, ſome People will tell ye, the Thing is frequently practiſed, in *France* and elſewhere, in Houſes of bad Repute.

(4) *Hath but*, &c.] Hath not the dead Palſy.

(5) Gyrin *Frog.*] A Tadpole.

(6) *Lord of* Baſché] Doubtleſs a Deſcendent of *Perron de Baſché*, Steward of the Houſehold to King *Charles* VIII. who ſent him into *Italy* before he went thither himſelf at the Head of his Army. See *Commines*, l. 7. c. 3.

was a brave, honeſt, noble-ſpirited, Gentleman, who, at his Return from the long War, in which the Duke of *Ferrara*, with the Help of the *French*, bravely defended himſelf againſt the Fury of Pope *Julius* the Second, was every Day cited, warned, and proſecuted, at the Suit, and for the Sport and Fancy, of the fat Prior of (7) St. *Louant*.

One Morning, as he was at Breakfaſt with ſome of his Domeſtics, (for he loved to be ſometimes among them,) he ſent for one *Loire* (his Baker) and his Spouſe, and for one *Oudart*, the Vicar of his Pariſh, who was alſo his Butler, as the Cuſtom was then in *France*; then ſaid to them, before his Gentlemen and other Servants, You all ſee how I am daily plagued with theſe raſcally Catchpoles; truly, if you do not lend me your helping Hand, I am finally reſolved to leave the Country, and go fight for the Sultan, or the Devil, rather than be thus eternally teazed. Therefore, to be rid of their damned Viſits hereafter, when any of them come here, be ready, you Baker and your Wife, to make your perſonal Appearance, in my great Hall, in your wedding Clothes, as if you were going to be affianced; here, take theſe Ducats, which I give you to keep you in a fitting Garb. As for you, Sir, *Oudart*, be ſure you make your perſonal Appearance there in your fine Surplice and Stole, not forgetting your holy Water, as if you were to wed them. Be you there alſo, *Trudon*, ſaid he to his Drummer, with your Pipe and Tabor. The Form of Matrimony muſt be read, and the Bride kiſſed, [at the Beat of the Tabor.] Then all of you, as the Witneſſes uſe to do in this Country, ſhall give one another the Remembrance of the Wedding; (which, you know, is to be a Blow with your Fiſt, bidding the Party ſtruck remember the Nuptials by that Token.) This will but make you have the better Stomach to your Supper: But, when you come to the Catchpole's Turn, thraſh him thrice and threefold, as you would a Sheaf of green Corn; do not ſpare him; maul him, drub him, lambaſte him, ſwinge him off, I pray you. Here, take theſe Steel Gauntlets covered with Kid.

(7) *St.* Louant.] St. *Lovant*, *Liventius*; the Priory of St. *Louent*, in the Dioceſe of *Tours*, &c.

Head,

Head, Back, Belly, and Sides, give him Blows innumerable; he that gives him moſt ſhall be my beſt Friend. Fear not to be called to an Account about it; I will ſtand by you; for the Blows muſt ſeem to be given in Jeſt, as it is cuſtomary among us at all Weddings.

Ay, but how ſhall we know the Catchpole? ſaid the Man of God; all Sorts of People daily reſort to this Caſtle. I have taken Care of that, replied the Lord. When ſome Fellow, either on-foot or on a ſcurvy Jade, with a large broad Silver (8) Ring on his Thumb, comes to the Door, he is certainly a Catchpole. The Porter, having civilly let him in, ſhall ring the Bell; then be all ready, and come into the Hall, to act the Tragi-Comedy whoſe Plot I have now laid for you.

That numerical Day, as Chance would have it, came an old, fat, ruddy, Catchpole. Having knocked at the Gate, and then piſſed, as moſt Men will do, the Porter ſoon found him out, by his large greaſy Spatterdaſhes, his jaded hollow-flanked Mare, his Bag full of Writs and Informations dangling at his Girdle, but, above all, by the large Silver Hoop on his left Thumb.

The Porter was civil to him, admitted him in kindly, and rang the Bell briſkly. As ſoon as the Baker and his Wife heard it, they clapt on their beſt Clothes, and made their perſonal Appearance in the Hall, keeping their Gravities like a new-made Judge. The *Domine* put on his Surplice and Stole; and, as he came out of his Office, met the Catchpole, had him in there, and made him ſuck his Face a good While, while the Gauntlets were drawing on all Hands; and then told him, You are come juſt in Pudding-Time; my Lord is in his right Cue; we ſhall feaſt like Kings anon; here are to be ſwingeing Doings; we have a Wedding in the Houſe; here, drink and cheer up! pull away!

While theſe two were at it, Hand to Fiſt, *Baſché*, ſeeing all his People in the Hall in their proper Equipage, ſends for the Vicar. *Oudart* comes with the Holy-Water Pot, followed by the Catchpole, who, as he came in-

(8) *Ring.*] To ſeal the Writs and Writings, belike; for they were not ſigned in thoſe Days.

to the Hall, did not forget to make good Store of aukward Cringes, and then ſerved *Baſché* with a Writ. *Baſché* gave him Grimace for Grimace, ſlipped an Angel into his Mutton-Fiſt, and prayed him to aſſiſt at the Contract and Ceremony; which he did. When it was ended, Thumps and Fiſticuffs began to fly about among the Aſſiſtants; but, when it came to the Catchpole's Turn, they all laid on him ſo unmercifully with their Gauntlets, that they at laſt ſettled him, all ſtunned and battered, bruiſed and mortified, with one of his Eyes black and blue, eight Ribs bruiſed, his Briſket ſunk in, his *Omoplates* in four Quarters, his under Jaw-bone in three Pieces; and all this in Jeſt and no Harm done. God wot how the *Levite* belaboured him, hiding within the long Sleeve of his canonical Shirt his huge Steel Gauntlet lined with Ermine; for he was a ſtrong-built *Ball* and an old Dog at Fiſticuffs. The Catchpole, all of a bloody (9) tiger-like Hue, with much Ado, crawled home to *l'Iſle Bouchart*, well pleaſed and edified however with *Baſché*'s kind Reception; and, with the Help of the good Surgeons of the Place, lived as long as you would have him. From that Time to this, not a Word of the Buſineſs; the Memory of it was loſt with the Sound of the Bells that rang for Joy at his Funeral.

CHAP. XIII.

How, like Maſter Francis Villon, *the Lord of* Baſché *commanded his Servants.*

THE Catchpole being packed off on blind Sorrel, (ſo he called his one-eyed Mare,) *Baſché* ſent for his Lady, her Women, and all her Servants, into the Arbour of his Garden; had Wine brought, attended with good Store of Paſties, Hams, Fruit, and other Table-Ammunition, for a Nunchion; drank with them joyfully, and then told them this Story.

(9) *Tiger-like Hue.*] Dappled with Variety of Contuſions.

Maſter

Maſter *Francis Villon*, in his old Age, retired to St. *Maixent*, in *Poitou*, under the Patronage of a good honeſt Abbot of the Place. There, to make Sport for the Mob, he undertook to get the *Paſſion* acted, after the Way, and in the Dialect, of the Country. The Parts being diſtributed, the Play having been rehearſed, and the Stage prepared, he told the Mayor and Aldermen, that the Myſtery would be ready after *Niort* Fair, and that there only wanted Properties and Neceſſaries, but chiefly Clothes fit for the Parts; ſo the Mayor and his Brethren took Care to get them.

Villon, to dreſs an old clowniſh Father Grey-Beard, who was to repreſent G—d the Father, begged of Frier *Stephen Tickletoby*, Sacriſtan to the *Franciſcan* Friers of the Place, to lend him a Cope and a Stole. *Tickletoby* refuſed him, alleging that, by their provincial Statutes, it was rigorouſly forbidden to give or lend any Thing to Players. *Villon* replied, That the Statute reached no farther than Farces, Drolls, Antics, looſe and diſſolute Games; and that he aſked no more than what he had ſeen allowed at *Bruſſels* and other Places. *Tickletoby*, notwithſtanding, peremptorily bade him provide himſelf elſewhere, if he would, and not to hope for any Thing out of his monaſtical Wardrobe. *Villon* gave an Account of this to the Players, as of a moſt abominable Action; adding, that God would ſhortly revenge himſelf, and make an Example of *Tickletoby*.

The *Saturday* following, he had Notice given him, that *Tickletoby*, upon the Filly of the Convent, (ſo they call a young Mare that was never leaped yet,) was gone a mumping to (1) St. *Ligarius*, and would be back about two in the Afternoon. Knowing this, he made a Cavalcade [Muſter] of his Devils of the *Paſſion* through the Town. They were all rigged (2) with Wolves,

(1) *St.* Ligarius.] *Lidorius*, called alſo *Ligorius*: In the Territory of *Niort*.

(2) *With Wolves, &c. Skins.*] An ancient Penance-Book; cited by Menage, in his *Diction. Etym.* at the Word *Biche*: *Si quis in Cervolo aut Vitula vadit; id eſt, ſi qui in ferarum habitu ſe commutant, & veſtiuntur veſtibus pecudum, adſumunt capita beſtiarum; qui taliter in ferinas ſpecies ſe transformant tribus annis pœniteant, quia hoc dæmoniacum,*

Calves, and Rams, Skins, laced and trimmed with Sheep's Heads, Bulls Feathers, and large Kitchen Tenter-hooks, girt with broad leathern Girdles, whereat hung dangling huge Cow-Bells and Horſe-Bells, which made a horrid Din. Some held in their Claws black Sticks full of Squibs and Crackers; Others had long lighted Pieces of Wood, upon which, at the Corner of every Street, they flung whole Handfuls of Roſin-duſt, that made a terrible Fire and Smoke. Having thus led them about, to the great Diverſion of the Mob, and the dreadful Fear of little Children, he finally carried them to an Entertainment at a Summer-Houſe without the Gate that leads to St. *Ligarius*.

As they came near the Place, he ſpied *Tickletoby* afar off, coming home from mumping; and told them, in macaronic Verſe,

(3) *Hic eſt Mumpator natus de gente Cucowli,*
*Qui ſolet antiquo ſcrappas portare **biſacco.*
* A Monk's double Pouch.

A Plague on his Frierſhip, ſaid the Devils then; the louſy Beggar would not lend a poor Cope (4) to the fatherly Father; let us fright him. Well ſaid! cried *Villon*; but let us hide ourſelves till he comes by, and then charge home briſkly with your Squibs and burning Sticks. *Tickletoby* being come to the Place, they all ruſhed on a ſudden into the Road to meet him; and, in a frightful Manner, threw Fire from all Sides upon him and his filly Foal, ringing and tingling their Bells, and howling like ſo many real Devils; hho, hho, hho, hho, brrou, rrou, rrours, rrrours, hoo, hou, hou, hho,

dæmoniacum eſt. This Maſquerade, which generally was performed on New-Year's Day, was, you ſee, prohibited as impious; but *Villon* gave himſelf very little Concern about that.

(3) Hic, &c.] It runs, in the Original, thus:

*Hic eſt de patria, natus de gente ** Beliſira,*
Qui ſolet antiquo bribas portare biſacco.
* A beggarly Scrub.

(4) *To the fatherly Father.*] In the Original, *à Dieu le Pere.*

hho,

hho, hhoi. Frier *Stephen*, do not we play the Devils rarely? The Filly was ſoon ſcared out of her ſeven Senſes; and began to ſtart, to ſink it, to ſquirt it, to trot it, to fart it, to bound it, to gallop it, to kick it, to ſpurn it, to calcitrate it, to wince it, to friſk it, to leap it, to curvet it, with double Jirks and Bummotions; inſomuch that ſhe threw down *Tickletoby*, though he held faſt by the Tree of the Pack-Saddle with Might and Main. Now his Straps and Stirrups were of Cord; and, on the right Side, his Sandal was ſo entangled and twiſted, that he could not, for the Heart's Blood of him, get out his Foot. Thus he was dragged about, by the Filly, through the Road, ſcratching his bare Breech all the Way; ſhe ſtill multiplying her Kicks againſt him, and ſtraying for Fear over Hedge and Ditch; inſomuch that ſhe trepanned his thick Scull ſo, that his Cockle-brains were daſhed out near the *Oſanna*, or *High Croſs*. Then his Arms fell to Pieces, one this Way and the other that Way; even ſo were his Legs ſerved at the ſame Time. Then ſhe made a bloody Havoc with his Puddings; and, being got to the Convent, brought back only his right Foot and twiſted Sandal, leaving them to gueſs what was become of the Reſt.

Villon, ſeeing that Things had ſucceeded as he intended, ſaid to his Devils, You will act rarely, Gentlemen Devils, you will act rarely; I dare engage you will top your Parts. I defy the Devils of *Saumour*, *Douay*, *Montmorillon*, *Langez*, St. *Eſpain*, *Angers*, nay, by Gad, even thoſe of *Poictiers*, for all their bragging and vapouring, to match you.

Thus, Friends, ſaid *Baſché*, I foreſee, that hereafter you will act rarely this tragical Farce, ſince, the very firſt Time, you have ſo ſkilfully hampered, bethwacked, belammed, and bebumped, the Catchpole. From this Day I double your Wages, As for you, my Dear, ſaid he to his Lady, make your Gratifications as you pleaſe; you are my Treaſurer, you know. For my Part, firſt and foremoſt, I drink to you all. Come on, box it about; it is good and cool. In the ſecond Place, you, Mr. Steward, take this Silver Baſon; I give it you freely. Then you, my Gentleman of the Horſe, take theſe two Silver-gilt Cups; and let not the Pages be horſewhipped

horſewhipped theſe three Months. My dear, let them have my beſt white Plumes of Feathers with the Gold Buckles to them. Sir *Oudart*, this Silver Flaggon falls to your Share; this other I give to the Cooks. To the *Valets de Chambre* I give this Silver Baſket; to the Grooms this Silver-gilt Boat; to the Porter theſe two Plates; to the hoſtlers, theſe ten Porringers. *Trudon*, take you theſe Silver Spoons and this Sugar-Box. You, Footman, take this large Salt. Serve me well, and I will remember you; for, on the Word of a Gentleman, I had rather bear in War one Hundred Blows on my Helmet, in the Service of my Country, than be once cited, by theſe knaviſh Catchpoles, merely to humour this ſame gorbellied Prior.

CHAP. XIV.

A farther Account of Catchpoles who were drubbed at Baſché's *Houſe.*

FOUR Days after, another young, long-ſhanked, raw-boned, Catchpole, coming to ſerve *Baſché* with a Writ at the fat Prior's Requeſt, was no ſooner at the Gate, but the Porter ſmelt him out, and rang the Bell; at whoſe ſecond Pull, all the Family underſtood the Myſtery. *Loire* was kneading his Dough, his Wife was ſifting Meal; *Oudart* was toping in his Office; the Gentlemen were playing at Tennis; the Lord *Baſché* at In-and-out with my Lady; the Waiting-Men and Gentlewomen at Puſh-pin; the Officers at Lanterlue, and the Pages at Hotcockles, giving one another ſmart Bangs. They were all immediately informed that a Catchpole was houſed.

Upon this, *Oudart* put on his Sacerdotal, and *Loire* and his Wife their nuptial Badges. *Trudon* piped it, and then tabered it like mad; all made Haſte to get ready, not forgetting the Gauntlets. *Baſché* went into the outward Yard; there the Catchpole, meeting him, fell on his Marrow-bones; begged of him not to take it ill,

if

if he ſerved him with a Writ at the Suit of the fat Prior; and, in a pathetic Speech, let him know that he was a public Perſon, a Servant to the monking Tribe, Apparitor to the *abbatical* Mitre, ready to do as much for him, nay, for the leaſt of his Servants, whenſoever he would employ and uſe him.

Nay, truly, ſaid the Lord, you ſhall not ſerve your Writ till you have taſted ſome of my good *Quinquenay* Wine, and been a Witneſs to a Wedding which we are to have this very Minute. Let him drink and refreſh himſelf, added he, turning towards the *Levitical* Butler, and then bring him into the Hall. After which, Catchpole, well ſtuffed and moiſtened, came, with *Oudart*, to the Place where all the Actors in the Farce ſtood ready to begin. The Sight of their Game ſet them a laughing; and the Meſſenger of Miſchief grinned alſo, for Company's Sake. Then the (1) myſterious Words were muttered to and by the Couple, their Hands joined, the Bride buſſed, and all beſprinkled with holy Water. — While they were bringing Wine and Kickſhaws, Thumps began to trot about by Dozens. The Catchpole gave the *Levite* ſeveral Blows. *Oudart*, who had his Gauntlet hid under his canonical Shirt, draws it on like a Mitten, and then, with his clenched Fiſt, ſouce he fell on the Catchpole, and mauled him like a Devil. The junior Gauntlets dropped on him likewiſe like ſo many battering Rams. Remember the Wedding by this, by that, by theſe Blows, ſaid they. In ſhort, they ſtroked him to to the Purpoſe, that he piſſed Blood out at Mouth, Noſe, Ears, and Eyes; and was bruiſed, thwacked, battered, bebumped, and crippled, at the Back, Neck, Breaſt, Arms, and ſo forth. Never did the Batchelors at *Avignon*, in Carnival-time, play more melodiouſly at *Rapho* than was then played on the Catchpole's Microcoſm. — At laſt, down he fell.

They threw a great Deal of Wine on his Snout, tied round the Sleeve of his Doublet a fine yellow-and-green Favour, and got him upon his ſnotty Beaſt; and God knows how he got to *l'Iſle Bouchart*; where I cannot truly tell you whether he was dreſſed and looked after

(1) *Myſterious Words.*] Sacramental Words.

or not, both by his Spouſe and the able Doctors of the Country; for the Thing never came to my Ears.

The next Day they had a third Part to the ſame Tune, becauſe it did not appear, by the lean Catchpole's Bag, that he had ſerved his Writ; ſo the fat Prior ſent a new Catchpole, at the Head of a Brace of Bums for his *Garde du Corps*, to ſummon my Lord. The Porter ringing the Bell, the whole Family was overjoyed, knowing that it was another Rogue. *Baſché* was at Dinner with his Lady and the Gentlemen; ſo he ſent for the Catchpole, made him ſit by him, and the Bums by the Women, and made them eat till their Bellies cracked with their Breeches unbuttoned. The Fruit being ſerved, the Catchpole aroſe from Table; and, before the Bums cited *Baſché*, *Baſché* kindly aſked him for a Copy of the Warrant, which the other had got ready. He then takes Witneſs and a Copy of the Summons. To the Catchpole and his Bums he ordered four Ducats for Civility-Money. In the mean Time, all were withdrawn for the Farce: So *Trudon* gave the Alarm with his Tabor. *Baſché* deſired the Catchpole to ſtay and ſee one of his Servants married, and witneſs the Contract of Marriage, paying him his Fee. The Catchpole ſlapdaſh was ready, took out his Inkhorn, got Paper immediately, and his Bums by him.

Then *Loire* came into the Hall at one Door, and his Wife, with the Gentlewomen, at another, in nuptial Accoutrements. *Oudart*, in *Pontificalibus*, takes them both by the Hands, aſked them their Will; giveth them the matrimonial Bleſſing, and was very liberal of holy Water. The Contract written, ſigned, and regiſtered, on one Side was brought Wine and Comfits; on the other, white and orange-tawny-coloured Favours were diſtributed; on another, Gauntlets privately handed about.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

How the antient Cuſtom at Nuptials is renewed by the Catchpole.

THE Catchpole having made Shift to get down a ſwingeing Streaker of *Breton* Wine, ſaid to *Baſché*, Pray, Sir, what do you mean? you do not give one another the Memento of the Wedding. By St. *Joſeph*'s wooden Shoe, all good Cuſtoms are forgot. We find the Form, but the Hare has ſcampered; and the Neſt, but the Birds are flown. There are no true Friends now-a-days; you ſee how, in ſeveral Churches, the antient laudable Cuſtom, of tippling on Account of the (1) bleſſed Saints *OO* at *Chriſtmas*, is come to Nothing, The World is in its Dotage, and Dooms-day is certainly coming all ſo faſt. Now come on: The Wedding, the Wedding, the Wedding! remember it by this! This he ſaid, ſtriking *Baſché* and his Lady, then her Women and the *Levite*. — Then the Tabor beat a Point of War, and the Gauntlets

(1) *Bleſſed Saints* O O *at* Chriſtmas.] It was formerly a Cuſtom throughout *France*, and is ſtill in ſome Parts of it, to make, in the Pariſh-Church, about 7 o'Clock in the Evening, for the nine Days next before *Chriſtmas*-Day, certain Prayers, or Anthems, called, *the Chriſtmas OO's*, becauſe, in the Books which preſcribe theſe Anthems, they begin with *O O*, as, *O Sapientia*, *O Adonai*, *O Radix*, &c. To him, that was laſt married in the Pariſh, eſpecially if he be one in good Circumſtances, is carried a very large *O*, repreſented in burniſhed Gold on a large Piece of very thick Parchment, with ſeveral Ornaments of Gold or other fine Colours. This *O* was, every Evening of the nine Days, put on the Top of the *Lettrin*, *Reading-Deſk*, I ſuppoſe; the ſame as *Lutrin*. I will not be poſitive though, (becauſe all my Dictionaries are ſilent in the Matter, and I have no Time to conſult Friends, nor have had ſince I began this Work.) Well! be the *Letrin* what it will, there ſtaid the *O* all the Time that the Anthem was ſinging. The Perſon, to whom the *O* had been ſent, was wont, in Return, to make a Preſent of a Piece of Money to the Curate, who, on his Part, ſpent ſome of it in regaling his Friends. After the Holidays, the *O* was carried back to the new-married Man, who ſet it up in the moſt honourable Place of his Houſe. It was this antient Cuſtom the Catchpole laments the Loſs of, becauſe moſt commonly he had a Share in the Booty, either from the Curate or the married Man.

began

began to do their Duty, inſomuch that the Catchpole had his Crown cracked in no leſs than nine Places. — One of the Bums had his right Arm put out of Joint; and the Other his upper Jaw-Bone, or Mandibule, diſlocated; ſo that it hid Half his Chin, with a Denudation of the *Uvula*, and ſad Loſs of molar, maſticatory, and canine, Teeth. Then the Tabor beat a Retreat; the Gauntlets were carefully hid in a Trice, and Sweetmeats afreſh diſtributed to renew the Mirth of the Company. So they all drank to one another, and eſpecially to the Catchpole and his Bums. But *Oudart* curſed and damned the Wedding to the Pit of Hell, complaining, that one of the Bums had utterly diſcornfiſtibulated his nether Shoulder-blade. Nevertheleſs he ſcorned to be thought a Flincher, and made Shift to tope to him on the Square.

The jawleſs Bum ſhrugged up his Shoulders, joined his Hands, and, by Signs, begged his Pardon; for ſpeak he could not. The ſham Bridegroom made his Moan, that the crippled Bum had ſtruck him ſuch a horrid Thump, with his Shoulder-of-Mutton Fiſt, on the nether Elbow, that he was grown quite eſperruquanchuzelubelouzerireliced down to his very Heel, to the no ſmall Loſs of Miſtreſs Bride.

But what Harm had poor I done? cried *Trudon*, (hiding his left Eye with his Kerchief, and ſhewing his Tabor cracked on one Side,) they were not ſatisfied with poaching, black-and-bluing, and morambozevezengouzequoquemorgaſacbaquevezine-maffreliding, my poor Eyes, but they have alſo broke my harmleſs Drum. Drums indeed are commonly beaten at Weddings, and it is fit they ſhould; but Drummers are well entertained, and never beaten. Now let *Belzebub* e'en take the Drum to make his Devilſhip (2) a Night-Cap. Brother, ſaid the lame Catchpole, never fret thyſelf; I will make thee a Preſent of a fine, large, old, Patent, which I have here in my Bag, to patch up thy Drum; and, for Madam St. *Ann*'s Sake, I pray thee forgive us. By our Lady of *Riviere*, the bleſſed Dame, I meant no more Harm than the Child unborn.

(2) *A Night-Cap.*] Either the Top or Bottom was beat out.

One

One of the Querries, who, hopping and halting like a mumping Cripple, mimicked the good limping Lord *de* (3) *la Roche Poſay*, directed his Diſcourſe to the Bum with the pouting Jaw, and told him, What, Mr. *Manhound*, was it not enough thus to have morcrocaſtebezaſtevereſtegrigeligoſcopapopondrillated us all in our upper Members with your botched Mittens, but you muſt alſo apply ſuch morderegripippiatabirofreluchamburelurecaquelurintimpaniments on our Shin-bones with the hard Tops and Extremities of your cobbled Shoes? Do you call this Children's Play? by the Maſs, it is no Jeſt. The Bum, wringing his Hands, ſeemed to beg his Pardon, muttering, with his Tongue, mon, mon, mon, vrelon, von, von, like a dumb Man. The Bride, crying, laughed, and, laughing, cried, becauſe the Catchpole was not ſatisfied with drubbing her without Choice or Diſtinction of Members, but had alſo rudely rouſed and touſed her; pulled off her Topping; and, not having the Fear of her Huſband before his Eyes, treacherouſly trepignemanpenillorfrizonoufreſturfumbledtumbled and ſqueeſed her lower Parts. The Devil go with it, ſaid *Baſché*; there was much Need, indeed, that this ſame (4) Maſter *King* (this was the Catchpole's Name) ſhould break this my Wife's Back: However, I forgive him now; theſe are little nuptial Careſſes. But this I plainly perceive, that he (5) cited me like an Angel and drubbed me like a Devil. He hath Something in him of Frier *Thumpwell*. Come, for all this, I muſt drink to him, and to you, likewiſe, his truſty Eſquires. But, ſaid his Lady, why hath he been ſo very liberal of his manual Kindneſs to

(3) La Roche Poſay.] See his Story, and how he came to have his Leg ſhattered by a Muſquet-ball, *&c.* in *Du Chat*.

(4) *Maſter* King.] In ch. 5. of l. 3. of *Fœneſte*, the Serjeant of *Doué*, who came to ſerve a Writ on *la Roche-Bouſſeau*, is likewiſe named Monſieur *le Roy*, (Mr. *King*;) either becauſe all of that Profeſſion execute their Commiſſion in the King's Name, and becauſe, as is ſaid before, he that ſtrikes one of them had as good ſtrike the King; or perhaps becauſe, this Man being a Cleric, his Habit was of a tawny dun Colour, like the King's.

(5) *Cited me like an Angel and drubbed me like a Devil.*] They call *Angels of the Court* the Uſhers and Serjeants. To *drub*, *dauber*, from *dealapare*, is properly what that Angel of *Satan* did who buffeted St. *Paul*.

me,

me, without the leaſt Provocation? I aſſure you, I by no Means like it; but this I dare ſay for him, that he hath the hardeſt Knuckles that ever I felt on my Shoulders. The Steward held his left Arm in a Scarf, as if it had been rent and torn in twain: I think it was the Devil, ſaid he, that moved me to aſſiſt at theſe Nuptials; Shame on ill Luck! I muſt needs be meddling, with a Pox! and now ſee what I have got by the Bargain; both my Arms are wretchedly engoulevezinemaſied and bruiſed. Do you call this a Wedding? By St. *Bridget*'s Tooth, I had rather be at that of a *Tom T—d Man!* This is, on my Word, even juſt ſuch another Feaſt as was that of the *Lapithæ*, deſcribed by the (6) Philoſopher of *Samoſate*. One of the Bums had loſt his Tongue. The two other, though they had more Need to complain, made their Excuſe as well as they could, proteſting that they had no ill Deſign in this Dumbfounding; begging that, for Goodneſs' Sake, they would forgive them: And ſo, though they could hardly budge a Foot or wag along, away they crawled. About a Mile from *Baſché*'s Seat, the Catchpole found himſelf ſomewhat out of Sorts. The Bums got to *l'Iſle Bouchard*, publicly ſaying, That, ſince they were born, they had never ſeen an honeſter Gentleman than the Lord of *Baſché*, or civiller People than his; and that they had never been at the like Wedding, (which I verily believe;) but that it was their own Faults if they had been tickled off and toſſed about from Poſt to Pillar, ſince themſelves had begun the Beating. So they lived I cannot exactly tell you how many Days after this; but, from that Time to this, it was held for a certain Truth, That *Baſché*'s Money was more peſtilential, mortal, and pernicious, to the Catchpoles and Bums, than were formerly the *Aurum Tholoſanum* and the *Sejan* Horſe to thoſe that poſſeſſed them. Ever ſince this, he lived quietly; and *Baſché's Wedding grew into a common Proverb.*

(6) *Philoſopher.*] *Lucian*, in his *Lapithæ*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

How Frier John *made Trial of the Nature of the Catchpoles.*

THIS Story would ſeem pleaſant enough, ſaid *Pantagruel*, were we not to have always the Fear of God before our Eyes. It had been better, ſaid *Epiſtemon*, if thoſe Gauntlets had fallen upon the fat Prior. Since he took a Pleaſure in ſpending his Money, partly to vex *Baſché*, partly to ſee thoſe Catchpoles banged, good luſty Thumps would have done well on his ſhaved Crown, conſidering the horrid Concuſſions now-a-days among thoſe puny Judges. What Harm had done thoſe poor Devils, the Catchpoles? This puts me in Mind, ſaid *Pantagruel*, of an antient *Roman*, named (1)*L. Neratius*: He was of noble Blood, and, for ſome Time, was rich; but had this tyrannical Inclination, that, whenever he went out of Doors, he cauſed his Servants to fill their Pockets with Gold and Silver; and meeting, in the Street, your ſpruce Gallants and better Sort of Beaux, without the leaſt Provocation, for his Fancy, he uſed to ſtrike them hard on the Face with his Fiſt; and, immediately after that, to appeaſe them and hinder them from complaining to the Magiſtrates, he would give them as much Money as ſatisfied them, according to the Law of the twelve Tables. Thus he uſed to ſpend his Revenue, beating People for the Price of his Money. By St. *Bennet*'s ſacred Boot, quoth Frier *John*, I will know the Truth of it preſently.

This ſaid he went on-ſhore, put his Hand in his Fob, and took out twenty Ducats; then ſaid, with a loud Voice, in the Hearing of a Shoal of the Nation of Catchpoles, Who will earn twenty Ducats for being beaten like the Devil? Io, Io, Io, ſaid they all; you will cripple us for ever, Sir, that is moſt certain; but the Money is tempting. With this they were all thronging

(1) L. Neratius.] See *Aulus Gellius*, l. 20. c. 1.

who

who ſhould be firſt to be thus preciouſly beaten. Frier *John* ſingled him, out of the whole Knot of theſe Rogues in Grain, a red-ſnout Catchpole, who, upon his right Thumb, wore a thick broad Silver Hook, wherein was ſet a good large Toad-ſtone. He had no ſooner picked him out from the Reſt, but I perceived that they all muttered and grumbled; and I heard a young thin-jawed Catchpole, a notable Scholar, a pretty Fellow at his Pen, and, according to public Report, much cried up for his Honeſty at (2) *Doctors-Commons*, making his Complaint, and muttering, becauſe this ſame crimſon Phyz carried away all the Practice, and that, if there were but a Score and a Half of Baſtinadoes to be got, he would certainly run away with eight-and-twenty of them. But all this was looked upon to be Nothing but mere Envy.

Frier *John* ſo unmercifully thraſhed, thumped, and belaboured, Red-Snout, Back and Belly, Sides, Legs and Arms, Head, Feet, and ſo forth, with the home and frequently-repeated Application of the beſt Members of a Faggot, that I took him to be a dead Man. — Then he gave him the twenty Ducats, which made the Dog get on his Legs, pleaſed like a little King or two. The Reſt were ſaying to Frier *John*, Sir, Sir, Brother-Devil, if it pleaſe you to do us the Favour to beat ſome of us for leſs Money, we are all at your Devilſhip's Command, Bags, Papers, Pens, and all. Red-Snout cried out againſt them, ſaying, with a loud Voice, Body of me! you little Prigs, will you offer to take the Bread out of my Mouth? Will you take my Bargain over my Head? Would you draw and inveigle from me my Clients and Cuſtomers? Take Notice, I ſummon you before the Official this Day Seven-night: I will law you and claw you like any old Devil, that I will!——Then, turning himſelf towards Frier *John*, with a ſmiling and joyful Look, he ſaid to him, Reverend Father in the Devil, if you have found me a good Hide, and have a Mind to divert yourſelf once more, by beating your humble Servant, I will bate you Half in Half this Time

(2) Doctors-Commons.] In the eccleſiaſtical Court: *En Court d'Eccliſe*, the old Way of ſpelling *Egliſe*, (Church.)

rather

rather than loſe your Cuſtom. Do not ſpare me, I beſeech you: I am all, and more than all, yours, good Mr. Devil: Head, Lungs, Tripes, Guts, and Garbage; and that at a Pennyworth, I will aſſure you. Frier *John* never heeded his Proffers, but e'en left them. The other Catchpoles were making Addreſſes to *Panurge*, *Epiſtemon*, *Gymnaſt*, and Others, entreating them charitably to beſtow upon their Carcaſſes a ſmall Beating, for otherwiſe they were in Danger of keeping a long Faſt; but none of them had a Stomach to it. Some Time after, ſeeking freſh Water for the Ship's Company, we met a Couple of old female Catchpoles of the Place, miſerably howling and weeping in Conſort. *Pantagruel* had kept onboard; and already had cauſed a Retreat to be ſounded, thinking they might be related to the Catchpole that was baſtinadoed. We aſked them the Occaſion of their Grief. They replied, That they had too much Cauſe to weep; for, that very Hour, from an exalted triple Tree, two of the honeſteſt Gentlemen in *Catchpole-land* had been made to cut a Caper on Nothing. Cut a Caper on Nothing! ſaid *Gymnaſt:* My Pages uſe to cut Capers on the Ground; to cut a Caper on Nothing ſhould be hanging and choking, or I am out. Ay, ay, ſaid Frier *John*; you ſpeak of it like (3) *St. John de la Palſſe*.

We aſked them why they treated thoſe worthy Perſons with ſuch a choking hempen Sallad. They told us, they had only borrowed, *alias* ſtolen, (4) the Tools of the Maſs, and hid them under (5) the Handle of the Pariſh. This is a very allegorical Way of ſpeaking, ſaid *Epiſtemon*.

(3) St. John de la Paliſſe] An Alluſion to an old Faſhion of ſaying *l'Apocalice* for *Apocalypſe*, by a Syncope. See *Froiſſart*, vol. 2. cap. 173.

(4) *The Tools of the Maſs.*] *Ferrements de la Meſſe.* A *Poitevin* Expreſſion. The Ornaments, Implements, or Inſtruments, belonging to the Maſs.

(5) *Handle of the Pariſh.*] The Belfry. Another *Poitevin* Word, uſed only by the Villagers of *Poitou* in Way of Metaphor, ſtupid and coarſe as themſelves. So *Ferrements* (which ſtrictly means *Iron Tools*, from *Ferrum*) is uſed for what I have already ſaid by none but the Clowns of *Poitou*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

How Pantagruel *came to the Iſlands of* Tohu *and* Bohu; *and of the ſtrange Death of* Wide-noſtrils, *the Swallower of Windmills.*

THAT Day, *Pantagruel* came to the two Iſlands of *Tohu* and *Bohu*, (1) where the Devil a Bit we could find any Thing to fry with. For one (2) *Wide-noſtrils*, a huge Giant, had ſwallowed every individual Pan, Skillet, Kettle, Frying-pan, Dripping-pan, and braſs and iron Pot, in the Land, for Want of Windmills, which were his daily Food. Whence it happened, that, ſomewhat before Day, about the Hour of his Digeſtion, the greedy Churl was taken very ill, with a Kind of a Surfeit, or Crudity of Stomach, occaſioned (as the Phyſicians ſaid) by the Weakneſs of the concocting Faculty of his Stomach naturally diſpoſed to digeſt whole Wind-

(1) *Where the Devil a Bit we could find any Thing to fry with.*] — This is not exact to the *French*. *Rabelais* uſes a proverbial Phraſe: *Ne trovaſmes que frire*, — which properly means, — *The Devil a Bit found we there to fry*; that is, as *Du Chat* obſerves, We found neither Fiſh nor Fleſh. He goes on: This is the very *Sacrum ſine Fumo* of the Antients, mentioned by *Eraſmus* in his *Adages*.

Thus all the *French* Dictionaries: *Il n'y a que frire*; *there is Nothing to fry*; i. e. *There is Nothing to be had, they have not wherewithal.* — *Il n'y a plus que frire. All is conſumed, waſted, ſpent, gone.* — *To have Nothing to depend on*, ſays *Boyer.* — *To be ſpecial poor*, as we ſay: — And, as the *Greeks* ſay, Ἄκαπνος θυσία, *A Sacrifice without Smoke*, as above. The *Dutch* call this, — *A ſmall Banquet of three Hazel-Nuts: Banckeije van drie Hazel-Nooten*, (not *Hazen-Nooten*, as in *Sartorius.*) De nimiùm tenui convivio, & in quo nihil cocti obſonii apponitur. Tranſlatum à pauperculorum ſacris, molat, thuſculum, lac, aut corollas, offerentium, cum dii poetici nidorem illum expectent, unà cum fumo ſubvolantem. The poor People's Offerings of Milk, Meal, Garlands, *&c.* had no Savour in the Noſtrils of the fabled Gods, who loved the Smell of roaſt Meat as well as their Prieſts the Taſte.

(2) Wide-noſtrils.] *Bringuenarilles*, *Noſe-ſlitter*, ſays M. *du Chat*; from the *German Brechen*, and *Narilles* for *Naſilles*, after the *Paris* Manner of pronouncing that Word. *Cotgrave*, from whom M. *M——x* takes it, ſays it means *Wide Noſtrils*.

mills

mills at a Guſt, yet unable to conſume perfectly the Pans and Skillets; though it had indeed pretty well digeſted the Kettles and Pots, as they ſaid they knew by the (3) *Hypoſtaſes* and (4) *Eneoreſmes* of four Tubs of ſecond-hand Drink which he had evacuated at two different Times that Morning. They made Uſe of divers Remedies, according to Art, to give him Eaſe: But all would not do; the Diſtemper prevail'd over the Remedies, inſomuch that the famous *Widenoſtrils* dy'd that Morning, of ſo ſtrange a Death, that, I think, you ought no longer to wonder at that of the Poet *Æſchylus*. It had been foretold him, by the Sooth-ſayers, that he would die on a certain Day, by the Ruin of Something that ſhould fall on him; that fatal Day being come in its Turn, he remov'd himſelf out of Town, far from all Houſes, Trees, Rocks, or any other Things that can fall, and indanger by their Ruin; and ſtay'd in a large Field, truſting himſelf to the open Sky, there very ſecure, as he thought, unleſs indeed the Sky ſhould happen to fall, which he held to be impoſſible. Yet, they ſay, that the Larks are much afraid of it, for, if it ſhould fall, they muſt all be taken.

The *Celtæ* [*Celtes*] that once liv'd near the *Rhine* (they are our noble valiant *French*) in ancient Times were alſo afraid of the Sky's falling; for, being aſk'd by *Alexander* the Great, what they fear'd moſt in this World, hoping well they would ſay that they fear'd none but him conſidering his great Atchievements, (5) they made Anſwer, That they fear'd Nothing but the Sky's falling; however not refuſing to enter into a Confederacy with ſo brave a King: If you believe *Strabo*, Lib. 7. and *Arrian*, Lib. 1.

(3) Hypoſtaſes.] A Reſidence in Urine ſitting towards the Bottom the eof. *Cotgrave.*

(4) Eneoreſmes.] So it is printed in both Editions of the *Engliſh*. *Cotgrave* ſays *Encoreſmes*, the Signs of Urine, eſpecially thoſe that ſwim at the Top thereof. I don't think there's any ſuch Word as *Encoreſmes* for all what *Cotgrave* or any Body elſe ſays. *Rab-lais* has it *Eneoremes*, which I take to be derived from the *Greek* ἐν *in*, νέω, *no*, *nato*, *to ſwim*; *and* οὖρον, *urina*.

(5) *They made Anſwer.*] See *Arrian*, l. 1. of his Hiſtory.

Plutarch alſo, in his Book of the Face that appears on the Body of the Moon, ſpeaks of one (6) *Phenaces*, who very much fear'd the Moon ſhould fall on Earth, and pitied thoſe that live under that Planet, as the *Æthiopians* and *Taprobanians*, if ſo heavy a Maſs ever happened to fall on them; and would have fear'd the like of Heaven and Earth, had they not been duly propp'd up and borne by the (7) Atlantic Pillars, as the Ancients believed, according to *Ariſtotle*'s Teſtimony, *Lib.* 5. *Metaphyſ.* Notwithſtanding all this, poor *Æſchylus* was killed by the Fall of the Shell of a Tortoiſe, which, falling from betwixt the Claws of an Eagle high in the Air juſt on his Head, daſh'd out his Brains.

Neither ought you to wonder at the Death of another Poet, I mean, old jolly *Anacreon*, who was choak'd with a Grape-ſtone. Nor at that of *Fabius* the *Roman* Prætor, who was ſmothered [choak'd] with a ſingle Goat's Hair as he was (8) ſupping up a Porringer of Milk. Nor at the Death of that baſhful Fool who, by holding in his Wind, and for Want of letting out a Bum-gun-ſhot, died ſuddenly in the Preſence of the Emperor *Claudius*. Nor at that of the *Italian* buried on the *Via Flaminia* at *Rome*, who, (9) in his Epitaph, com-

(6) Phenaces.] *Rabelais*, for all what he ſays, did not take this out of *Plutarch*, who has it *Pharnaces*; at leaſt the beſt *Greek* Editions have it ſo: He took it from the Adage of *Eraſmus*, which is intitled, *Quid ſi cœlum ruat?* where it is *Phenaces*, in *Frobenius's* Editions.

(7) *Atlantic Pillars.*] *Colomnes de Atlas*, in *Rabelais*.

(8) *Supping up*, &c.] Thus far theſe Examples are taken out of *Pliny*, l. 7. c. 7.

(9) *In his Epitaph*, &c.] It is to be ſeen in the Church of the Monks of St. *Auſtin*; and, *Francis Schottus*, a Senator of *Antwerp*, gives it in theſe Words in his Travels over *Italy*.

Hoſpes, diſce novum mortis genus, improba felis
Dum trahitur, digitum mordet, & intereo.

Hear a new Kind of Death, ye Goers-by;
A Cat my Finger bit, and, lo! I die.

Some Hiſtorians have it *Dum teneo*, inſtead of *Dum trahitur*. 'Tis all one.

plain

plains that the (10) Bite of a ſhe Puſs on his little Finger was the Cauſe of his Death. Nor of that of *Q. Lecanius Baſſus*, who died ſuddenly of ſo ſmall a Prick with a Needle on his left Thumb, that it could hardly be diſcern'd. Nor of *Quenelault*, a *Norman* Phyſician, who dy'd ſuddenly at *Montpellier*, merely for having ſideways taken a Worm out of his Hand with a Penknife. Nor of (11) *Philomenes*, whoſe Servant having got him ſome new Figs for the firſt Courſe of his Dinner, whilſt he went to fetch Wine, a ſtraggling well-hung Aſs got into the Houſe, and, ſeeing the Figs on the Table, without farther Invitation, ſoberly fell-to: *Philomenes* coming into the Room, and nicely obſerving with what Gravity the Aſs ate its Dinner, ſaid to his Man who was come back, ſince thou haſt ſet Figs here for this reverend Gueſt of ours to eat, me-

(10) *Bite*, &c.] *Fût mort par eſtre* mords *d'une chatte*, &c. Inſtead of *mordu*, (bit;) in *Rabelais*'s Time they uſed to ſay *mords*; and *H. Stephens*, Pag. 144 of his *Dialogues du nouveau lang. Fran. Italianiſé*, inſiſts upon it, that, according to Analogy, that Way of ſpeaking was right, and ought to be continued. And indeed, for Proof that they did not in thoſe Days ſay *mordu* but *mords*, I ſhall tranſcribe honeſt *Clem. Marot*'s Epigram, intituled, *Epouſe farouches*

L'epouſé la premiere nuit
Aſſeuroit ſa femme farouche,
Mordez-moi, dit-il, *s'il vous cuit*;
Voila mon doigt en voſtre bouche.
Elle y conſent, il s'ercarmouche;
Et, après qu'il l'euſt deſchouſée,
Or ça, dit-il, *tendre roſée*,
Vous ay-je fait du mal ainſi?
Adonc, reſpondit l'epouſée,
Je ne vous ay pas mords *auſſi.*

One, married to a Country-Flirt
Full ſkittiſh, ſaid the Youth,
Bite me, my Dear, if you I hurt;
My Finger's in your Mouth.

When all was o'er he aſk'd his Bride,
If any Thing did ſting her:
She by a Queſtion too reply'd,
And did I bite your Finger?

(11) Philomenes.] See *Valerius Maximus* and *Lucian.*

thinks it is but Reaſon thou alſo give him ſome of this Wine to drink. He had no ſooner ſaid this, but he was ſo exceſſively pleaſed, and fell into ſo exorbitant a Fit of Laughter, that the Uſe of his Spleen took that of his Breath utterly away, and he immediately dy'd. Nor of (12) *Spurius Saufeius*, who dy'd ſupping up a ſoft boil'd Egg as he came out of a Bath. Nor of him who, as *Boccace* tells us, dy'd ſuddenly by picking his Grinders with a (13) Sage-ſtalk. Nor of *Philipot Placut*, who, being briſk and hale, fell dead as he was paying an old Debt; which cauſes, perhaps, many not to pay theirs, for Fear of the like Accident. Nor of the Painter (14) *Zeuxis*, who kill'd himſelf with laughing at the Sight of the antic Jobbernol [Phyz] of an old Hag drawn by him. Nor, in ſhort, of a Thouſand more of which Authors write; as *Verrius*, *Pliny*, *Valerius*, *J. Baptiſta*, *Fulgoſius*, and (15) *Baccabery* the elder. In ſhort, Gaffer *Widenoſtrils* choak'd himſelf with eating a huge Lump of freſh Butter, at the Mouth of a hot Oven, by the Advice of Phyſicians.

They likewiſe told us there, that the King of *Cullan* in *Bohu* had routed the Grandees of the King of *Mecloth*, and made ſad Work with the Fortreſſes of *Belima*.

After this, we ſail'd by the Iſlands of (16) *Nargues* and *Zargues*; alſo by the Iſlands of (7) *Teleniabin* and

(12) Spurius Saufeius.] *Rabelais* might as well have called him by his right Name, *Appius Saufrius*, as *Pliny* does, l. 7. c. 53. but, having a Mind to bamboozle his Readers, and lead them a Wildgooſe-Chaſe, he chooſes to err with *Fulgoſus*, who gives this *Saufeius* the Prenomen of *Spurius*, l. 9. c. 12.

(13) *Sage-ſtalk.*] A huge Toad had juſt before caſt its Venom upon it.

(14) Zeuxis.] See *Verrius Flaccus*, *Cælius Rhodiginus*, &c.

(15) Baccabery *the elder.*] Mr. *du Chat* declares he does not well know what this means. There are two *Baccoubarys* on the River *Oiſe*. Perhaps the Perſon who relates this comical Death of *Philipot Placut* was born at one of them; as Writers often aſſume the Name of the Place of their Birth.

(16) Nargues.] A vulgar Word for expreſſing *A Fig for one*; by ſnapping the middle Finger againſt the Thumb.

(17) Teleniabin.] Or *Tereniabin*, an *Arabian* Word, ſays the old *Dutch* Scholiaſt, ſignifying liquid Manna; and on Account of its being heretofore uſed to make Clyſters, by firſt diſſolving it, the Author,

and (18) *Geleniabin*, very fine and fruitful in Ingredients for Clysters; and then by the Islands of (19) *Enig* and *Evig*, on whose Account formerly the Landgrave of *Hesse* was swindg'd off with a Vengeance.

thor, according to his Custom makes an Island of it, very productive of Ingredients for Clysters.

(18) Geleniabin.] Or *Gelen jabin*, according to the same *Dutch* Scholiast, another *Arabian* Word, signifying *Mel rosatum*, with which they often made Clysters; and therefore *Rabelais* creates an Island out of it, very fruitful in Ingredients for Clysters.

(19) Enig *and* Evig.] *Cotgrave* would make us believe *Enig* and *Evig* in the *German* Tongue are two Prepositions, and signify *With* and *Without:* So likewise the *Dutch* Scholiast, and, after him, Mr. *M—x*, in his Notes on this Chapter. They are indeed *German* Words, but neither of 'em Prepositions, nor mean any such Thing as *With* and *Without*. *Enig* is a Ponoun, and signifies *Any*, (and I'm apt to think our *Any* comes from *Enig.*) As for *Evig*, it is an Adjective, and signifies *Everlasting*; (perhaps too from *Evig* we have our Word *Ever.*) However this Matter stands, the Case *Rabelais* refers to was this. One Clause of the Treaty, between *Charles* V. and the Landgrave of *Hesse*, was, that the latter should remain in the Court of the former among his Retinue *ohne einige gefangnus*, *without* any *Confinement*; as much as to say, It was by no Means as a Prisoner that the Landgrave should be obliged to abide a certain Time about the Emperor, but purely and only that the Conqueror might be sure the Conquered would undertake Nothing to the Prejudice of the Treaty. Instead of the Word *einige*, *any*, which, joined with the Particle *ohne*, *without*, manifestly means *without any*, the Emperor had got the Word *evige*, *perpetual*, slipt into the Act. So that the Landgrave, who reckoned upon being obliged to follow the Emperor no longer than till the Agreement made between them was fully executed, was filled with Surprize when he was given to understand, that, by Virtue of the Word *evige*, foist-d into the Place of *einige*, he had made and owned himself the Emperor's Prisoner for as many Years as it should please that Monarch to have him continue so. This is the foul Play which *Rabelais* calls the *Estafilade*, or being swindged off as it were with *Leather-straps*; for that's the proper Meaning of *Estafilade*.

CHAP. XVIII.

How Pantagruel *met with a great Storm at Sea.*

THE next Day we eſpied (1) nine Sail that came ſpooning before the Wind; they were full of *Dominicans*, *Jeſuits*, *Capuchins*, *Hermits*, *Auſtins*, *Bernardins*, *Celeſtins*, *Theatins*, *Egnatins*, (2) *Amadeans*, *Cordeliers*, *Carmelites*, *Minims*, (3) and the Devil and all of other holy Monks and Friers, who were going to the Council of *Cheſil*, to ſift and garble ſome Articles of Faith againſt the new Heretics; *Panurge* was overjoyed to ſee them, being moſt certain of good Luck for that Day and a long Train of others. So having courteouſly ſaluted the goodly (bleſſed) Fathers, and recommended the Salvation of his precious Soul to their devout Prayers and private Ejaculations, he caus'd Seventy-eight Dozen of *Weſtphalia* Hams, Units of Pots of Caveer, Tens of *Bolonia* Sauſages, Hundreds of Botargoes, and Thouſands of fine Angels, for the Souls of the Dead, to be thrown on-board their Ships. *Pantagruel* ſeem'd metagrabolized, dozing, out of Sorts, and as melancholy as a Cat: Frier *John*, who ſoon perceiv'd it, was enquiring of him whence ſhould come this unuſual Sadneſs? When the Maſter, whoſe Watch it was, obſerving the fluttering of the Ancient above the Poop, and ſeeing that it began to overcaſt, judg'd

(1) *Nine Sail*] M. *du Chat* ſays, and it is manifeſt by the next Chapter, that there was but one Sail, which *Rabelais* calls *une Orque*. An Ourk is properly a Sea-fiſh, an Enemy to the Whale, of a prodigious, and indeed, monſtrous, Size, and almoſt round, known in *Saintonge* by the Name of *Epaulart*: From the Largeneſs of this Fiſh perhaps it comes about that the biggeſt Sort of Ships deſigned for the Ocean are called *Ourks*.

(2) Amadeans.] *Auguſtin* Monks, founded at *Ripaille* by *Amadæus* Duke of *Savoy*, 1448, after he had renounced the Papacy in Favour of *Nicolas* V. They are a Branch of the *Franciſcans*.

(3) *And the Devil and all of other holy Monks and Friers.*] *Rabelais* only ſays, *& aultres SS. Religieux*; i. e, *and other holy Monks and Friers.*

that

that we ſhould have (4) Wind, therefore he bid the Boatſwain call all Hands upon Deck, Officers, Sailors, Fore-maſt Men, Swabbers, and Cabbin-Boys, and even the Paſſengers; made them firſt ſettle their Top-ſails, take in their Sprit-ſail; then he cry'd, in with your Top-ſails, lower the Foreſail, tallow under the Parrels, brade up cloſe all thoſe Sails, ſtrike your Top-Maſts to the Cap, make all ſure with your Sheeps-feet, laſh your Guns faſt. All this was nimbly done. Immediately it blew a Storm; the Sea began to roar, and ſwell Mountain high: The Rut of the Sea was great, the Waves breaking upon our Ship's Quarter; the North-Weſt Wind bluſter'd and overblew; boiſterous Guſts; dreadful Claſhings, and deadly Scuds of Wind whiſtled thro' our Yards, and made our Shrouds rattle again. The Thunder grumbled ſo horridly, that you would have thought Heaven had been tumbling about our Ears; at the ſame Time it lighten'd, rain'd, hail'd; the Sky loſt its tranſparent Hue, grew duſky, thick, and gloomy, ſo that we had no other Light than that of the Flaſhes of Lightning and rending of the Clouds: The Hurricanes, Flaws, and ſudden Whirlwinds, began to make a Flame about us by the Lightnings, fiery Vapours, and other aërial Ejacalations. Oh! how our Looks were full of Amazement and Trouble, while the ſaucy Winds did rudely lift up above us the mountainous Waves of the Main. Believe me, it ſeem'd to us a lively Image of the Chaos, where

(4) *Wind.*] Rather an exceeding rough and ſudden Storm: For that's the Meaning of *Rabelais's Tyrannique grain & fortunal*, &c. The laſt Word is from the *Italian*, *Fortunale*, a Hurricane, as we call it. The firſt, *viz. Grain*, a Term uſed, by the Mariners of *Normandy*, for a Sort of a Whirlwind which ſtops the Ship on a ſudden, and then, in an Inſtant, rages ſo violently, that it is a Miracle if the Veſſel eſcapes being turned Keel upwards. Theſe ſtormy Guſts are always mixed with Rain, but ſeldom continue above a Quarter of an Hour. The Mariners ſee them coming at a Diſtance, and accordingly prepare for them by taking in, lowering, or furling, all the Sails, or carrying as little as poſſible. During the Storm, the Sea is extremely turbulent, and appears all in a Flame. It often happens theſe *Grains* return ſeveral Times in one and the ſame Day, ſo that the Ship's Crew always keep a ſharp Look-out; a dead Calm generally follows this raging Storm, and that in a few Minutes.

Fire, Air, Sea, Land, and all the Elements, were in a refractory Confuſion. Poor *Panurge*, (having, with the full Contents of the Inſide of his Doublet, plentifully fed the Fiſh greedy enough of ſuch odious Fare, ſat on the Deck all in a Heap, with his Noſe and Arſe together, moſt ſadly caſt down, moping and half dead,) invok'd and call'd to his Aſſiſtance all the bleſſed he and ſhe Saints he could muſter up, ſwore and vow'd to confeſs in Time and Place convenient, and then bawl'd out frightfully, Steward, *Maiſtre d'Hoſtel*, ſee hoe, (5) my Friend, my Father, my Uncle, pr'ythee let's have a Piece of powder'd Beef or Pork, (6) we ſhall drink but too much anon, for ought I ſee. *Eat little and drink the more* will hearafter be my Motto, I fear. Would to our dear Lord, and to our bleſſed, worthy, and ſacred, Lady, I were now, I ſay, this very Minute of an Hour, well on Shore, on *Terra firma*, hale and eaſy. O twice and thrice happy thoſe that plant Cabbages! O Deſtinies, why did you not *ſpin* me for a Cabbage-*Planter*? Oh! how few are they to whom *Jupiter* hath been ſo favourable as to predeſtinate them to plant Cabbage! They have always one Foot on the Ground, and the other not far from it. Diſpute who will of Felicity, and *ſummum bonum*, for my Part, whoſoever *plants* Cabbage is now by my Decree proclaim'd moſt happy; for as good a Reaſon as the Philoſopher (7) *Pyrrho*, being in the ſame Danger, and ſeeing a Hog near the Shore eating ſome ſcatter'd Oats, declar'd it happy in two Reſpects; firſt, becauſe it had Plenty of Oats, and

(5) *My Friend*, &c.] *Panurge* conſiders this Steward as his All, becauſe he was now the only Perſon could do him any Service, by giving him his Fill of Victuals, before an unlucky Wave ſhould have carried off both the One and the Other.

(6) *We ſhall drink but too much anon.*] A certain notable old Toſs-pot, being in the ſame Circumſtances *Panurge* is now in, had, before, the ſame Thought: *Quidem*, ſays *Rabelais* in his merry Tales, *cr-tâ tempeſtate in mari, cœpit avidiſſimè comedere carnes ſalitas, dicens hodiè plus ſe bibiturum ad bibendum quam nunquam antèà.*

(7) Pyrrho.] I know not where *Rabelais* picked up what he makes *Pyrrho* ſay here, but *Plutarch* makes that Philoſopher reaſon quite otherwiſe, and like a true Stoic, who once, in the Height of a Tempeſt, ſhewed no more Concern than a Pig that was juſt by him gobbling up the Oats that had been thrown him.

beſides

beſides that it was on-ſhore. Hah, for a divine and princely Habitation, commend me to the Cow's Floor.

Murther! This Wave will ſweep us away! Bleſſed Saviour! O my Friends! A little Vinegar. I ſweat again with mere Agony. Alas, the Miſen Sail's ſplit, the Gallery's waſhed away, the Maſts are ſprung, the Maintopmaſt-Head dives into the Sea, the Keel is up to the Sun; our Shrouds are almoſt all broke and blown away. Alas! alas! Where is our main Courſe? (8) *Al is verlooren, by Godt!* our Top-Maſt is run adrift. Alas! Who ſhall have this Wreck? Friend, lend me here behind you one of theſe Whales. Your Lantern is fallen, my Lads. Alas! don't let go the main Tack nor the Bowlin. I hear the Block crack, is it broke? for the Lord's Sake, let us ſave the Hull, and let all the Rigging be damn'd. Be be be, bous, bous, bous. Look to the Needle of your Compaſs, I beſeech you, good Sir *Aſtrophil;* and tell us, if you can, whence comes this Storm. My Heart's ſunk down below my Midriff. By my Troth I am in a ſad Fright; bou, bou, bou, bous, bous, I am loſt for ever. I conſkite myſelf for mere Madneſs and Fear. Bou, bou, bou, bou, Otto to to to to ti. Bou, bou, bou, ou, ou, ou, bou, bou, bous! I ſink, I'm drown'd, I'm gone, good People, I'm drown'd.

(8) Al is verlooren, by Godt!] Low-Dutch; *all is loſt by G—d.* It is in the Original *Tout eſt frelore, bigotb,* which means the ſame Thing. When the *Swiſſers* were beaten at the Battle of *Marignan* there was a Song for four Voices, ſet to Muſic by the famous *Clement Jannequin,* and reprinted at *Venice,* by *Jer. Scot,* 1550, the Burthen of which was:

Tout eſt frelore,
La tintelore,
Tout eſt frelore, bigot.

After the Face of *Patelin,* which has theſe Words in it, they became *French,* and the late gay *Mademoiſelle de Limueil* ſang them as ſhe was dying, *All is I ſt, by G—d.* A gay Lady indeed! *Bigott,* or *by G—d,* is the *St. Picaut* of *Panurge,* l. 3. c. 29. *Peter Larrivey,* Act. 2d, laſt Scene of his Comedy, called *Morfondu,* calls him *Saint Picot:* So, to ſave the Oath, they make the Oath itſelf a Saint: For there's no ſuch Saint as St. *Picault* in Reality, nor ever was.

CHAP. XIX.

What Countenances Panurge *and Frier* John *kept during the Storm.*

Pantagruel having firſt implor'd the Help of the great and almighty Deliverer, and pray'd publicly with fervent Devotion, by the Pilot's Advice held tightly the Maſt of the Ship. Frier *John* had ſtripp'd himſelf to his Waiſtcoat, to help the Seamen. *Epiſtemon*, *Ponocrates*, and the Reſt did as much. *Panurge* alone ſate on his Breech upon Deck, weeping and howling. Frier *John* eſpy'd him, going on the Quarter-Deck, and ſaid to him: Odzoons, *Panurge* the Calf, *Panurge* the Whiner, *Panurge* the Brayer, would it not become thee much better to lend us here a helping Hand, than to lie lowing like a Cow, as thou doſt, ſitting on thy Stones like a bald-breech'd Baboon? Be, be, be, bous, bous, bous, return'd *Panurge*, Frier *John*, my Friend, my good Father, I am drowning, my dear Friend! I drown; I am a dead Man, my dear Father in God, I am a dead Man, my Friend: Your cutting Hanger cannot ſave me from this: Alas! alas! we are (1) above *Ela*. Above the Pitch, out of Tune, and off the Hinges. Be, be, be, bou, bous. Alas! we are now above *G ſol re ut*. I ſink, I ſink, hah, my Father, my Uncle, my All. The Water is got into my Shoes by the Collar; bous, bous, bous, paiſch, hu, hu, he, he, he, ha, ha, I drown. Alas! alas! Hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, be be, bous, bous, bobous, bobous, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. Alas! alas! Now am I like your Tumblers, my Feet ſtand higher than my Head: Would to Heaven I were now with thoſe good holy Fathers bound for the Council, (2) whom we met this Morning,

(1) *Above* Ela.] Alluſion, from *(Helas) Alas*, to *Ela*, a Term in Muſic. *Panurge*'s Meaning is that, in their preſent imminent Danger of Death, their *Alas's* would do no Good.

(2) *Whom we met this Morning.*] Add, *in the Ork, dedans l'Orque.* This confirms M. *du Chat*'s Aſſertion that there was but one

Morning, ſo godly, ſo fat, ſo merry, ſo plump, and comely. Holos, holos, holas, holas, alas. This deviliſh Wave, *(mea culpa, Deus,)* I mean (3) this Wave of God, will ſink our Veſſel. Alas, Frier *John*, my Father, my Friend, Confeſſion. Here I am, down on my Knees, *Confiteor*; your holy Bleſſing. Come hither and be damn'd, thou pitiful Devil and help us, (ſaid Frier *John*,) who fell a ſwearing and curſing like a Tinker; in the Name of thirty Legions of black Devils, come, will you come? Don't let us ſwear at this Time, ſaid *Panurge*, holy Father, my Friend, don't ſwear, I beſeech you; To-morrow as much as you pleaſe. Holos, holos, alas, our Ship leaks. I drown, alas, alas, I will give eighteen hundred thouſand Crowns to any one that will ſet me on-ſhore all beray'd and bedawb'd as I am now; if ever there was a Man in my Country in the like Pickle! *Confiteor*, alas! a Word or two of Teſtament or Codicil at leaſt. A thouſand Devils ſeize the cuckoldy cow-hearted Mungril, cry'd Frier *John*: Ods Belly, art thou talking here of making thy Will, now we are in Danger, and it behoveth us to beſtir our Stumps luſtily, or never. Wilt thou come, ho Devil? Midſhip-man, my Friend, O the rare Lieutenant, here *Gymnaſt*, here on the Poop. We are, by the *Maſs*, all beſhit now, our Light is out. This is haſtening to the Devil as faſt as it can.——Alas, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, alas, alas, alas, alas, ſaid *Panurge*, was it here we were born to periſh? Oh! hoh! Good People, I drown, I die. *Conſummatum eſt*. I am ſped——*Magna, gna, gna*, ſaid Frier *John*. Fie upon him, how ugly the ſhitten Howler looks.———Boy, Younger, ſee hoyh. —— Mind the Pumps, or the Devil choak thee. ——Haſt thou hurt thyſelf? Zoons, here faſten it to one of theſe Blocks. On this Side, in the Devil's Name, hay———ſo, my Boy.—Ah! Frier *John*, ſaid *Panurge*, good ghoſtly Father, dear Friend, don't let us ſwear;

one Sail loaded with Monks. See the firſt Line of the preceding Chapter.

(3) *This Wave of God.*] *Panurge*, who had juſt uttered a prophane Expreſſion, corrects himſelf in Complaiſance to a Friend who repreſents to him the Danger they are all in.

you ſin. Oh ho, Oh ho, be be be, bous, bous, bhous. I ſink, I die, my Friends. I die in Charity with all the World. Farewel, *In manus*. Bohous bhous, bhouſowwauwaus. St. *Michael* of *Aure!* St. *Nicolas!* now, now or never. I here make you a ſolemn Vow and to our Saviour, that, if you ſtand by me but this Time, I mean if you ſet me aſhore out of this Danger, I will build you (4) a fine large little Chapel or two between *Cande* and *Monſoreau*, where neither Cow nor Calf ſhall feed. Oh oh, Oh oh. Above eighteen Pailfuls or two of it are got down my Gullet; bous, bhous, bhous, bhous, how damn'd bitter and ſalt it is.——By the Virtue (ſaid Frier *John*) of the Blood, the Fleſh, the Belly, the Head, (5) if I hear thee again howling, thou cuckoldy Cur, I'll maul thee worſe than any Sea-Wolf. Ods Fiſh, why don't we take him by the Lugs, and throw him over-board to the Bottom of the Sea? Here, Sailor, ho, honeſt Fellow. Thus, thus, my Friend, hold faſt above.——In Truth here is a ſad lightning and thundering; I think that all the Devils are got looſe, 'tis Holiday with 'em, or elſe Madam *Proſerpine* is in Child's Labour; all the Devils dance a Morice.

(4) *A fine large little Chapel or two between* Cande *and* Monſoreau.] *Panurge* would ſay, *a fine large Chapel, or two little ones*, but Fear had diſordered his Senſes. What he adds, viz. *Where neither Cow nor Calf ſhall feed*, alludes to the Proverb:

Entre Cande & Monſoreau
La ne paiſt brebis ni veau.
Between *Cande* and *Monſoreau*
There feeds nor Sheep, nor Calf, [nor Cow.]

By this Proverb we are informed that there's but a very ſmall Extent of Land, and that too very barren, between the Manor of *Monſoreau* and the *Village of Cande*, which are only parted by the *Vienne* and the Sands on each Side of that River.

(5) *If I hear thee, &c.*] It runs thus in *Rabelais*. *If I hear thee again piping like a Chicken, I'll ſcratch thy Back worſe than a File.* By this he compares *Panurge* to a *Hen*, and himſelf to a *Cock*, who would ſcratch him where he did no itch, and as it were *en loup marin*, i. e. with a *Sea-wolf*'s Skin, (ſuch as Joiners uſe to poliſh their Work with.) That Fiſh (called alſo a *Requiem*) is very rough-ſkinned, ravenous, and wide-mouthed, but good Meat, ſays *Cotgrave*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

How the Pilots were forſaking their Ships in the greateſt Streſs of Weather.

OH, ſaid *Panurge*, you ſin, Frier *John*, my former Crony; former I ſay, for at this Time I am no more, you are no more. It goes againſt my Heart to tell it you; for I believe this Swearing doth your Spleen a great Deal of Good; as it is a great Eaſe to a Wood-cleaver to cry *hem* at every Blow; and, as one who plays at nine Pins is wonderfully help'd, if, when he hath not thrown his Bowl right, and is like to make a bad Caſt, ſome *ingenious* Stander-by leans and ſcrews his Body Half-Way about, on that Side which the Bowl ſhould have taken to hit the Pins. Nevertheleſs you offend, my ſweet Friend. But what do you think of eating ſome Kind of (1) *Cabirotadoes?* Would n't this ſecure us from this Storm? I have read that in a Storm at Sea no Harm ever befel the Miniſters of

(1) Cabirotadoes.] Mind how our Author drolls upon the Name of this Diſh of Meat, equivocating to that of the Gods *Cabiri*, and how amidſt a Storm he brings in their Prieſts, who were always miraculouſly preſerved in ſtorms at Sea, how violent ſoever they were, ſays the Commentator of *Apollonius*. Theſe Κάβειροι were Gods highly revered in *Samothrace*, as being the *Penates* of thoſe Iſlanders. *Cabir* in *Syriac* ſignifies *potent*. (See *Joſ Scaliger*, in 4 Var. ling. Lat.) Not only the Prieſts belonging to the *Cabiri*, but all others of that Sodality, (or Maſonhood,) were ſecure in Time of Storm though the Sea went never ſo high. As for the Diſh called *Cabirotades*, or *Capilotades*, according to *Boyer*, it is a French Ragou of Remnants of Meat. *Capilotade*, *Cotgr.* ſays, is ſtewed Meat, compounded of Veal, Capon, Chicken, or Partridge, minced, ſpiced, and laid upon ſeveral Beds of Cheeſe. [They muſt love Cheeſe better than I do that can eat Beds of it: I'm ſure 'twould make me keep my Bed a Month after.] Again; *Cabirots*, ſays *Cotgrave*, is the Sperm, or Spawn, of Sturgeons, (Cavear,) ſpread upon Bread, and eaten with Vinegar, Oil, and Pepper. I was once ſo polite as to eat of this ſame Cavear, but I am ſure it turned my Inſide outward; worſe by far than any Cow-turd. Inſtead of *Sturgeon-Spawn*, let it be called *Stir-John-Spawn*, I ſay; for it did *Movere Johannem* with a Witneſs. Why mayn't *John Ozell* pun a-bit as well as *Francis Rabelais*, eſpecially now he is explaining that jocoſe Writer's Puns.

the

the Gods *Cabiri*, ſo much celebrated by *Orpheus*, *Apollonius*, *Pherecides*, *Strabo*, *Pauſanias*, and (2) *Herodotus*. He doats, he raves, the poor Devil, ſaid Frier *John*. A Thouſand, a Million, nay, a hundred Millions of Devils ſeize the hornify'd Doddipole. Lend's a Hand here, hoh, Tiger, would'ſt thou? Here on the Starboard-Side; Ods me, thou Buffalo's Head ſtuffed with Relics, what Ape's *Pater-Noſter* art thou muttering and chattering here between thy Teeth? That Devil of a Sea-Calf is the Cauſe of all this Storm, and is the only Man who doth not lend a helping Hand. By G —— if I come near thee, I'll fetch thee out by the Head and Ears with a Vengeance, and chaſtiſe thee like any tempeſtative Devil. Here, Mate, my Lad, hold faſt till I have made a double Knot. O brave Boy! Would to Heaven thou wert Abbot of *Tulemouze*, and that he that is were Guardian of *Croullay*. Hold, Brother *Ponocrates*, you will hurt yourſelf, Man. *Epiſtemon*, pr'y-thee ſtand off out of the Hatchway. Methinks I ſaw the Thunder fall there but juſt now. Con the Ship, ſo ho——Mind your Steerage. Well ſaid! thus, thus, ſteady! keep her thus, get the Long-Boat clear.——Steady. Ods Fiſh, the Beakhead is ſtav'd to pieces. Grumble, Devils, fart, belch, ſhite a T—d o' the Wave. If this be Weather, the Devil's a Ram. Nay, by G ——, a little more would have waſh'd me clear away into the Current. I think all the Legions of Devils hold here their provincial

(2) Herodotus. *He doats.*] I am afraid I ſhall *puniſh* the Reader with *Puns*. But it is the Author's Fault, not mine. *Rabelais* concludes this Sentence with *Herodotus*, (*Herodote*,) and begins the next with *Il radote*; *he doats*. Can there be a more manifeſt Pun than *Herodote* and *Il radote* to ſuch as ſpeak French right? Nay, it is ſo plain that the famous *Menage* tells us, (under the Word *radoter*,) ſeveral have been induced, from this Alluſion of *Rabelais*, to believe that *radoter* properly ſignifies to tell Stories as unlikely to be true as many Things ſeem to be that are related by the Hiſtorian *Herodotus*. Though, by the Way, *Huetius* affirms *Herodotus* has much fewer Untruths than many People believe he has. To conclude: *Menſhew* tells us, *Radoter* quaſi *redoubter*; *heſitant enim & dubitant etiam de rebus aperti & manifeſtis homines deliri*. So much for the French *radoter*. Whether our Word *doat* (*rectius* dote) comes from that or from the *Low-Dutch*, *dotten*, I ſhall not take upon me to determine.

Chapter,

Chapter, or are polling, canvaſſing and wrangling, for the Election of a new Rector—Starboard; well ſaid. ——Take Heed; have a Care of your Noddle, Lad, in the Devil's Name. So ho, Starboard, Starboard! Be, be, be, bous, bous, bous, cry'd *Panurge*, bous, bous, be, be, be, bous, bous, I am loſt. I ſee neither Heaven nor Earth; of the four Elements we have here only Fire and Water left! Bou, bou, bou, bous, bous, bous. Would it were the Pleaſure of the worthy divine Bounty, that I were at this preſent Hour in the Cloſe at *Seville*, or at *Innocent*'s the Paſtry-cook, over againſt the painted Wine-Vault at *Chinon*, though I were to ſtrip to my Doublet, and bake the *petits Paſtés* myſelf.

Honeſt Man, could not you throw me aſhore? you can do a World of good Things, they ſay. I'll give you all *Salmigondinois*, and my large Shore full of Whilks, Cockles, and Perriwinkles, if, by your Induſtry, I ever ſet Foot on firm Ground. Alas, alas! I drown. Hark ye, my Friends, ſince we cannot get ſafe into Port, let us come to an Anchor into ſome Road, no Matter whither. Drop all your Anchors, let us be out of Danger I beſeech you. Here, honeſt Tar, get you into the Chains and heave the Lead, an't pleaſe you. Let us know how many Fathom Water we are in. Sound, Friend, in the Lord *Harry*'s Name. Let us know, whether a Man might here drink eaſily without ſtooping. I am apt to believe one might. Helm-a-lee, hoh, cry'd the Pilot. Helm-a-lee, a Hand or two at the Helm. About Ship with her, Helm-a-lee, Helm-a-lee——Stand off from the Leech of the Sail.——Hoh, belay here, make faſt below, hoh, Helm-a-lee, laſh ſure the Helm-a-lee and let her drive. Is it come to that! ſaid *Pantagruel*, our good Saviour then help us! Let her lie under the Sea, cry'd *James Brahier*, our chief Mate, let her drive. To Prayers, to Prayers! let all think on their Souls, and fall to Prayers; nor hope to 'ſcape but by a Miracle. Let us, ſaid *Panurge*, make ſome good pious Kind of Vow! Alas, alas, alas, bou, bou, be be be, bous, bous, bous, Oho, Oho, Oho, Oho, let us make a Pilgrim; come, come, let every Man club his Penny towards it, come on. Here, here, on this Side, ſaid

Frier

Frier *John* in the Devil's Name. Let her drive! for the Lord's Sake unhang the Rudder! hoh, let her drive, let her drive, and let us drink, I ſay, of the beſt and moſt cheering. Dy'e hear, Steward, produce, exhibit, for, d'ye ſee, this and all the Reſt may as well go to the Devil out of Hand. A Pox on that Wind-broker, *Æolus*, with his Fluſterbluſters! Sirrah, Page, bring me here my Drawer, (for ſo he call'd his Breviary;) ſtay a little here; hawl, Friend, thus——Odzoons here's a Deal of Hail and Thunder to no Purpoſe. Hold faſt above, I pray you. When have we All-Saints Day? I believe 'tis the unholy Holiday of all the Devil's Crew. Alas, ſaid *Panurge*, Frier *John* damns himſelf here as black as Buttermilk for the Nonce. Oh what a good Friend I loſe in him. Alas, alas, this is another guiſe Bout than laſt Year's. We are falling out of *Scylla* into *Charybdis*. Oho! I drown! *Confiteor!* one poor Word or two by Way of Teſtament, Frier *John*, my ghoſtly Father, good Mr. Abſtractor, my Crony, my *Achates*, *Xenomanes*, my All. Alas! I drown! two Words of Teſtament here upon this Ladder!

CHAP. XXI.

A Continuation of the Storm, with a ſhort Diſcourſe on the Subject of making Teſtaments at Sea.

TO make one's laſt Will, ſaid *Epiſtemon*, at this Time that we ought to beſtir ourſelves and help our Seamen, on the Penalty of being drown'd, ſeems to me as idle and ridiculous a Maggot as that of ſome of *Cæſar*'s Men, who, at their coming into the *Gauls*, were mightily buſy'd in making Wills and Codicils, bemoan'd their Fortune, and the Abſence of their Spouſes and Friends at *Rome*, when it was abſolutely neceſſary for them to run to their Arms, and uſe their utmoſt Strength againſt *Arioviſtus*, their Enemy.

This

This alſo is to be as ſilly as that Jolt-headed Loblolly of a Carter, who, having laid his Waggon faſt in a Slough, down on his Marrow-bones, was calling on the ſtrong-back'd Deity *Hercules*, Might and Main, to help him at a dead Lift, but all the While forgot to goad on his Oxen, and lay his Shoulders to the Wheels, as it behoved him, as if a *Lord have Mercy on us*, alone, would get his Cart out of the Mire.

What will it ſignify to make your Will now? For either we ſhall come off, or drown for't. If we 'ſcape, it will not ſignify a Straw to us; for, Teſtaments are of no Value or Authority but by the Death of the Teſtators. If we are drown'd, will it not be drown'd too? Pr'y-thee who will tranſmit it to the Executors? Some kind Wave will throw it a-ſhore, like *Ulyſſes*, reply'd *Panurge*, and ſome King's Daughter, going to fetch a Walk on the Freſco in the Evening, will find it, and take Care to have it prov'd and fulfill'd; nay, and have ſome ſtately *Cenotaph* erected to my Memory as (1) *Dido* had to that of her good Man *Sichæus*; (2) *Æneas* to *Deiphobus* upon the *Trojan* Shore near *Rhæte*; (3) *Andromache* to *Hector* in the City of *Buthrotos*; (4) *Ariſtole* to *Hermias* and *Eubulus*; (5) the *Athenians* to the Poet *Euripides*; (6) the *Romans* to *Druſus* in *Germany*, and to (7) *Alexander Severus*, their Emperor, in the *Gauls*; (8) *Argentier* to *Callaiſchre*; (9) *Xenocrates*

(1) Dido *to her good Man* Sichæus.] Whence *Rabelais* had this I know not. Perhaps he took for a Cenotaph the Funeral Pile which gave Occaſion to *Dido* to burn herſelf with the Sacrifice ſhe had been offering the Manes of *Sichæus*. See *Juſtin.* l. 18. c. 6.

(2) Æneas *to* Deiphobus.] *Æneid.* l. 6. v. 505.

(3) Andromache *to* Hector.] *Æneid.* l. 3. v. 302.

(4) Ariſtotle *to* Hermias *and* Eubulus.] *Diogenes Laertius* in the Life of *Ariſtotle*.

(5) *The* Athenians *to the Poet* Euripides.] See the Anthologia, l. 3. pag. 394. *Weckel's* Edition.

(6) *The* Romans *to* Druſus.] See *Suetonius* in the Life of the Emperor *Claudius*.

(7) Alexander Severus] See *Lampridius* in the Life of that Emperor.

(8) Argentier *to* Callaiſchre.] Read, *Callaiſchrus*: Καλλαίσχρος. He periſhing at Sea, the Poets, doubtleſs, well paid by his Heirs, ſet themſelves at Work to make Cenotaphs, (honorary Tombs,) to his Memory;

tes to *Lysidices*; *Timares* to his Son *Teleutagoras*; (10) *Eupolis* and *Aristodice* to their Son *Theotimus*; (11) *Onestes* to *Timocles*; (12) *Callimachus* to *Sopolis* the Son of *Dioclides*; (13) *Catullus* to his Brother; (14) *Statius* to his Father; (15) *Germain* of *Brie* to *Hervé* the *Breton*

Memory; two of which are extant, l. 3. of the Anthologia, c. 22. One made by *Leonidas* the other by *Argentarius* beginning, Οὗτος ὁ Καλλαίσχρυ κενεὸς τάφος.

(9) Xenocrates *to* Lysidices.] Read, *Xenocrites*. See the Anthologia, l. 3. p. 367. *Wechel*'s Edition.

(10) Eupolis, &c.] I have not been able to find out any Thing of this nor the preceding.

(11) Onestes *to* Timocles.] See the Anthologia, l. 3. p. 366. *Wechel*'s Edition.

(12) Callimachus *to* Sopolis.] See the Epigrams of *Callimachus*, Epigr. 22.

(13) Catullus *to his Brother.*] See the 102 Epigr. of *Catullus*.

(14) Statius *to his Father.*] See the Sylvæ of *Statius*, l. 5. Epiced. 3.

(15) Germain *of* Brie *to* Hervé, &c.] In the Year 1512, on St. *Lawrence*'s Day, there was, off St. *Mahé* in *Bretagne*, a great Sea-fight, between the *French* Fleet and the *Engliſh*, who were above two to one in Number of Ships. [So ſays M. *du Chat*, of the *Engliſh*.] He goes on: The *Engliſh*, ſeeing their *Admiral* in Danger, threw Fire into that of *France*, commanded by Captain *Hervé*, a *Breton*. He, after having in vain endeavoured to ſave his Ship, finding the Loſs of her inevitable, grappled with the *Engliſh* Ship, to which the Wind having carried the Fire, the *Regente* of *England*, and the *Cordeliere* (*Franciſcan* Nun) of *France*, (ſo were the two Ships called,) periſhed with all that were on-board. *Germain de Brie*, in Latin *Germanus Brixeus*, wrote, upon this Occaſion, a Poem, intituled *Chordigera*, (Cordeliere,) dedicated to *Queen Anne*, at the Concluſion whereof he raiſed this following Cenotaph to the Memory of Captain *Hervé*:

Hervei Cenotaphium.

Magnanimi manes Hervei, nomenque verendum,
Hic lapis obſervat, non tamen oſſa tegit:
Auſus enim Anglorum numeroſæ occurrere claſſi,
Quæ patrium infeſtans jam prope littus erat,
Chordigerâ invectus regali puppe: Britannis
Marte prius ſævo comminus edomitis,
Arſit Chordigeræ in flammâ, extremoque cadentem
Servavit moriens excidio patriam.
Priſca duos ætas Decios miratur; at unum
Quem conferre queat, noſtra duobus habet.

To this Sir *Thomas More* made the following ſharp Anſwer.

Hervea

Breton Tarpaulin. Art thou mad, ſaid Frier *John*, to run on at this Rate? Help here, in the Name of five Hundred Thouſand Millions of Cart-loads of Devils, help; may a Shanker gnaw thy Muſtachios, and three Rows of Pock-royals and Colliflowers cover thy Bum and Turd-Barrel inſtead of Breeches and Cod-piece. Codſoaks! our Ship is almoſt overſet. Ods Death, how ſhall we clear her? 'Tis well if ſhe don't founder. What a deviliſh Sea there runs! She'll neither try nor hull; the Sea will overtake her, ſo we never ſhall 'ſcape; the Devil 'ſcape me. Then *Pantagruel* was heard to make a ſad Exclamation, ſaying, with a loud Voice, Lord, ſave us, we periſh; yet, not as we would have it, but thy holy Will be done. The Lord, and the bleſſed Virgin be with us! ſaid *Panurge*. Holos, alas, I drown! Be be be bous, be bous, bous; *In manus*. Good Heaven, ſend me ſome Dolphin to carry me ſafe on-ſhore, like a pretty little *Arian*. I ſhall make Shift to ſound the Harp if it be not unſtrung. Let nineteen Legions of black Devils ſeize me, ſaid Frier *John*, (the Lord be with us, whiſper'd *Panurge* between his chattering Teeth,) if I come down to thee I'll ſhew thee, to ſome Purpoſe, that the Badge of thy Humanity dangles at a Calf's Breech, (16) thou ragged-horned cuckoldy Booby;

Hervea cum Deciis unum conferre duobus
Ætas, te, Brixi, judice, noſtra poteſt.
Sed tamen hoc diſtant; illi quod ſponte peribant;
Hic periit, quoniam non potuit fugere.

See the Epigrams of Sir *Thomas More*, and the Poems of *German de Brie*. The latter have been reprinted in the Collection made by *Gruterus*, under the Name of *Rhanutius Gherus*, of the Latin Poems publiſhed by the *French* in the 16th Century. It is in 16mo. in 3 Vol. printed in 1599. I ſhall add Nothing to this Article, only that Sir *Thomas More* gives to the Accuſative of *Herveus*, a Greek Termination: *Hervea* for *Herveum*. Thus *Ulyſſem*, in Greek Ὀδυσσέα.

(16) *Thou ragged-horned cuckoldy Booby.*] Mr. *M*———*x* here not only miſtakes the Meaning of the Word *Cornart*; (for how could *Panurge* be a Cuckold that was not yet married?) but likewiſe the Reſt of the Sentence. *Rabelais*'s Words are *Veau Coquart, Cornart, Eſcorné*. Upon which *D. Chat* ſays, *Veau Coquart*, raw Sot, *Cock-aded Prig*, who is always trimmed up with a *Cock*'s Feather in his Cap; the Beaux of that Age being uſed to adorn their Bonnets with a Cock's

by; Mgna, mgnan, mgnan: Come hither and help us, thou great weeping Calf, or may thirty Millions of Devils leap on thee: Wilt thou come, Sea-Calf? Fie, how ugly the howling Whelp looks. What always the ſame Ditty? Come on now, my bonny Drawer. This he ſaid opening his Breviary, come forward, thou and I muſt be ſomewhat ſerious for a While; (17) let me peruſe thee (18) ſtifly. *Beatus vir qui non abiit.* Pſhaw, I know all this by Heart; let's ſee the Legend of Monſieur St. *Nicolas.*

Horrida Tempeſtas montem *turbavit* acutum.

(19) *Tempeſte* was a mighty Flogger of Lads at *Mountaigue* College. If Pedants be damn'd for whipping poor little innocent Wretches, their Scholars, he is, upon my Honour, by this Time fix'd within *Ixion*'s Wheel, laſhing the crop-ear'd bob-tail'd Cur that gives

a Cock's Feather; whence our Word *Cockade*, I ſuppoſe; though we ought to write it as the *French* do, *Coquarde*. M. *du Chat* goes on to the next Word *Veau Cornart*, (which M. *M———x*, as I ſaid above, took for *Cuckold*, as if it came from *Corne*, Horn.) Whereas *Veau Cornart* is an ignorant Doctor, who, to procure the more Reſpect, is never ſeen abroad without his Tippet, or Hood, (*Cornette*. in *French*,) to ſhew he is graduated. See Chap. VIII. *Des illuſtres Proverbes*. Laſtly, *Veau eſcorné*, an arrant *Scrub*, who has, by his baſe Pranks, already loaded himſelf with Contempt and *Scorn*; *eſcorno* in *Italian*; whence *Rabelais* borrows it.

(17) *Let me peruſe thee.*] Frier *John* ſpeaks to his Breviary.

(18) *Stifly.*] *A Contrepoil*, in the Original; which means *the contrary Way* (not *ſtifly*; I know not what *ſtifly* means.) He turned the Leaves of his Breviary from Left to Right, which is the wrong Way, to find the Pſalm, *Beatus vir qui non abiit*, &c.

(19) Tempeſte, &c.] *Antony Tempeſte*, Doctor of *Paris*, Principal of *Montaigu* College, where his Picture is ſtill to be ſeen. *Eutrapel*'s Tales, Chap. 26. *Lupold me diſoit*, &c. Lupold *ſaid to me.* —Ecce montem acutum, *where our old Maſter*, Antony Tempeſte, *uſed to thunder topically.* A *Franciſcan* Frier, called *Frere Tempeſte*, who, without changing his Habit, preached the Reformation at *Montlimar* in 1560, gave Beginning to the Church of that Place. See *Beza*'s *Eccl. Hiſt.*

To conclude, that *Latin* Verſe alludes to this of *Horace.*

Horrida Tempeſtas cœlum contraxit & imbres.

it

it Motion. If they are ſaved for having whipp'd innocent Lads, he ought to be (20) above the———

CHAP. XXII.

An End of the Storm.

(1) SHORE, Shore, cry'd *Pantagruel!* Land to, my Friends, I ſee Land; (2) pluck up a good Spirit, Boys 'tis within a Kenning; ſo, we are not far from a Port——— I ſee the Sky clearing up to the Northwards———Look to the South-Eaſt! Courage, my Hearts, ſaid the Pilot; now ſhe'll bear the Hullock of a Sail; the Sea is much ſmoother, ſome Hands aloft to the Main-top——— Put the Helm a-weather ——Steady, ſteady!——Hawl your Aftermiſen Bowlins ——Hawl, hawl, hawl!——— Thus, thus, and no nearer. Mind your Steerage; bring your Main-tack aboard———Clear your Sheets; clear your Bowlins; Port, port——Helm-a-lee——— —Now, to the Sheet on the Starboard Side, thou Son of a Whore. Thou art mightily pleas'd, honeſt Fellow, quoth Frier *John*, with hearing him make Mention of thy Mother. Luff, luff, cry'd the Quarter-maſter that cun'd the Ship, keep her full, luff the Helm, luff: It is, anſwer'd the Steer-man; keep her thus——— Get the Bonnets fix'd. Steady, ſteady.

That's well ſaid, ſaid Frier *John*, now this is Something like a Tanzy. Come, come, come, Children, be nimble—— Good———Luff, luff ——— Thus—— Helm a-weather. That's well ſaid and thought on. Methinks the Storm is almoſt over. It was high Time,

(20) *Above the*——] The Period interrupted by *Pantagruel*'s crying out *he ſaw Land.*

(1) *Shore, Shore.*] *Terre, terre! Land, Land!* This is the γῆν ὁρῶ, or *terram video*, of *Diogenes*, when he found he was got toward the Concluſion of a certain voluminous Book, with which he was quite tired.

(2) *Pluck up a good Spirit.*] In the Original, *Courage de brebis:* On, with a Sheep's Courage. The nearer ſheep draw to the Fold, the more they bleat.

Faith;

Faith; however, the Lord be thanked!——Our Devils begin to ſcamper——Out with all your Sails —— Hoiſt your Sails —— Hoiſt—— ——That's ſpoke like a Man: Hoiſt, hoiſt——Here, a-God's Name, honeſt *Penocrates*, thou'rt a luſty Fornicator; the Whoreſon will get none but Boys. *Euſthenes*, thou art a notable Fellow——— Run up to the Fore-topſail——Thus, thus——Well ſaid, i-faith; thus thus. I dare not fear any Thing all this While, for it is Holiday. Vea, vea, vea! Huzza! This Shout of the Seamen is not amiſs, and pleaſes me, for it is Holiday: Keep her full, thus ——Good. Cheer up, Merry-mates all, cry'd out *Epiſtemon*; I ſee already (3) *Caſtor* on the Right. Be, be, bous, bous, bous, ſaid *Panurge*, I am much afraid it is the Bitch *Helen*. 'Tis truly (4) *Mixarchagenas*, return'd *Epiſtemon*, if thou likeſt better that Denomination which the *Argives* give him. Ho, ho! I ſee Land too; let her bear in with the Harbour, I ſee a good many People on the Beach; I ſee a Light on an *Obeliſcolychny*. Shorten your Sails, ſaid the Pilot; fetch the ſounding Line, we muſt double that Point of Land, and mind the Sands ——— We are clear of them, ſaid the Sailors. Soon after, away ſhe goes, quoth the Pilot, and ſo doth the Reſt of our Fleet: Help came in good Seaſon.

By St. *John*, ſaid *Panurge*, this is ſpoke ſomewhat like: O the ſweet Word! There's the Soul of Muſic in't: mgna, mgna, mgna, ſaid Frier *John*, if ever thou taſte a Drop on't, let the Devil's Dam taſte me, thou ballocky Devil. Here, honeſt Soul, here's a full (5) Sneaker of the very beſt. Bring the Flagons; doſt hear, *Gymnaſt*, and that ſame large paſty Jambic, or Gammonic, e'en as you will have it.——Take Heed you pilot her in right.

Cheer up, cried out *Pantagruel*; cheer up, my Boys: Let's be ourſelves again: Do you ſee yonder, cloſe by our Ship, two Barks, three Sloops, five Ships,

(3) Caſtor——Helen.] See *Pliny*. l. 2. c. 37. and the *Scaligerana*, at the Word *Noctilucæ*.

(4) Mixarchagenas.] Read *Mixarchagevas*; for that's the true Reading. See *Plutarch*, Problem 23. Queſt. 63.

(5) *Sneaker.*] *Rabelais* uſes our *Engliſh* Word Tankard, but ſpells it *Tanquart*.

eight

eight Pinks, four Yawls, and ſix Frigates, making towards us, ſent by the good People of the neighbouring Iſland to our Relief. But who is this *Ucalegon* below, that cries and makes ſuch a ſad Moan? Were it not that I hold the Maſt firmly with both my Hands, and keep it ſtraiter than two hundred Tacklings — I'd — It is (ſaid Frier *John*) that poor Devil *Panurge*, who is troubled with a Calf's Ague; he quakes for Fear when his Belly's full. If, ſaid *Pantagruel*, he hath been afraid during this dreadful Hurricane and dangerous Storm, provided (waving that) he hath done his Part like a Man, I do not value him a Jot the leſs for it. For, as to fear, in all Encounters, is the Mark of a heavy and cowardly Heart, as *Agamemnon* did, who, for that Reaſon, is ignominouſly tax'd by *Achilles* with having Dog's Eyes and (6) a Stag's Heart; ſo, not to fear, when the Caſe is evidently dreadful, is a Sign of Want or Smalneſs of Judgement. Now, if any Thing ought to be feared in this Life, next to offending God, I will not ſay it is Death; I will not meddle with the Diſputes of *Socrates*, and the Academics, that Death of itſelf is neither bad nor to be fear'd; but I will affirm, that this Kind of Death by Shipwreck is to be fear'd, or Nothing is. For, as *Homer* ſaith, it is a grievous, dreadful, and unnatural, Thing to periſh at Sea. And, indeed, *Æneas*, in the Storm that took his Fleet near *Sicily*, was griev'd that he had not dy'd by the Hand of the brave *Diomedes*; and ſaid that thoſe were three nay four Times happy who periſh'd in the Conflagration at *Troy*. No Man here hath loſt his Life, the Lord, our Saviour, be eternally prais'd for it: But, in Truth, here is a Ship ſadly out of Order. Well, we muſt take Care to have the Damage repair'd. Take Heed we do not run aground and bulge her.

(6) *Stag's Heart.*] Iliad 1ſt.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

How Panurge *play'd the Good-Fellow when the Storm was over.*

WHAT Cheer ho, fore and aft, quoth *Panurge?* Oh ho! All is well, the Storm is over. I beſeech ye, be ſo kind as to let me be the firſt that is ſet on-ſhore, for I would by all Means a little untruſs a Point. ——— Shall I help you ſtill? Here, let me ſee, I'll coil this Rope; I have Plenty of Courage, and of Fear as little as may be. Give it me yonder, honeſt Tar. ——— No, no, I have not a Bit of Fear. Indeed that ſame decumane Wave, that took us fore and aft, ſomewhat alter'd my Pulſe. ——— Down with your Sails; well ſaid; how now, Frier *John*, you do Nothing? Is it Time for us to drink now? Who can tell but (1) St. *Martin*'s Running-footman may ſtill be hatching us ſome farther Miſchief? Shall I come and help you again? Pork and Peaſe choak me if I do not heartily repent, though too late, not having followed the Doctrine of the good Philoſopher, who tells us, *That, to walk by the Sea, and to navigate by the Shore, are very ſafe and pleaſant Things*; juſt as it is to go on-foot when we hold our Horſe by the Bridle ——— Ha! ha! ha? by G— all goes well. Shall I help you here too? Let me ſee, I'll do this as it ſhould be, or the Devil's in't.

Epiſtemon, (who had the Inſide of one of his Hands all flea'd and bloody, having held a Tackling with Might and Main,) hearing what *Pantagruel* had ſaid, told him: You may believe, my Lord, I had my Share of Fear as well as *Panurge*, yet I ſpar'd no Pains in lending my helping Hand. I conſider'd, that, ſince by fatal and unavoidable Neceſſity we muſt all die, it is the bleſſed Will of God that we die this or that Hour, and this or that Kind of Death; nevertheleſs, we ought to

(1) *St* Martin's *Running-footman.*.] The Devil. The Legend of St. *Martin* aſſigns him the Devil for a Running-footman on a certain Occaſion.

implore,

implore, invoke, pray, beſeech, and ſupplicate, him; but yet we muſt not ſtop there; it behoveth us alſo to uſe our Endeavours on our Side, and, as the holy Writ ſaith, *to co-operate with him.*

You know what *C. Flaminius* the Conſul ſaid, when by *Hannibal*'s Policy he was penn'd up near the Lake of *Peruſo*, alias *Thraſymene*: *Friends*, (ſaid he to his Soldiers,) *you muſt not hope to get out of this Place barely by Vows or Prayers to the Gods; no, 'tis by Fortitude and Strength we muſt eſcape, and cut ourſelves a Way, with the Edge of our Swords, through the Midſt of our Enemies.*

Salluſt likewiſe makes *M. Portius Cato* ſay this; *The Help of the Gods is not obtain'd by idle Vows and womaniſh Complaints; 'tis by Vigilance, Labour, and repeated Endeavours, that all Things ſucceed according to our Wiſhes and Deſigns.* If a Man, in Time of Need and Danger, is negligent, heartleſs, and lazy, in vain he implores the Gods; they are then juſtly angry and incens'd againſt him. The Devil take me, ſaid Frier *John*, (I'll go his Halves, quoth *Panurge*,) if the Cloſe of *Seville* had not been all gather'd, vintag'd, glean'd, and deſtroy'd, if I had only ſung *Contra hoſtium inſidias* (Matter of Breviary) like all the Reſt of the Monkiſh Devils, and had not beſtir'd myſelf to ſave the Vineyard as I did, diſpatching the Truant *Piccaroons* of *Lerné* with the Staff of the Croſs.

Let her ſink or ſwim a-God's Name, ſaid *Panurge*, all's one to Frier *John*, he doth Nothing; his Name is (2) Frier *John Do-little*; for all he ſees me here a ſweating and puffing to help, with all my Might, this honeſt Tar, firſt of the Name——— Hark you, me dear Soul, a Word with you———but pray be not angry: How thick do you judge the Planks of our Ship to be? Some two good Inches and upwards, return'd the Pilot; don't fear. Odſ, kilderkins, ſaid *Panurge*, it ſeems then we are within two Fingers Breadth of Damnation. Is this (4) one of the

(2) *Frier* John Do-little.] In Oppoſition to *Panurge*, whoſe Name comes from *Fac-totum*, Do-all.

(3) *Within two Fingers Breadth of Damnation.*] Inſtead of *Damnation* read *Death*; for that's *Rabelais*'s Word: The Thought is *Anacharſis* the *Scythian*'s, *in Diogenes Laertius.*

(4) *One of the nine Comforts of Matrimony.*] A pleaſant Compariſon between a Man, however lucky in marrying, and another that's

the nine Comforts of Matrimony? Ah, dear Soul, you do well to meaſure the Danger by the Yard of Fear. For my Part, I have none on't; my Name is *William Dreadnought*. As for Heart, I have more than enough on't; I mean none of your Sheep's Heart, but of (5) Wolf's Heart; the Courage of a Bravo; by the Pavilion of *Mars*, I fear Nothing but Danger.

CHAP. XXIV.

How Panurge *was ſaid to have been afraid, without Reaſon, during the Storm.*

GOOD Morrow, Gentlemen, ſaid *Panurge*, Good Morrow to you all: You are in very good Health, Thanks to Heaven and yourſelves! You are all heartily welcome, and in good Time. Let us go on Shore.——Here, Coxen, get the Ladder over the Gunnel, Man the Sides, Man the Pinnace, and get her by the Ship's Side.——Shall I yet lend you a Hand here? I am ſtark mad for Want of Buſineſs, and would work like any two Yokes of Oxen.——Truly this is a fine Place, and theſe look like a very good People—Children, do you want me ſtill in any Thing? do not ſpare the Sweat of my Body, for God's Sake. *Adam* (that is Man) was made to labour and work as the Birds were made to fly. Our Lord's Will is that we get our Bread with the Sweat of our Brows, not idling and doing nothing like this Tatterdemallion of a Monk

embark'd and on the Sea, however good the Ship be he has under him, yet is he not ſure he ſhall not be caſt away.

He that in Wedlock (twice) ventures his Carcaſe,
(Twice) ventures a Drowning, and Faith that's a hard Caſe.

Says a merry Poet. To return to *Du Chat*; a ſmall Book of the *Fifteen Comforts of Matrimoney* was ſeveral Times reprinted in the 16th Century.

(5) *Wolf's Heart.*] Forced Courage; for a Wolf never turns his Head to fight, but when he can't run away with his Prey.

here,

here, this Frier *Jack*, who is fain to drink to hearten himſelf up, and dies for Fear—Rare Weather!—I now find the Anſwer of (1) *Anacharſis*, the noble Philoſopher, very proper; being aſk'd what Ship he reckon'd the ſafeſt, he reply'd, that which is in the Harbour. He made yet a better Repartee, ſaid *Pantagruel*, when Somebody, inquiring which is greater, the Number of the Living or that of the Dead; he aſk'd them, amongſt which of the two they reckon'd thoſe that are at Sea? Ingeniouſly implying, that they are continually in Danger of Death, dying live, and living die. (2) *Portius Cato* alſo ſaid, that there were but three Things of which he would repent; that is, if ever he had truſted his Wife with his Secret, if he had idled away a Day, and if he had ever gone by Sea to a Place he could viſit by Land. By this dignified Frock of mine, ſaid Frier *John* to *Panurge*, Friend, thou haſt been afraid during the Storm, without Cauſe or Reaſon; for thou wert not born to be drowned, but rather to be hang'd, and exalted in the Air, or to be roaſted in the Midſt of a jolly (3) Bonfire. My Lord, would you have a good Cloke for the Rain, leave me off your Wolf and Badger-ſkin Mantle: Let *Panurge* but be flead, and cover yourſelf with his Hide. But do not come near the Fire, nor near your Blackſmith's Forges a-God's name; for in a Moment you will ſee

(1) Anacharſis.] See his Life in *Diogenes Laërtius*.

(2) Portius Cato.] See his Life in *Plutarch*.

(3) *Bonfire.*] After *Bonfire*, add, *like a Father*. *Pendu, brulé, comme ung Pere*, are *Rabelais*'s Words; of which Mr. *M——x* has left out the Concluſion, *like a Father*. M. *du Chat* tells us, that *Rabelais*, by *like a Father*, means, *like one of the* Lutherans, or firſt Reformers, who, in *France*, were denominated *Fathers*, (*Peres* in *French*,) becauſe, in thoſe Days, praying, in *French*, (as they ſtill do,) moſt of their Prayers begin with *Father everlaſting* (Pere eternel.) So the returning Thanks in *Latin*, which, beginning with the Verb *Agimus*, has got the Catholics the Surname of *Agimus*. *S. Ange* to *Maſcurat*, who could not endure the Hugonots, ſays,

Tu devrois pluſtoſt dire avec moy;
Pere Eternel, & Agimus,
Soyez tous deux les bien venus.

it in Aſhes. Yet be as long as you pleaſe in the (4) Rain, Snow, Hail, nay, by the Devil's Maker, throw yourſelf or dive down to the very Bottom of the Water, I'll engage you'll not be wet at all. Have ſome Winter-Boots made of it, they'll never take in a Drop of Water; make Bladders of it to lay under Boys, to teach them to ſwim, inſtead of Corks, and they will learn without the leaſt Danger. His Skin, then, ſaid *Pantagruel*, ſhould be like the Herb call'd *True Maidens Hair*, which never takes Wet nor Moiſtneſs, but ſtill keeps dry, though you lay it at the Bottom of the Water as long as you pleaſe, and for that Reaſon is called *Adiantos*.

Friend *Panurge*, ſaid Frier *John*, I pray thee never be afraid of Water; thy Life for mine, thou art threaten'd wirh a contrary Element. Ay, ay, reply'd *Panurge*, but the Devil's Cooks dote ſometimes, and are apt to make horrid Blunders as well as others, often putting to boil in Water what was deſign'd to be roaſted on the Fire; like the Head-Cooks of our Kitchen, who often lard Patridges, Queeſts, and Stock-Doves, with intent to roaſt them, one would think, but it happens ſometimes that they e'en turn the Patridges into the Pot to be boil'd with Cabbages, the Queeſts with Leek-Pottage, and the Stock-Doves with Turnips. But hark you me, good Friends, I proteſt before this noble Company, that, as for the Chapel which I vow'd to Monſieur St. *Nicolas*, between *Conde* and *Monſoreau*, I honeſtly mean that it ſhall be (5) a Chapel of Roſe-

(4) *In the Rain.*] See *Pliny*, l. 22, c. 21.

(5) *A Chapel*, &c.] A Diſtilling-Chapel, that is, a Limbec. The Word *Chapelle*, in the Signification of an *Alembic*, is to be found in *Corderius's de corr. ſerm. emendatione*, in Ch. *habendi ſumma*, of the Edition of 1531. *Nicot* and *Oudin* have ſince put it into their Dictionaries. *Marot* (who tranſlated the moſt of the Pſalms into *French*, as they are ſtill ſung here in *England* and elſewhere) ſays, in his Epigram to Mademoiſelle *de la Chapelle*,

La Chapelle, où ſe font eaües odoriferantes,
Donne par ſes liqueurs gueriſons differentes.

————The *Chapel*,
Which Water makes of various fragrant Scents,
Does by its Liquors different Cures diſpenſe.

water,

water, which ſhall be where neither Cow nor Calf ſhall be fed; for, between you and me, I intend to throw it to the Bottom of the Water. Here is a rare Rogue for ye, ſaid *Euſthenes*; here's a pure Rogue, a Rogue in Grain, a Rogue enough, a Rogue and a Half! He has reſolv'd to make good the *Italian* Proverb, (6) *Paſſato il Periculo, è gabato il Santo.*

The Devil was ſick, the Devil a Monk wou'd be;
The Devil was well, the Devil a Monk was he.

CHAP. XXV.

How, after the Storm, Pantagruel *went on-ſhore in the Iſland of the* Macreons.

IMmediately after, we went aſhore at the Port of an Iſland, which they call'd the (1) Iſland of the *Macreons*, the good People of the Place receiv'd us very honourably. An old *Macrobius* (ſo they call'd their eldeſt Elderman) deſir'd *Pantagruel* to come to the Town-Houſe to refreſh himſelf, and eat Something, but he would not budge a Foot from the Mole till all the Men were

(6) Paſſato, &c.] The Danger once over, the Saint's deſpiſed.

(1) *Iſland of the* Macreons.] Some will have this to be *Great Britain*; others will have it to take in likewiſe the Province of *Bretagne*, (in *France*,) wherein, as well as in *England*, the Tales of *Eutrapel*, ch. 33. obſerve there are ſtill to be ſeen a World of ancient Monuments and ſingular Rarities, as are mention'd in this Chapter. The Tranſlator of *Rabelais* into *Engliſh* is of Opinion it means *England*, and no other Country; but, altho' it is certain that People live there to a very great Age, yet that does not determine the Queſtion. The ſole Reaſon is, thoſe who in *Edward* the VIth's Time, to avoid Perſecution in *France*, fled into *England*, found the Secret there to prolong a Life which they had not fail'd to have loſt in their own Country. Again, literally taken, may it not mean the *Iſle of Wight*, which, in the Romance of *Perceforeſt*, is called the *Iſle of Life*? And that Romance, which extends its Heroes Lives to many Ages, makes 'em live ſo long for no other Reaſon but on Account of his aſſigning them that Iſland to reſide in; from whence they are at laſt forced to be taken in order to put them into a Poſſibility of dying.

landed. After he had ſeen them, he gave Order they ſhould all change Clothes, and that ſome of all the Stores in the Fleet ſhould be brought on Shore, that every Ship's Crew might live well; which was accordingly done, and God wot how they all toped and carouz'd. The People of the Place brought them Proviſions in Abundance. The *Pantagruelists* return'd them more: As the Truth is, their's were ſomewhat damag'd by the late Storm. When they had well ſtuffed the Inſides of their Doublets, *Pantagruel* deſired every one to lend their Help to repair the Damage; which they readily did. It was eaſy enough to refit there; for all the Inhabitants of the Iſland were Carpenters, and all ſuch Handicrafts as are ſeen in the *Arſenale* at *Venice*. None but the largeſt Iſland was inhabited, having three Ports and ten Pariſhes, the Reſt being over-run with Wood, and deſert, much like Foreſt of *Arden*. We entreated the old *Macrobius* to ſhew us what was worth ſeeing in the Iſland, which he did; and in the deſert and dark Foreſt we diſcover'd ſeveral old ruined Temples, Obeliſques, Pyramids, Monuments, and ancient Tombs, with divers Inſcriptions and Epitaphs, ſome of them in hieroglyphic Characters; others in the (2) *Gothic* Dialect; ſome in the *Arabic*, *Agerenian*, *Sclavonian*, and other, Tongues; of which *Epiſtemon* took an exact Account. In the Interim, *Panurge* ſaid to Frier *John*, Is this the Iſland of the *Macreons*? *Macreon* ſignifies in *Greek* an old Man, or one much ſtricken in Years. What's that to me, ſaid Frier *John*, how can I help it? I was not in the Country when they chriſten'd it. Now I think on't, quoth *Panurge*, I believe the Name of *Makerel* [that's a *Bawd* in French] was deriv'd from it; for, procuring is the Province of the old as Buttock-riggling is that of the young. Therefore I don't know but this may be the Bawdy or Mackrel Iſland, the Original and Prototype of the Iſland of that Name at *Paris*. Let's go and drudge far Cock-Oiſters. Old *Macrobius* aſk'd in the *Lonic* Tongue, how, and by what Induſtry and Labour *Pantagruel* got to their Port that Day, there having been ſuch bluſtering Weather, and

(2) Gothic.] *Rabelais* has it *Ionic*.

ſuch

ſuch a dreadful Storm at Sea. *Pantagruel* told him, that the Almighty Preſerver of Mankind had regarded the Simplicity and ſincere Affection of his Servants, who did not travel for Gain or ſordid Profit, the ſole Deſign of their Voyage being a ſtudious Deſire to know, ſee, and viſit, the Oracle of *Bacbue*, and take the Word of the Bottle upon ſome Difficulties offer'd by one of the Company; nevertheleſs this had not been without great Affliction and evident Danger of Shipwreck. After that, he aſk'd him what he judg'd to be the Cauſe of that terrible Tempeſt, and if the adjacent Seas were thus frequently ſubject to Storms, as in the Ocean are the (3) *Ratz* of *Sammaieu*, (4) *Maumuſſon*, and, in the *Mediterranean* Sea, the Gulph of (5) *Sataly*, (6) *Montargentan*, *Piombino*, (7) *Capo Melio* in *Laconia*, the *Streights* of *Gibraltar*, *Faro di Meſſina*, and others.

(3) *Ratz* of *Sammaieu*.] In *Bretagne*, a dangerous Paſſage, becauſe of the Rapidity of the Currents there.

(4) *Maumuſſon*.] The *Canal*, ſo call'd, is likewiſe very dangerous on Account of the numberleſs Banks and *Quick-Sands* there, which are moving up and down continually. It is two Leagues long and one broad, and ſeparates the *Iſles* of *Alvert* and *Oleron*. See *la Popelinier*'s Hiſtory of *France*.

(5) *Sataly*.] Anciently *Attalia*, in *Pamphylia*. It is ſtill very dangerous, but Nothing near ſo much as it was heretofore, by Reaſon of a Sea-Monſter, which *Villamont* in his Travels tells us was wont to infeſt that Part of the Sea, till the Empreſs St. *Helena*, in her Return from *Jeruſalem*, from whence ſhe was bringing the Nails with which our *Saviour* was faſten'd to the Croſs, threw one of 'em into the Waves there, which has render'd that Monſter ſo gentle that it is but ſeldom he now-a-days meddles with any of the Ships that come near the Place of his Abode. See *Villamont*'s Voyages, l. 2. c. 5.

(6) *Montargentan*.] *Porto de Telamone*, in *Tuſcany*.

(7) *Capo Melio* in *Laconia*.] *Cabo de Malvaſia*; anciently *Malleum Promontorium*.

CHAP. XXVI.

How the good Macrobius *gave us an Account of the Manſion and Deceaſe of the Heroes.*

THE good *Macrobius* then anſwer'd, Friendly Strangers, this Iſland is one of the *Sporades*, not of your *Sporades* that lie in the *Carpathian* Sea, but one of the *Sporades* of the Ocean; in former Times rich, frequented, wealthy, populous, full of Traffic, and in the Dominions of the Ruler of *Britain*; but now, by Courſe of Time, and in theſe latter Ages of the World, poor and deſolate as you ſee. In this dark Foreſt, above ſeventy-eight thouſand *Perſian* Leagues in Compaſs, is the Dwelling-place of the *Dæmons* and Heroes, that are grown old, and we believe that ſome one of them dy'd Yeſterday; ſince the Comet, which we ſaw for three Days before together, ſhines no more; and now 'tis likely that at his Death there aroſe this horrible Storm; for, while they are alive, all Happineſs attends both this and the adjacent Iſlands, and a ſettled Calm and Serenity. At the Death of every one of them we commonly hear in the Foreſt loud and mournful Groans, and the whole Land is infeſted with Peſtilence, Earthquakes, Inundations, and other Calamities; the Air with Fogs and Obſcurity, and the Sea with Storms and Hurricanes. What you tell us ſeems to me likely enough, ſaid *Pantagruel*. For (1) as a Torch, or Candle, as long as it hath Life enough and is lighted, ſhines round about, diſperſes its Light, delights thoſe that are near it, yields them its Service and Clearneſs, and never cauſes any Pain or Diſpleaſure; but, as ſoon as 'tis extinguiſhed, its Smoke and Evaporation infect the Air, offend the Byſtanders, and are noiſome to all; ſo, as long as thoſe noble and renowned Souls inhabit

(1) *As a Torch*, &c.] Compariſon taken from *Plutarch* in his Diſcourſe of the Ceſſation of Oracles.

their

their Bodies, Peace, Profit, Pleaſure, and Honour, never leave the Places where they abide; but, as ſoon as they leave them, both the Continent and adjacent Iſlands are annoy'd with great Commotions; in the Air, Fogs, Darkneſs, Thunder, Hail, Tremblings, Pulſations, Agitations of the Earth, Storms and Hurricanes at Sea, together with ſad Complaints amongſt the People, Broaching of Religions, Changes in Governments, and Ruins of Commonwealths.

We had a ſad Inſtance of this lately, ſaid *Euſtemon*, at the Death of that valiant and learned Knight, *William du Bellay*; during whoſe Life *France* enjoy'd ſo much Happineſs, that all the Reſt of the World look'd upon it with Envy, ſought Friendſhip with it, and ſtood in Awe of its Power; but now, after his Deceaſe, it hath for a conſiderable Time been (2) the Scorn of the Reſt of the World.

Thus, ſaid *Pantagruel*, *Anchiſes* being dead at *Drepany* in *Sicily*, *Æneas* was dreadfully toſs'd and endanger'd by a Storm, and perhaps for the ſame Reaſon *Herod*, that Tyrant and cruel King of *Judea*, finding himſelf near the Pangs of a horrid Kind of Death, (for he dy'd of a *Phthiriaſis*, devour'd by Vermin and Lice; as before him dy'd *L.* (3) *Sylla*; *Pherecides* the *Syrian*; the Preceptor of *Pythagoras*; the Greek Poet *Alcmæon*, and others,) and, foreſeeing that the *Jews* would make Fires at his Death, caus'd all the Nobles and Magiſtrates to be ſummon'd to his *Seraglio*, out of all the Cities, Towns, and Caſtles, of *Judea*, fraudulently pre-

(2) *The Scorn of the Reſt of the World.*] Soon after the Death of *William du Bellay*, the Emperor *Charles* Vth forc'd the Duke of *Cleves* to depart from the Alliance he had made with *France*; and, as *Francis* the 1ſt was generally reckon'd to have brought into the *Mediterannean*, and even before the *Caſtle* of *Nice*, the *Corſair Barbaroſſa*, the *Emperor*, at that Time almighty in *Germany*, not only hindered the *Ambaſſadors*, ſent by the *King* to the Diet, from ſetting Foot within the Empire, but was going to hang a Herald they had diſpatch'd before for Paſſports; ſo abſolute was the *Emperor* in *Germany* after the Death of M. *de Langey*, who, being preſent at all the Diets, never fail'd to ſupport the Glory and Intereſts of *France*, by repreſenting to the *Germans*, in thoſe Aſſemblies, their true Intereſt, and the Meaſures they were to take to preſerve their Liberty. See *Sleidan*, l. 15.

(3) *Sylla*, &c.] See *Pliny* for all theſe.

tending that he had ſome Things of Moment to impart to them. They made their perſonal Appearance; whereupon he caus'd them all to be ſhut up in the *Hippodrome* of the *Seraglio*; then ſaid to his Siſter *Salome*, and *Alexander* her Huſband, I am certain that the *Jews* will rejoice at my Death, but, if you will obſerve and perform what I will tell you, my Funeral ſhall be honourable, and there will be a general Mourning; as ſoon as you ſee me dead, let my Guards, to whom I have already given ſtrict Commiſſion to that Purpoſe, kill all the Noblemen and Magiſtrates that are ſecur'd in the *Hippodrome*. By theſe Means all *Jewry* ſhall, in Spite of themſelves, be oblig'd to mourn and lament, and Foreigners will imagine it to be for my Death, as if ſome heroic Soul had left her Body. A deſperate Tyrant wiſh'd as much, when he ſaid, *when I die, let Earth and Fire be mixt together*, which was as good as to ſay, let the whole World periſh: Which Saying the (4) Tyrant *Nero* alter'd, ſaying, *while I live*, as *Suetonius* affirms it. This deteſtable Saying, of which *Cicero*, *lib.* 3. *de Fin.* and *Seneca*, *lib.* 2. *de Clementia*, make Mention, is aſcrib'd to the Emperor *Tiberius* by *Dion Nicæus* and *Suidas*.

CHAP. XXVII.

Pantagruel's *Diſcourſe of the Deceaſe of heroic Souls, and of the dreadful Prodigies that happen'd before the Death of the late Lord de* Langey.

I Would not, continu'd *Pantagruel*, have miſs'd the Storm that hath thus diſorder'd us, were I alſo to have miſs'd the Relation of theſe Things told us by this good *Macrobius*. Neither am I unwilling to believe what he ſaid of a Comet that appears in the Sky ſome Days

(4) *The Tyrant Nero.*] The Scoundrel *Nero*. *Neron* le *truant*, in the Original.

before

before ſuch a Deceaſe. For, ſome of thoſe Souls are ſo noble, ſo precious, and ſo heroic, that Heaven gives us Notice of their departing ſome Days before it happens. And as a prudent Phyſician, ſeeing by ſome Symptoms that his Patient draws towards his End, ſome Days before gives Notice of it to his Wife, Children, Kindred, and Friends, that, in that little Time he hath yet to live, they may admoniſh him to ſettle all Things in his Family, to tutor and inſtruct his Children as much as he can, recommend his Relict to his Friends in her Widowhood, declare what he knows to be neceſſary about a Proviſion for the Orphans, that he may not be ſurpriz'd by Death without making his Will, and may take Care of his Soul and Family: In the ſame Manner the Heavens, as it were, joyful for the approaching Reception of thoſe bleſſed Souls, ſeem to make Bonfires by thoſe Comets and blazing Meteors, which they at the ſame Time kindly deſign ſhould prognoſticate to us here, that in a few Days one of thoſe venerable Souls is to leave her Body and this terreſtrial Globe. Not altogether unlike this was what was formerly done at *Athens* by the Judges of the *Areopagus*. For, when they gave their Verdict to caſt or clear the Culprits that were try'd before them, they us'd certain Notes, according to the Subſtance of the Sentences; (1) by Θ, ſignifying Condemnation to Death; (2) by T, Abſolution; (3) by A, Ampliation or a Demur, when the Caſe was not ſufficiently examin'd. Thus, having publicly ſet up thoſe Letters, they eas'd the Re-

(1) *By* Θ, *ſignifying Condemnation to Death.*] From the Greek, Θάνατος, Death. It is therefore Θ and not O as all the Editions which I have ſeen have it; and it is to this Signification of the *Theta* (in the Judgements paſs'd by the Greeks) that this Verſe of *Perſius* alludes:

Et potis es vitio nigrum præfigere Theta.

(2) *By* T, *Abſolution.*] In Greek, Τελίωσις.

(3) *By* A, *Ampliation.*] *Rabelais* follows the Error of *Eraſmus*, who had no correct *Aſconius* to go by. That *Grammarian* ſays Nothing abſolutely of what we ſee here in *Rabelais*, and in the Adages of *Eraſmus*, Chil. 1. Cent. 5. ch. 56. ſince A, according to him, is the Mark of Abſolution, C, of Condemnation, and the two Letters N L, i. e. *Non liquet*, denote Ampliation.

lations and Friends of the Priſoners, and ſuch others as deſir'd to know their Doom, of their Doubts. Likewiſe by theſe Comets, as in etherial Characters, the Heavens ſilently ſay to us, Make Haſte, Mortals, if you would know or learn of the bleſſed Souls any Thing concerning the public Good or your private Intereſt; for their Cataſtrophe is near, which being paſt, you will vainly wiſh for them afterwards.

The good-natur'd Heavens ſtill do more; and, that Mankind may be declar'd unworthy of the Enjoyment of thoſe renown'd Souls, they fright and aſtoniſh us with Prodigies, Monſters, and other foreboding Signs, that thwart the Order of Nature.

Of this we had an Inſtance ſeveral Days before the Deceaſe of the heroic Soul of the learned and valiant *Chevalier de Langey*, of whom you have already ſpoken. I remember it, ſaid *Epiſtemon*, and my Heart ſtill trembles within me when I think on the many dreadful Prodigies that we ſaw five or ſix Days before he dy'd. For the Lords of (4) *D' Aſſier*, *Chemant*, one-ey'd *Mailly*, St. *Ayl*, *Villeneuf de la Guart*, Maſter *Gabriel*, Phyſician of *Savillan*, *Rabelais*, *Cohuau*, *Maſſuau*, *Majorici*, *Bullou*, *Cercu* alias *Bourgmaiſtre*, *Francis Prouſt*, *Ferron*, *Charles Girard*, *Francis Bourré*, and many other Friends and Servants to the deceaſed, all diſmay'd, gaz'd on each other without uttering one Word; yet not without foreſeeing that *France* would in a ſhort Time be depriv'd of a Knight ſo accompliſh'd and neceſſary for its Glory and Protection, and that Heaven claim'd him again as its Due. By the tufted Tip of my Cowle, cry'd Frier *John*, I have e'en reſolv'd to become a Scholar before I die. I have a pretty good Head-piece of my own, you muſt own. Now pray give me Leave to aſk you a civil Queſtion: Can theſe ſame Heroes and Demigods, you talk of, die? May I never be damn'd, if I was not ſo much a Lobcock as to believe they had

(4) *D' Aſſier*, &c.] See an Account of all theſe Gentlemen in *M. du Chat*, and what Legacies were left them by the Chevalier *de Langey*. Our Author had fifty Livres *Tourneis*, yearly, Rent-charge, till ſuch Time as he ſhou'd have a Benefice worth at leaſt 300 Livres *per Annum*.

been

been immortal, like ſo many fine Angels; Heaven forgive me! but this moſt reverend Father *Macroby* tells us, *They die at laſt.* (5) We all muſt, return'd *Pantagruel.*

The *Stoics* held them all to be mortal, except one, who alone is immortal, impaſſible, inviſible. *Pindar* plainly ſaith, That there is no more Thread, that is to ſay, no more Life, ſpun from theDiſtaff and Flax of the hard-hearted Fates, for the Goddeſſes *Hamadryades*, than there is for thoſe Trees that are preſerv'd by them, which are good ſturdy downright Oaks, whence they deriv'd their Original according to the Opinion of *Callimachus* and *Pauſanias* in *Phoci.* With whom concurs *Martianus Capella.* As for Demigods, *Fauns*, *Satyrs*, *Sylvans*, *Hobgoblins*, *Ægipanes*, *Nymphs*, *Heroes*, and *Dæmons*, ſeveral Men have, from the total Sum, which is the Reſult of the divers Ages calculated by *Heſiod*, reckon'd their Life to be 9720 Years; that Sum conſiſting of four ſpecial Numbers orderly ariſing from one, the ſame added together, and multiplied by four, every Way, amounts to Forty; theſe Forties, being reduc'd into Triangles by five Times, make up the Total of the aforeſaid Number. See *Plutarch* in his Book about the Ceſſation of Oracles.

This, ſaid Frier *John*, is not Matter of Breviary, I may believe as little or as much of it as you and I pleaſe. I believe, ſaid *Pantagruel*, that all intellectual Souls are exempted from *Atropos*'s *Sciſſors.* They are all immortal whether they be of Angels, of Demons, or human: Yet I'll tell you a Story concerning this, that's very ſtrange, but is written and affirm'd by ſeveral learned Hiſtorians.

(5) *We all muſt, return'd* Pantagruel.] *Not all*, return'd *Pantagruel: Non touts, reſpondit Pantagruel:* Theſe are *Rabelais*'s Words. The Tranſlator puts an Affirmative for a Negative in *Pantagruel*'s Mouth. Mark the End.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

How Pantagruel *relates a very ſad Story of the Death of the* Heroes.

(1) *EPITHERSES*, the Father of *Æmilian* the *Rhetorician*, ſailing from *Greece* to *Italy*, in a Ship freighted with divers Goods and Paſſengers, at Night the Wind fail'd 'em near the *Echinades*, ſome Iſlands that lie between the *Morea* and *Tunis*, and the Veſſel was driven near *Paxos*. When they were got thither, ſome of the Paſſengers being aſleep, others awake, the Reſt eating and drinking, a Voice was heard that call'd aloud, *Thamous*; which Cry ſurpriz'd them all. This ſame *Thamous* was their Pilot, an *Egyptian* by Birth, but known by Name only to ſome few Travellers. The Voice was heard a ſecond Time, calling *Thamous*, in a frightful Tone; and, none making Anſwer, but trembling and remaining ſilent, the Voice was heard a third Time more dreadful than before.

This caus'd *Thamous* to anſwer, Here am I, what doſt thou call me for? What wilt thou have me do? Then the Voice, louder than before, bade him publiſh, when he ſhould come to *Paloda*, that the great God *Pan* was dead.

Epitherſes related, that all the Mariners and Paſſengers having heard this, were extremely amaz'd and frighted; and that, conſulting among themſelves, whether they had beſt conceal or divulge what the Voice had enjoin'd, *Thamous* ſaid, his Advice was, That, if they happen'd to have a fair Wind, they ſhould proceed without mentioning a Word on't, but, if they chanc'd to be becalm'd, he would publiſh what he had heard: Now, when they were near *Paloda* they had no Wind, neither were they in any Current. *Thamous* then getting up on the Top of the Ship's Forecaſtle, and caſting his Eyes on the Shore, ſaid that he had been commanded to proclaim, that the great God *Pan* was

(1) *Epitherſes.*] See *Plutarch*, in his Treatiſe of the Ceſſation of Oracles.

dead.

dead. The Words were hardly out of his Mouth, when deep Groans, great Lamentations, and Shrieks, not of one Perſon but of many together, were heard from the Land.

The News of this (many being preſent then) was ſoon ſpread at *Rome*; inſomuch that *Tiberius*, who was then Emperor, ſent for this *Thamous*; and, having heard him, gave Credit to his Words; and, inquiring of the Learned in his Court and at *Rome* who was that *Pan*, he found, by their Relation, that he was the Son of *Mercury* and *Penelope*, as *Herodotus*, and *Cicero* in his third Book of the Nature of the Gods, had written before.

For my Part, I underſtand it of that great Saviour of the Faithful, who was ſhamefully put to Death at *Jeruſalem* by the Envy and Wickedneſs of the Doctors, Prieſts, and Monks, of the *Moſaic* Law. And, methinks, my Interpretation is not improper; for he may lawfully be ſaid, in the *Greek* Tongue, to be *Pan*, ſince he is our *All*. For all that we are, all that we live, all that we have, all that we hope, is him, by him, from him, and in him. He is the good *Pan*, the great Shepherd, who, as the loving Shepherd *Corydon* affirms, hath not only a tender Love and Affection for his Sheep, but alſo for their Shepherds. At his Death, Complaints, Sighs, Fears, and Lamentations, were ſpread through the whole *Fabric* of the Univerſe, whether Neavens, Land, Sea, or Hell.

The Time alſo concurs with this Interpretation of mine; for this moſt good, moſt mighty, *Pan*, our only Saviour, died near *Jeruſalem* during the Reign of *Tiberius Cæſar*.

Pantagruel, having ended this Diſcourſe, remain'd ſilent, and full of Contemplation; a little while after, we ſaw (2) the Tears flow out of his Eyes as big as Oſ-

(2) *The tears flow out of his Eyes.*] When, before, l. 3. c. 2. *Rabelais* deſcribes *Pantagruel* as the *beſt little and great Good-man that ever girded a Sword to his Side*, he ſeems to hint that the great Qualities of that Prince were mixt with Abundance of others not ſo great. Here, he makes him weep out of the conſtitutional Softneſs of his Temper and the Tenderneſs of his Diſpoſition.

trich's Eggs. God take me preſently if I tell you one ſingle Syllable of a Lie in the Matter.

CHAP. XXIX.

How Pantagruel *ſail'd by the Sneaking Iſland where Shrovetide reign'd.*

THE jovial Fleet being refitted and repaired, new Stores taken in, the *Macreons* over and above ſatisfied, and pleaſed with the Money ſpent there by *Pantagruel*, our Men in better Humour yet than they us'd to be, if poſſible, we merrily put to Sea the next Day, near Sun-ſet, with a delicious freſh Gale.

Xenomanes ſhew'd us afar off (1) the Sneaking Iſland, where reign'd (2) *Shrovetide*, of whom *Pantagruel* had heard much Talk formerly; for that Reaſon, he would gladly have ſeen him in Perſon, had not *Xenomanes* advis'd him to the contrary: Firſt, becauſe this would have been much out of our Way, and then for the *Lean Cheer*, [*Manger maigre*,] which he told us was to be found at that Prince's Court, and indeed all over the Iſland.

You can ſee Nothing there for your Money (ſaid he) but a huge Greedy-Guts; a tall woundy Swallower of (3) hot Wardens and (4) Muſcles; a Long-ſhank'd Mole-

(1) *The Sneaking Iſland.*] *The Sneaking Iſland, l'Iſle de Tapinois*, in *French*, means neither more nor leſs than the Habitations of the Monks, which, in ch. 46. of l. 3. and in the Prol of l. 4. *Rabelais* calls *Taupetiers*, their Churches *Taupetieres*, properly Holes which the Moles root in the Ground; becauſe the Monks are ſhut up therein like ſo many Moles; *Taupes*, in *French*, from *Talpa* a Mole in *Latin.*) Lent is ſaid to dwell in theſe Monks Convents, where Abſtinence from Fleſh is ſuppos'd and ought to reign.

(2) *Shrovetide.*] *Quareſme prenant. Rabelais* means the Beginning of Lent, or, if you will, the whole Time of Lent; not what we call Shrovetide, ſtrictly. The Popiſh Eccleſiaſtics, as Mr. *M—x* obſerves, begin their Lent before the Laiety. Shrove-Tueſday is to them a Day of Humiliation. See more in Mr. *M——x*'s Notes on this Chapter, and likewiſe *Du Chat.*

(3) *Hot Wardens, &c.*] Grey Peaſe, in the Original.

(4) *Muſcles.*] *Rabelais* rather means *Herrings*; his Expreſſion is

ung

(5) Mole catcher; an overgrown (6) Bottler of Hay; (7) A moſſy-chin'd Demi-giant, with a double ſhaven Crown, of Lantern Breed; (8) A very great loitering noddy-peak'd Youngſter, (9) Banner-bearer to the Fiſh-eating Tribe, (10) Dictator of Muſtard-Land, (11) Flogger of little Children, (12) Calciner of Aſhes, (13) Father and Foſter-father to Phyſicians; (14) ſwarming with Pardons, Indulgences, and Stations; a

ung grand Cacquerotier, (not *Caquerolier*.) Now *Cacquerotier* is *Cacque-rupiter* one that makes *Ruptures* in *Kegs* (or Barrels) of *Herrings*, which in Time of Lent the clauſtral Folks are often doing, becauſe it is a great Article of their Subſiſtence.

(5) *Mole-catcher*.] Lent is the chief Seaſon of the whole Year for Mole-catching.

(6) *Bottler of Hay*.] Hay beginning to be ſcarce in Lent, there's much of it ſold by *Bottles* or Truſſes.

(7) *A moſſy-chin'd Demi-giant*, &c.] *Lent-moſſy* or *downy-chin'd*, becauſe it has not been long on the Footing it now is. *Demi-giant*, becauſe of its *Length*. Of *Lantern* Breed, and with *ſhaven* Crown, becauſe Lent was firſt eſtabliſh'd by the *Eccleſiaſtics*, whom *Rabelais* elſewhere calls *Lanterniers*.

(8) *A very great loitering noddy-peak'd Youngſter*.] *Bien grand Lanternier* in *French*, and that's all. On which Word M. *du Chat* obſerves, Lent *makes Fools (Lanternes)* of thoſe that keep it; and, farthermore, as there are in Lent many nocturnal Devotions, there are *Lanterns* then to be ſeen trotting about in Proportion.

(9) *Banner-bearer to the Fiſh-eating Tribe*.] *Rabelais* ſo calls the firſt Day of Lent, becauſe it precedes many other Days on which Fiſh is always eaten.

(10) *Dictator of Muſtard-land*.] Becauſe, in many of the Lent-diſhes there's Muſtard uſed.

(11) *Flogger of little Children*.] Partly becauſe Faſting, and likewiſe a melancholy bilious Diet, in Lent, is apt to make Parents and School-maſters very peeviſh to their Children. And partly becauſe, during the Holy Week, the whipping Part is redoubled among the cucullated Gentry.

(12) *Calciner of Aſhes*.] Both on Account of Peoples going to Church on Aſh-Wedneſday, to have Aſhes put on their Heads, and alſo becauſe in Lent there being Plenty of Brands on the Hearths, then, or never, is the Time to reduce the ſame to Aſhes for Lye to waſh and cleanſe their Linen with.

(13) *Father and Foſter-father to Phyſicians*.] In ch. 29. of l. 5. The Food People uſe in Lent engenders the Diſtempers of the whole Year.

(14) *Swarming with Pardons*.] In Time of Lent, People run a *Stationing*, (i. e. viſit the Churches,) to gain the *Pardons* and *Indulgences* each Church abounds with.

very

very honeſt Man: a good Catholic, and as brimful of Devotion as ever he can hold.

He weeps the three-fourth Parts of the Day, and (15) never aſſiſts at any Weddings; but, give the Devil his Due, he's the (16) moſt induſtrious Larding-ſtick and Skewer-maker in forty Kingdoms.

About ſix Years ago, as I paſs'd by [thro'] Sneaking Land, I brought home (17) a large Skewer from thence, and made a Preſent of it to the Butchers of *Quande*, who ſet a great Value upon them, and that for a Cauſe. Sometime or other, if ever we live to come back to our own Country, I will ſhew you two of them faſtened on the great Church-Porch. His uſual Food is (18) pickled Coats of Mail, ſalt Helmets and Head-pieces, and ſalt Sallads; which ſometimes makes him piſs Pins and Needles. As for his Clothing, 'tis comical enough of Conſcience, both for Make and Colour; for he wears (19) Grey and Cold, Nothing before, and Nought behind, with the Sleeves of the ſame.

You will do me a Kindneſs, ſaid *Pantagruel*, if, as you have deſcribed his Clothes, Food, Actions, and

(15) *Never aſſiſts at any Weddings.*] The Church forbids marrying in Lent.

(16) *Moſt induſtrious Larding-ſtick and Skewer-maker.*] In Lent, eſpecially towards the End, Butchers begin to buſy themſelves to make Skewers; and Cooks, Larding-ſticks and the like.

(17) *A large Skewer.*] It ſhou'd be a *Groſs of Skewers* (12 Dozen.) *Yen emportay une Groſſe.* Mr. *M——x* took *groſſe* for the feminine of *Gros*, large. But not ſo M. *du Chat*; *une Groſſe de Lardoires*, ſays he, *douze douzaines.* But he too forgot himſelf in putting *Lardoires* for *Brochettes*; *Larding-ſticks* for *Skewers*; for that's *Rabelais*'s Word there: Beſides, what had Butchers to do with *Larding-ſticks? Skewers* are *their* Concern.

(18) *Pickled Coats of Mail*, &c.] The Original has Salt *Coats of Mail.* Salt *Caſks*, Salt *Morions*, and Salt *Salades.* On which M. *du Chat*'s Note is: All Lent-food is high-reliſh'd and hard of Digeſtion, and the Name ſuch Meats go by are thoſe of *Salades*, a Sort of Head-piece, ſo call'd: *Morions*, another ſort of Head-piece, &c. Though this latter means likewiſe a ſmall red delicious Muſhroom call'd *Morillios*, ſalted for Winter Uſe.

(19) *Grey and Cold*, &c.] Lent-weather is generally *Grey and cold*, but that's not all *Rabelais* means. His *Nothing before, Nothing behind, and Sleeves of the ſame*, alludes to Saint *Francis*'s *Rule*, enjoining the Grey Friers to wear no Shirts, and to reiterate in Time of Lent the Diſcipline (Whip) on their naked Skin.

Paſtimes,

Paſtimes, you will alſo give me an Account of his Shape and Diſpoſition in all his Parts. Pr'ythee do, dear Cod, ſaid Frier *John*, for I have found him in my Breviary, and then follow the moveable Holidays. With all my Heart, anſwer'd *Xenomanes:* We may chance to hear more of him as we touch at the Wild Iſland, the Dominion of the Squab *Chitterlings* his Enemies; againſt whom he is eternally at Odds; and, were it not for the Help of the noble (20) *Carnival*, their Protector and good Neighbour, this meagre-look'd (21) *Shrovetide* would long before this have made ſaid Work among them, and rooted them out of their Habitation. Are theſe ſame *Chitterlings*, ſaid Frier *John*, male or female, Angels or Mortals, Women or Maids? They are, reply'd *Xenomanes*, female in Sex, mortal in Condition, ſome of them Maids, others not. The Devil have me, ſaid Frier *John*, if I been't for them. What a ſhameful Diſorder in Nature is it not to make War againſt Women? Let's go back, and hack the Villain to Pieces. — What! (22) meddle with *Shrovetide*, cry'd *Panurge*. In the Name of *Belzebub*, I am not yet ſo weary of my Life. No, I'm not yet ſo mad as that comes to. *Quid juris?* ſuppoſe we ſhould find ourſelves pent up between the *Chitterlings* and *Shrovetide?* (23) Between the Anvil and the Hammers? Shankers, and Buboes! ſtand off; Godszooks lets make the beſt of our Way. I bid you good Night, ſweet Mr. *Shrovetide*, I recommend to you the *Chitterlings*, and pray don't forget the Puddings.

(20) *Carnival.*] *Mardi-gras*, properly Shrove-Tueſday. He is Protector of the Chitterlings againſt Lent.

(21) *Shrovetide.*] *Careſme-prenent.* It means Lent all along, or at leaſt the firſt Days of it; though continually called, by the Tranſlator, *Shrovetide.*

(22) *Meddle with Shrovetide.*] That is, *meddle with Lent!* &c.

(23) *Between the Anvil and the Hammers.*] It is Lent, called by the Tranſlator *Shrovetide*, that is the Striker and Perſecutor: The Chitterlings are the Sufferers, the Party ſtruck and perſecuted.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

How Shrovetide *is anatomiz'd and deſcribed by* Xenomanes.

AS for the inward Parts of (1) *Shrovetide*, ſaid *Xenomanes*, (2) his *Brain*, is, (at leaſt it was in my Time,) in Bigneſs, Colour, Subſtance, and Strength, much like the left Cod of a he Hand-worm.

The *Ventricles* of his ſad Brain, like an Augre.
The Worm-like *Excreſcence*, like a Chriſtmas-box.
The *Membranes*, like a Monk's Cowle.
The *Funnel*, like a Maſon's Chiſſel.
The *Fornix*, like a Caſket.
The *Glandula-pinealis*, like a Bagpipe.
The *Rete admirabile*, like a Gutter.
The *Dug-like Proceſſus*, like a Patch.
The *Tympanums*, like a Whirligig.
The *Rocky Bones*, like a Gooſe-wing.
The *Nape* of the *Neck*, like a Paper Lantern.
The *Nerves*, like a Pipkin.
The *Uvula*, like a Sackbut.
The *Palate*, like a Mittain.
The *Spittle*, like a Shuttle.
The *Almonds*, like a Teleſcope.
The *Bridge* of his *Noſe*, like a Wheel-barrow.

(1) *Shrovetide*, &c.] *Careſme prenant* in *French*. Though this Word ordinarily means the Carnival, ſays M. *Du Chat*, and particularly *Mardi-gras*, Shrove-Tueſday; yet here it means Aſh-Wedneſday, or even Lent itſelf, ſince it is ſet in Oppoſition to *Mardigras*, Protector of the Chitterlings. Thus the groteſque Picture of Lent, drawn here by *Xenomanes*, not being applicable to the odd extravagant *Maſquerades* of the Carnival, this Picture muſt needs, on one Hand, refer in general to the *Whimſicalneſs* of the Habits of the *Monks*, who by their Rules are tied to a continual Lent; and, on the other Hand, it certainly animadverts on the Error of thoſe who place great Part of the Chriſtian Religion in the Obſervance of Lent and its Devotions.

(2) *His Brain, in Bigneſs*, &c.] Whoever invented Lent, in *Rabelais*'s Opinion, had no great Share of Wiſdom.

The

The *Head* of the *Larynx*, like a Vintage-Baſket.
The *Stomach*, like a Belt.
The *Pylorus*, like a Pitchfork.
The *Windpipe*, like an Oiſter-knife.
The *Throat*, like a Pincuſhion ſtuffed with Oakum.
The *Lungs*, like a Prebend's Fur-gown.
The *Heart*, like a Cope.
The *Mediaſtin*, like an earthen Cup.
The *Pleura*, like a Crow's Bill.
The *Arteris*, like a Watch-coat.
The *Midriff*, like a Mounteer-cap.
The *Liver*, like a double-tongu'd Mattock.
The *Veins*, like a Saſh-window.
The *Spleen*, like a Catcal.
The *Guts*, like a Trammel.
The *Gall*, like a Cooper's Ads.
The *Entrails*, like a Gauntlet.
The *Meſentery*, like an Abbot's Mitre.
The *Hungry Gut*, like a Button.
The *Blind Gut*, like a Breaſt-plate.
The *Colon*, like a Bridle.
The *Arſe-Gut*, like a Monk's leathern Bottle.
The *Kidneys*, like a Trowel.
The *Loins*, like a Padlock.
The *Ureters*, like a Pot-hook.
The *Emulgent Veins*, like two July-flowers.
The *Spermatic Veſſels*, like a Cully-mully-puff.
The *Paraſtatas*, like an Ink-pot.
The *Bladder*, like a Stone-bow.
The *Neck*, like a Mill-clapper.
(3) The *Mirach*, or lower parts of the *Belly*, like a high-crown'd Hat.
(4) The *Siphach*, or its *inner rind*, like a wooden Cuff.
The *Muſcles*, like a Pair of Bellows.

(3) *The* Mirach.] An *Arabian* Word, thus defined by *Leonellus Faventinus*, in his *De medendis morbis* : — *Mirach*, ſays he, *dicitur pars ventris exterior, compoſita ex cute, pinguedine, & octo muſculis ventris.*

(4) Siphach.] *Eſt Siphac*, ſays the ſame Author, *panniculus nervoſus, ſolidus, continens inter ſe zirbum, ſtomachum & hepar.*

The

The *Tendons*, like a Hawking-Glove.
The *Ligaments*, like a Tinker's Budget.
The *Bones*, like three-corner'd Cheeſe-cakes.
The *Marrow*, like a Wallet.
The *Cartilages*, like a (5) Field Tortoiſe, *aliàs* a Mole.
The *Glandules* in the *Mouth*, like a Pruning-Knife.
The *Animal Spirits*, like ſwindging Fiſty-cuffs.
The *Blood* fermenting, like a Multiplication of Flirts on the Noſe.
The *Urine*, like a Fig-pecker.
The *Sperm*, like a Hundred of Tenpenny-nails.

And his Nurſe told me, that (6) being married to *Mid-Lent*, he only begot a good Number of *local Adverbs* and certain double *Faſts*.

His *Memory*, he had like a Scarf.
His *Common Senſe*, like a buzzing of Bees.
His *Imagination*, like the Chime of a Set of Bells.
His *Thoughts*, like a Flight of Starlings.
His *Conſcience*, like the unneſtling of a Parcel of young Herons.
His *Deliberations*, like a Set of Organs.
His (7) *Repentance*, like the Carriage of a double Cannon.

(5) *Field-Tortoiſe*, aliàs *a Mole.*] Aliàs *a Mole* is of Mr. *M—x*'s own putting in. *Rabelais* ſays, *tortue de guarriges*; which is a Sort of Land-Tortoiſe, Nothing of the Mole-Kind. It is not ſo large as the Water-Tortoiſe, but has a much finer Shell, and its Belly is yellow. There's Plenty of them in *Languedoc*, where the *Fields* and *Buſhes* are called *guarriges*.

(6) *Being married to* Mid-Lent, *&c.*] During the whole Time of *Lent*, except on *Midlent-day*, none, in the *Romiſh* Communion, are allowed to marry. This ſuggeſted to *Rabelais* the Thought of making a Match between *la Mi-careme*, i. e. *Mid-lent*, and *le Careme*, i. e. *Lent* himſelf: And, as *Lent*, in Point of Marriage, is barren, thence it comes that, from ſuch a Match, can proceed Nothing but *local* Adverbs and certain double Faſts; the Faſtings indeed beginning to increaſe after *Mid-lent*, and every-body deſiring to know, *whither* they muſt go, [*i. e.* to what Church,] *whence* [from what Church] they muſt come, and, laſtly, *through* what Church they muſt paſs, to gain the Indulgences.

(7) Repentance, *&c.*] Slow, and attended with great Preparatives.

His

His *Undertakings*, like the Ballaſt of a Galleon.
His *Underſtanding*, like a torn Breviary.
His *Notions*, like Snails crawling out of Strawberries.
His *Will*, like three Filberts in a Porrenger.
His *Deſire*, like ſix Truſſes of Hay.
His *Judgement*, like a Shoeing-horn.
His *Diſcretion*, like the Truckle of a Pully.
His *Reaſon*, like a Cricket-ſtool.

CHAP. XXXI.

Shrovetide's *outward Parts anatomiz'd.*

Shrovetide, continued *Xenomanes*, is ſomewhat better proportion'd in his outward Parts, excepting the ſeven Ribs which he had over and above the common Shape of Men.

His Toes *were like a Virginal on an Organ.*
His Nails, *like a Gimblet.*
His Feet, *like a Guitar.*
His Heels, *like a Club.*
The Soles *of his Feet, like a Crucible.*
His Legs, *like a Hawk's Lure.*
His Knees, *like a Joint-ſtool.*
His Thighs, *like a Steel-cap.*
His Hips, *like a Wimble.*
His Belly, *as big as a Tun, button'd after the old Faſhion, with a Girdle riding over the Middle of his Boſom.*
His Navel, *like a Cymbal.*
His Groin, *like a minc'd Pie.*
His Member, *like a Slipper.*
His Purſe, *like an Oil-cruet.*
His Genitals, *like a Joiner's Plainer.*
Their Erecting Muſcles, *like a Racket.*
The Perineum, *like a Flageolet.*
His Arſe-hole, *like a Chryſtal Looking-glaſs.*
His Bum, *like a Harrow.*
His Loins, *like a Butter-pot.*
The Peritonæum, *or* Caul, *wherein his* Bowels *were wrapp'd, like a Billiard-table.*

His

His Back, *like an overgrown rack-bent Croſs-bow.*
The Vertebræ, *or* Joints, *of his* Back-bone, *like a Bag-pipe.*
His Ribs, *like a Spinning-wheel.*
His Briſket, *like a Canopy*
His Shoulder-Blades, *like a Mortar.*
His Breaſt, *like a Game at Nine-pins.*
His Paps, *like a Horn-pipe.*
His Arm-pits, *like a Chequer*
His Shoulders, *like a Hand-borrow.*
His Arms, *like a Riding-hood.*
His Fingers, *like a Brotherhood's Andirons.*
The Fibulæ, *or leſs* Bones *of his* Legs, *like a Pair of Stilts.*
His Shin-bones, *like Sickles.*
His Elbows, *like a Mouſe-trap.*
His Hands, *like a Currey-Comb.*
His Neck, *like a Talboy.*
His Throat, *like a Felt to diſtil* Hippocras.
The Knob *in his* Throat, *like a Barrel, where hang'd two brazen Wens, very fine and harmonious, in the Shape of an Hour-glaſs.*
His Beard, *like a Lantern.*
His Chin, *like a Muſhroom.*
His Ears, *like a Pair of Gloves.*
His Noſe, *like a Buſkin.*
His Noſtrils, *like a Forehead-cloath.*
His Eye-brows, *like a Dripping-pan.*
On his left Brow, *was a Mark of the Shape and Bigneſs of an Urinal.*
His Eyelids, *like a Fiddle.*
His Eyes, *like a Comb-box.*
His Optic Nerves, *like a Tinder-box.*
His Forehead, *like a falſe Cup.*
His Temples, *like the Cock of a Ciſtern.*
His Cheeks, *like a Pair of Wooden Shoes.*
His Jaws, *like a Caudle-cup.*
(1) *His* Teeth, *like a Hunter's Staff. Of ſuch Colts*

(1) *His* Teeth, *like a Hunter's Staff.*] Long, by much Faſting.

Teeth

Teeth as his, you will find one at Colonges les Royaux *in* Poictou, (2) *and two at* la Broſſe *in* Xaintonge, *on the Cellar-Door.*
His Tongue, *like a Jew's-harp.*
His Mouth, *like a Horſe-cloth.*
His Face, *embroidered like a Mule's Pack-ſaddle.*
His Head, *contrived like a Still.*
His Scull, *like a Pouch.*
The Suturæ, *or Seams of his* Skull, *like the* Annulus Piſcatoris *or the* (3) Fiſher's Signet.
His Skin, *like a Gabardine.*
His Epidermis, *or outward* Skin, *like a Boulting-cloth.*
His Hair, *like a Scrubbing-bruſh.*
His Fur, *ſuch as aboveſaid.*

CHAP. XXXII.

A Continuation of Shrovetide's *Countenance, Poſtures, and Way of Behaving.*

IT is a wonderful Thing, continued *Xenomanes*, to hear and ſee the State of *Shrovetide.*

If he chanced to ſpit, it was whole Baſkets full of Goldfinches.
If he blew his Noſe, it was pickled Grigs.
When he wept, it was Ducks with Onion Sauce.
When he trembled, it was large Veniſon Paſties.
When he did ſweat, it was old Ling with Butter Sauce.
When he belch'd, it was Buſhels of Oiſters.
When he ſneezed, it was whole Tubs full of Muſtard.
When he coughed, it was Boxes of Marmalade.
When he ſobbed, it was Water-creſſes.
When he yawn'd, it was Pots full of pickled Peaſe.
When he ſighed, it was dry'd Neats Tongues.

(2) And two at *la Broſſe*, &c.] *Boccace*, in his Genealogy of the Gods, gives an hiſtorical Account of ſome Giants Teeth, two whereof were found at *Dreſano* in *Sicily*, faſtened to the Roof of our *Lady's* Church there by two Iron-Chains.

(3) *Fiſher's Signet.*] The *Pope's* Seal doubtleſs is meant by this.

When he whiſtled, it was a whole Scuttle full of green Apes.

When he ſnored, it was a whole Pan full of fry'd Beans.

When he frowned, it was ſows'd Hog's Feet.

When he ſpoke, it was coarſe brown Ruſſet Cloth, ſo little it was like Crimſon Silk, with which Pariſatis *deſired that the Words of ſuch as ſpoke to her Son* Cyrus, *King of* Perſia, *ſhould be interwoven,*

When he blew, it was Indulgence Money-boxes.

When he winked, it was buttered Buns.

When he grumbled, it was March *Cats.*

When he nodded, it was Iron-bound Waggons.

When he made Mouths, it was broken Staves.

When he muttered, it was Lawyers Revels.

When he hopped about, it was Letters of Licence and Protections.

When he ſtepped back, it was Sea Cockle-ſhells.

When he ſlabbered, it was common Ovens.

When he was hoarſe, it was an Entry of Morrice-dancers.

When he broke Wind, it was dun Cows Leather Spatter-daſhes.

When he funcked, it was waſhed-leather Boots.

When he ſcratched himſelf, it was new Proclamations.

When he ſang, it was Peaſe in Cods.

When he evacuated, it was Muſhrooms and Morilles.

When he puffed, it was Cabbages with Oil, alias (1) Caules Ambolif.

When he talked, it was the laſt Year's Snow.

When he dreamt, it was of a Cock and a Bull.

When he gave Nothing, ſo much for the Bearer.

(2) *If he thought to himſelf, it was Whimſies and Maggots.*

If he dozed, it was Leaſes of Land.

What

(1) *Caules Ambolif.*] *Caules amb'ollif,* in *Rabelais;* On which M. *du Chat* ſays, Cabbages or Coleworts with Oil is a common Diſh among the People of *Gaſcony* and *Languedoc,* who abound more with Oil than Butter. *Ambe d'Oli, avec d'Huile,* is the true *Languedocian* Word, though *Rabelais* ſpells it otherwiſe.

(2) If he thought to himſelf, it was Whimſies and Maggots.] *Rabelais*

What is yet more ſtrange, he us'd to work doing Nothing, and did Nothing tho' he work'd; carous'd ſleeping, and ſlept carouſing, with his Eyes open, like the Hares in our Country, for Fear of being taken napping by the Chitterlings, his inveterate Enemies; biting he laugh'd, and laughing bit; ate Nothing faſting, and faſted eating Nothing; mumbled upon Suſpicion, drank by Imagination, ſwam on the Tops of high Steeples, dry'd his Clothes in Ponds and Rivers, fiſh'd in the Air, and there us'd to catch *Decumane* Lobſters; hunted at the Bottom of the Herring-pond, and caught there *Ibices*, (3) *Stambouc*s, *Shamois*, and other wild Goats; us'd to (4) put out the Eyes of all the Crows which he took ſneakingly; (5) fear'd Nothing but his own Shadow, and the

Rabelais ſays, *S'il ſongeoit*, that is, *if he dreamt*, *ſonger*, in its primary Signification, is *to dream*, from the *Latin*, *ſomniare*.] *S'il ſongeoit, c'etoient vits volants & rampans contre une muraille*, are *Rabelais*'s Words. *If he dreamt, it was* (not *Whimſies*, as Mr. *M——x* tranſlates it, but) *Whim-whams, Mens Piſſing-tools, flying in the Air, or creeping up a Wall.* Such Dreams prove ſometimes dangerous, eſpecially to the fair Sex, as we learn from *Verville*'s *Moyen de parvenir*. *Mademoiſelle de Laſcar*, ſays he, *dreaming one Night that ſhe was in a plough'd Field where they were ſowing Catzones, ſhe ſprang out of Bed on a ſudden, and broke her Arm, in ſtraining to catch a Catzone, one of the largeſt Size, as it was falling to the Ground. This ſhe confeſt to the King's Surgeon.*

(3) Stambouc.] From the *German* Word *Stein-bock*, i. e. Rock or Mountain Goats, not unlike a Roe-buck. Their Fleſh is equally ſavoury and delicate. See *Miſſon*'s Travels. They are found in the Mountains, on the Road from *Inſpruck* to *Trent*.

(4) *Put out the Eyes of all the Crows which he took ſneakingly.*] In the *Sneaking Iſland* rather. *En Tapinois*. By the Crows, whoſe Eyes he put out, may be meant the Monks, who, the Moment they make Profeſſion, are to ſee Nothing but with their Superior's Eyes. Here M. *du Chat* tells us there is a Proverb among *Eraſmus*'s Adagia, *Cornicum oculos configere; to put out the Crows Eyes*; but does not tell us the Meaning of that Saying. My *Sartorius*, reviſed by *Schrevelius*, ſays, *Perinde valere videtur, quaſi dicas, novo quodam invento, veterum eruditionem velle obſcurare, efficereque, ut ſuperiores nihil ſciſſe, nihil vidiſſe, cenſeantur. Fortaſſis cornicum vivacitas, atque concordia, huic adagioni locum fecit. Siquidem* cornix *antiquitus concordiæ ſymbolum erat. Dicetur itaque* cornicum oculos configere, *quiſquis ea, quæ antiquitas magno conſenſu comprobavit, damnare, ac reſcindere, convellereque, conetur.* The learned Reader will not think the above Quotation to be at all out of its Place here, ſince it ſo well falls in with the Character of Senior *Shrovetide*.

(5) *Fear'd Nothing but his own Shadow, and the Cries of fat Kids.*]

Rabelais

Cries of fat Kids; us'd to gad abroad ſome Days like a Truant-Schoolboy; (6) play'd with the Ropes of Bells on Feſtival-Days of Saints; made a Mallet of his Fiſt; and (7) writ, on hairy Parchment, Prognoſtications and Almanacs with his huge Pin-Caſe.

Is that the Gentleman? ſaid Frier *John*; he is my Man; this is the very Fellow I look'd for; I'll ſend him a Challenge immediately. This is, ſaid *Pantagruel*, a ſtrange and monſtrous Sort of a Man, if I may call him a Man. You put me in Mind of the Form and Looks of *Amodunt* and *Diſſonance*. How were they made? ſaid Frier *John:* May I be peel'd, like a raw Onion, if ever I heard a Word of them. I'll tell you what I read of them in ſome ancient Apologues, reply'd *Pantagruel*.

Phyſis (that is to ſay Nature) at her firſt Burthen begat Beauty and Harmony, without carnal Copulation, being of herſelf very fruitful and prolific: (8) *Antiphyſis*,

Rabelais ſeems here to point at ſuch Monks as long to eat Fleſh, but are afraid of two Things; firſt, leſt their *Companion* ſhould betray them; ſecondly, leſt the Cries of the Kid, they have a Mind to feaſt upon, ſhould diſcover them. The learned need not be told that *Umbre*, the Author's Word, (from the *Latin*, *Umbra*,) ſignifies not only a *Shadow*, but a *Companion* who follows his Friend like his *Shadow*. The ſame in the *Greek*, ΣΚΙΑ, *umbra*; *item Socius*, ſays *Robertſon*, *dict.* q. κίω, à κίω, *vado*, *quia nos comitatur*, I ſhall conclude with obſerving, that I never ſaw either Monks or Nuns go abroad by themſelves, but always in Couples; two of 'em together; to viſit the Sick, or gather Contributions of Proviſions, *&c. &c. &c.*

(6) *Play'd with the Ropes of Bells on Feſtival-Days of Saints.*] This is far from what *Rabelais* means by *Se joüoit ès cordes des ceinctis*. Ceinct (from *cinctus* in *Latin*) is one that is girded about or *cinctured*, as the *Cordeliers* are with a *Cord* (*Corde* in *French*;) with which *Cord*, or Rope, they play and divert themſelves when they are within the Walls of their Convent, but abroad they trumpet forth its Praiſes, and extol its Merit and Virtue to the Skies. Some of the new Editions of *Rabelais* have it indeed *Se joüoit ès cordes des ſainctis:* But *Rabelais*, even in that Caſe, does not allude at all to Church Bell-ropes, but puns upon the Co-incidence of Sounds between *cordes* and *corps des ſainctis:* As if he had ſaid, *they play with the Bodies of Saints* and Reliques, and make Uſe of them as Ways and Means to get Money.

(7) *Writ on hairy Parchment.*] Took a great Deal of Pains to no Purpoſe. To write with a Pen on hairy Parchment is loſing one's Labour and Time too.

(8) Antiphyſis, *who ever was the Counter-part of Nature*, &c.] Wrong tranſlated. Read, *Antiphyſis, who was ever an Antagoniſt*

to

phyſis, who ever was the Counter-part of Nature, immediately, out of a malicious Spite againſt her for beautiful and honourable Productions, in Oppoſition, begot (9) *Amodunt* and *Diſſonance*, (10) by Copulation with *Tellumon*. Their Heads were round like a Football, and not gently flapped on both Sides, like the common Shape of Men. Their Ears ſtood pricked up like thoſe of Aſſes; their Eyes, as hard as thoſe of Crabs and without Brows, ſtared out of their Heads, fixed on Bones like thoſe of our Heels; their Feet were round like Tennis-Balls; their Arms and Hands turned backwards towards the Shoulders, and they walked on their Heads, continually turning round like a Ball, Topſy-turvy, Heels over Head.

Yet (as you know that Apes eſteem their Young the handſomeſt in the World) *Antiphyſis* extolled her Offſpring, and ſtrove to prove that their Shape was handſomer and neater than that of the Children of *Phyſis*; ſaying, that thus to have ſpherical Heads and Feet, and walk in a circular Manner, wheeling round, had Something in it of the Perfection of the divine Power, which makes all Beings eternally turn in that Faſhion; and that

to Nature, (porte adverſe de Nature, ſays *Rabelais.) Counter-part* implies Agreement with Something elſe, like a Pair of Indentures; whereas *Rabelais*'s Words infer abſolute *Diſagreement*, and ſo does the *Greek* Preposition *anti*, prefixed to *Phyſis (natura.) Antiphyſis* is as much as to ſay *contra Naturam.*

(9) Amodunt.] Or *Amodun.* That is, ſays the *Dutch* Scholiaſt, *ſine modo.* (from the Privative *alpha*, and the Noun *modus*) A deformed, irregular, enormous, Thing. Thus ſays our Author, *Amodunt* and *Diſcordance* were the Offspring of *Antyphiſis*, i. e. repugnant to, or againſt, Nature.

(10) *By Copulation with* Tellumon.] As all the learned Men, I have hitherto conſulted (ſays M. *du Chat*) on this pretended ancient Apologue, have confeſſed themſelves to be utterly ignorant who was the Author of it; till ſuch Time as it is diſcovered, adds he, ſuppoſing it not to be *Rabelais* himſelf, which is very poſſible, I ſhall only take Notice, after *Varro* in the Fragments of his *de Diis*; *S. Auguſtin*, l. 7. c. 23. of the *City of God*; and *Stuckius de Gentilium Sacris*, &c. *Zurich* Edition, 1598. I ſay, I ſhall content myſelf with obſerving that the *Romans*, who made *Tellumon* one of their Divinities, diſtinguiſhed her from their Goddeſs *Tellus* in this, *viz.* the latter, *Tellus*, according to their Theology, was the Earth as to Conception, and *Tellumon*, the ſame Earth, as to Production.

to have our Feet uppermoſt, and the Head below them, e was to imitate the Creator of the Univerſe, (11) th- Hair being like the Roots, and the Legs like the Bran ches, of Man; for Trees are better planted by their Roots than they could be by their Branches. By this Demonſtration ſhe imply'd that her Children were much more to be praiſed for being like a ſtanding Tree, than thoſe of *Phyſis*, that made a Figure of a Tree upſide down. As for the Arms and Hands, ſhe pretended to prove that they were more juſtly turned towards the Shoulders, becauſe that Part of the Body ought not to be without Defence, while the Fore-part is duly fenced with Teeth, which a Man cannot only uſe to chew, but alſo to defend himſelf againſt thoſe Things that offend him. Thus, by the Teſtimony and Aſtipulation of the brute Beaſts, ſhe drew all the witleſs Herd and Mob of Fools into her Opinion, and was admired by all brainleſs and nonſenſical People.

Since that, ſhe begot the hypocritical Tribes of eves-dropping Diſſemblers, ſuperſtitious Pope-mongers, and Prieſt-ridden Bigots, the frantic (12) *Piſtolets*, the Scrapers of Benefices, Apparitors with the Devil in them, and other Grinders and Squeezers of Livings; your mad (13) Herb-ſtinking Hermits, gulligutted Dunces of the Cowl, Church Vermin, falſe Zealots, Devourers of the

(11) *The Hair being*, &c.] Hardly intelligible. Read therefore as *Rabelais* wrote it: *Seeing the Hair is in Man like Roots, and the Legs like Branches.*

(12) Piſtolets.] Under the Name of *Piſtolets*, *Rabelais* alludes to the *Black* and *White* Factions, a Sort of *Guelphs* and *Gibelins*, who, about the Year 1300, ſprang up in *Italy*, in the little Town of *Piſtoia*; which Place likewiſe gave Name afterwards to *(Piſtolets de poche) Pocket-Piſtols.* [*Pox on the Maker*, ſays this Tranſlator, whoſe Brother loſt his right Leg by happening to carry one of them in his Pocket. The firſt of theſe pocky *Piſtols* came from *Piſtoia*, it ſeems; and, if they returned to the Place from whence they came, there would be no great Harm done.]

(13) *Herb-ſtinking Hermits.*] *Enraigez putherbes* it is in *Rabelais*, who does not thereby allude to any Herb-ſtinking Hermits, but to a certain Monk, a great Enemy to our Author, whoſe Name was *Puy-Herbaut*; who had but ill latinized his own Name to a Book he wrote againſt *Rabelais*, calling himſelf *Putherbeus*; which, in old *French*, ſignifies *A Well infected with Herbs which make Folks mad.*

Sub-

Subſtance of Men, and many other deform'd and ill-favour'd Monſters, made in Spite of Nature.

CHAP. XXXIII.

How Pantagruel *diſcover'd a monſtrous* Phyſitere, *or Whirlpool, near the* Wild Iſland.

ABOUT Sun-ſet, coming near the *Wild Iſland*, *Pantagruel* ſpy'd afar off a huge monſtrous (1) *Phyſetere*, a Sort of a Whale, (which ſome call a Whirlpool,) that came right upon us, neighing, ſnorting, rais'd above the Waves higher than our Main-tops, and ſpouting Water all the Way into the Air, before itſelf, like a large River falling from a Mountain: *Pantagruel* ſhew'd it to the Pilot and to *Xenomanes*.

By the Pilot's Advice, the Trumpets of the *Thalamege* were ſounded, to warn all the Fleet to ſtand cloſe and look to themſelves. This Alarm being given, all the Ships, Galleons, Frigates, Brigantines, (according to their naval Diſcipline,) placed themſelves in the Order and Figure of an Y, [*Upſilon*,] the Letter of *Pythagoras*, as Cranes do in their Flight; and like (2) an Angle, in whoſe Cone and Baſis the *Thalamege* plac'd herſelf ready to fight ſmartly: Frier *John*, with the (3) Grenadiers, got on the Forecaſtle.

Poor *Panurge* began to cry and howl worſe than ever: *Babillebabou*, ſaid he ſhrugging up his Shoulders, quivering all over with Fear, there will be the Devil upon Dun. This is a worſe Buſineſs than that t'other Day;

(1) Phyſiter.] A ſort of Whale, ſeen ſometimes on the *French* Ocean, particularly towards *Bayonne*. The *Greeks* have named this Fiſh *Phyſetere*, as much as to ſay, *The Blower*, on Account of the vaſt Quantity of Water it *blows*, as it were, out of a Hole in the upper Part of his Head. See *Rondeletius de Piſcibus*, l. 16. c. 14. where he quotes *Pliny*, l. 9. c. 4.

(2) *An Angle.*] *An acute Angle*, in *Rabelais*. This Obſervation, on the Manner of the Crane's flying, is *Plutarch*'s, in the Treatiſe where he examines what Creatures ſhew moſt Senſe.

(3) *Grenadiers.*] *Bombardiers*, in *Rabelais*.

let us fly, let us fly; old Nick take me if it tis not *Leviathan*, deſcribed by the noble Prophet *Moſes* in the Life of patient *Job*. It will ſwallow us all, Ships and Men, Shag, Rag, and Bobtail, like a Doſe of Pills. Alas, it will make no more of us, and we ſhall hold no more Room in its helliſh Jaws, than a Sugar-plumb in an Aſs's Throat. Look, look, 'tis upon us; let's wheel off, whip it away, and get aſhore. I believe 'tis the very individual Sea-monſter that was formerly deſign'd to devour *Andromeda*; we are all undone. Oh! for ſome valiant *Perſeus* here now to kill the Dog!

I'll do its Buſineſs preſently, ſaid *Pantagruel*, fear Nothing. Odds-belly, ſaid *Panurge*, remove the Cauſe of my Fear then; when the Devil would you have a Man be afraid, but when there is ſo much Cauſe? If your Deſtiny be ſuch, as Frier *John* was ſaying (4) awhile ago, (reply'd *Pantagruel,*) you ought to be afraid of *Pyroeis*, *Eous*, *Æthon*, and *Phlegon*, the Sun's Coach-horſes, that breathe Fire at their Noſtrils; and not of *Phyſeteres*, that ſpout Nothing but Water at the Snout and Mouth. Their Water will not endanger your Life; and that Element will rather ſave and preſerve than hurt or endanger you.

Ay, ay, truſt to that, and hang me, quoth *Panurge*; yours is a very pretty Fancy: Odd's Fiſh, did I not give you a ſufficient Account of the Elements Tranſmutation, and the Blunders that are made of roaſt for boil'd, and boil'd for roaſt? Alas, here 'tis; I'll go hide myſelf below. We are dead Men, every Mother's Son of us; I ſee upon your Main-top that mercileſs Hag (5) *Atropos*, with her Sciſſors new-ground, ready to cut our Threads all at one Snip. Oh! how dreadful and abominable thou art; thou haſt drown'd a good many beſides us, who never made their Brags of it. Did it but ſpout good, briſk, dainty, delicious, white Wine, inſtead of this damn'd bitter Salt-water, one might better bear with it,

(4) *Awhile ago.*] In ch. 24. Frier *John* adviſes *Panurge* not ſo much to fear Water as Fire.

(5) Atropos.] The *Phyſeter*, which *Panurge*'s Fear repreſented to him as lifting up its Head higher than the Main-Top.

and

and there would be ſome Cauſe to be patient, like (6) that *Engliſh* Lord, who, being doomed to die and had Leave to chooſe what Kind of Death he would, choſe to be drown'd in a But of *Malmſy*. Here it is.—Oh, oh, Devil, Sathanas, Leviathan, I can't abide to look upon thee thou art ſo abominably ugly!——Go to the Bar, go take the Pettifoggers!

CHAP. XXXIV.

How the monſtrous Phyſetere *was ſlain by* Pantagruel.

THE *Phyſetere*, coming between the Ships and the Galleons, threw Water by whole Tons upon them, as if it had been the *Catadupes* of the *Nile* in *Ethiopia*. On the other Side, Arrows, Darts, Gleaves, Javelins, Spears, Harping-Irons, and Partizans, flew upon it like Hail. Frier *John* did not ſpare himſelf in it. *Panurge* was half-dead for Fear. The Artillery roared and thun-

(6) *That* Engliſh *Lord.*] *George* Duke of *Clarence*, whom his Brother, *Edward* IV. King of *England*, put to that Sort of Death in *February*, 1477, or, according to the *Roman* Kalendar, 1478, through a Conceit that *Merlin*'s Prophecies were relative to the Duke of *Clarence*, as the Perſon that would one Day deprive his (the King's) Children of the Crown. See the Continuation of *Monſtrelet*, fol. 196. *Fulgoſus*, l. 9. c. 12. and *Martin du Bellai*'s Memoirs, l. 1. on the Year 1514. Some Hiſtorians [ſee *Georg. Lilii Chronicon* 1568,] ſatisfy themſelves with ſaying, that this unfortunate Duke, *George*, was ſuffocated in the Tower of *London*, without ſpecifying whether it was by Means of Wine or otherwiſe; but, ſuppoſing that the Duke had really made Choice of this Way of going out of the World, as is related by *Rabelais*, yet this Lord's mad Fancy wou'd not be without Example; witneſs the following Epigram, among the *Tombeaux* of *Michael Harſlob*, of *Berlin*, printed, in 8vo, at *Frankfort* on the *Oder*, in the Year 1571.

In Cyatho vini pleno cum muſca periret,
Sic, ut Oenetus, ſponte perire velim.

Anglicè.

When in a Cup of Wine a Fly was drown'd,
So, ſaid Vinarius, *may my Days be crown'd.*

dered like mad, and ſeem'd to gall it in good Earneſt, but did but little Good; for the great Iron and Braſs Cannon-Shot, entering its Skin, ſeemed to melt like Tiles in the Sun.

Pantagruel then, conſidering the Weight and Exigency of the Matter, ſtretched out his Arms, and ſhewed what he could do. You tell us, and it is recorded, that *Commodus*, the *Roman* Emperor, could ſhoot with a Bow ſo dextrouſly, that, at a good Diſtance, he would let fly an Arrow through a Child's Fingers, and never touch them. You alſo tell us of an *Indian* Archer, who lived when *Alexander* the Great conquered *India*, and was ſo ſkilful in drawing the Bow, that, at a conſiderable Diſtance, he would ſhoot his Arrows through a Ring, though they were three Cubits long, and their Iron ſo large and weighty, that with them he us'd to pierce Steel (1) Cutlaſſes, thick Shields, Steel Breaſt-plates, and generally what he did hit, how firm, reſiſting, hard, and ſtrong, ſoever it were. You alſo tell us Wonders of the Induſtry of the ancient *Franks*, who were preferred to all others in Point of Archery; and, when they hunted either black or dun Beaſts, us'd to rub the Head of their Arrows with Hellebore, becauſe the Fleſh of the Veniſon, ſtruck with ſuch an Arrow, was more tender, dainty, wholſome, and delicious; (paring off, nevertheleſs, the Part that was touched round about.) You alſo talk of the *Parthians*, who us'd to ſhoot backwards more dexterouſly than other Nations forwards; and alſo celebrate the Skill of the *Scythians* in that Art, who ſent once to *Darius* King of *Perſia* (2) an Embaſſador, that made him a Preſent of a Bird, a Frog, a Mouſe, and five Arrows, without ſpeaking one Word; and, being aſked what thoſe Preſents meant, and if he had Commiſſion to ſay any Thing, anſwered that he had not; which puzzled and gravelled *Darius* very much; till *Gobrias*, one of the ſeven Captains that had killed the *Magi*, explained it; ſaying, to *Darius*, by theſe Gifts and Offerings, the *Scythians* ſilently tell you, that, except the *Perſians* like

(1) *Cutlaſſes*] Read, *Cuiraſſes.*
(2) *An Embaſſador.*] See the 4th Book of *Herodotus.*

Birds,

Birds, fly up to Heaven, or, like Mice, hide themſelves near the Centre of the Earth, or, like Frogs, dive to the very Bottom of Ponds and Lakes, they ſhall be deſtroyed by the Power and Arrows of the *Scythians*.

The noble *Pantagruel* was, without Compariſon, more admirable yet in the Art of Shooting and Darting; for with his dreadful Piles and Darts, nearly reſembling the huge Beams that ſupport the Bridges of *Nantes*, *Saumur*, *Bergerac*, and, at *Paris*, the Millers and the Changers Bridges, in Length, Size, Weight, and Iron-work, he, at a Mile's Diſtance, would open an Oiſter and never touch the Edges; he would ſnuff a Candle without putting it out; would ſhoot a Magpie in the Eye, take off a Boot's under Sole, or a Riding-hood's lining, without ſoiling them a-bit; turn over every Leaf of Frier *John*'s Breviary, one after another, and not tear one.

With ſuch Darts, of which there was good Store in the Ship, at the firſt Blow he ran the *Phyſitere* in at the Forehead ſo furiouſly, that he pierc'd both its Jaws and Tongue, ſo that from that Time to this it no more open'd its guttural Trap-door, nor drew and ſpouted Water. At the ſecond Blow he put out its right Eye, and at the third its left; and we had all the Pleaſure to ſee the *Phyſitere* bearing thoſe three Horns in its Forehead, ſomewhat leaning forwards in an equilateral Triangle.

Meanwhile it turn'd about to and fro, ſtaggering and ſtraying like one ſtunn'd, blinded, and taking his Leave of the World. *Pantagruel*, not ſatisfy'd with this, let fly another Dart, which took the Monſter under the Tail likewiſe ſloping; then with three other on the Chine, in a perpendicular Line, divided its Flank from the Tail to the Snout, at an equal Diſtance; then he larded it with fifty on one Side, and after that, to make even Work, he darted as many on its other Side; ſo that the Body of the *Phyſitere* ſeem'd like the Hulk of a Galleon with three Maſts, join'd by a competent Dimenſion of its Beams, as if they had been the Ribs and Chain Wales of the Keel; which was a pleaſant Sight. The *Phyſitere* then, giving up the Ghoſt, turn'd itſelf upon its Back, as all dead Fiſhes do; and, being thus overturn'd with the Beams and

Darts up-ſide down in the Sea, it ſeem'd a *Scolopendra* or *Centipede*, as that Serpent is deſcrib'd by the ancient Sage *Nicander*.

CHAP. XXXV.

How Pantagruel *went on-ſhore in the Wild Iſland, the ancient Abode of the* (1) *Chitterlings.*

THE Boat's Crew of the Ship *Lantern* tow'd the *Phyſitere* aſhore on the neighbouring Shore, (which happened to be (2) the Wild Iſland,) to make an anatomical Diſſection of its Body, and ſave the Fat of its Kidneys, which, they ſaid, was very uſeful and neceſſary for the Cure of a certain Diſtemper, which they call'd *Want of Money*. As for *Pantagruel*, he took no Manner of Notice of the Monſter, for he had ſeen many ſuch, nay bigger, in the *Gallic Ocean*. Yet he condeſcended to land in the Wild Iſland, to dry and refreſh ſome of his Men, (whom the *Phyſitere* had wetted and bedawb'd,) at a ſmall deſert Sea-port towards the South, ſeated near a fine pleaſant Grove, out of which flow'd a delicious Brook of freſh, clear, and purling, Water. Here they pitch'd their Tents, and ſet up their Kitchens, nor did they ſpare Fuel.

Every one having ſhifted, as they thought fit, Frier *John* rang the Bell, and the Cloth was immediately laid and Supper brought in. *Pantagruel*, eating cheerfully with his Men, much about the ſecond Courſe, per-

(1) *Chitterlings.*] *Andouilles*, which is the Word *Rabelais* has all along uſed, is properly a big Hog's Gut ſtuffed with *Chitterlings* cut ſmall, and other Entrails cut into ſmall Pieces, and ſeaſon'd with Pepper and Salt, not forgetting ſweet Herbs. You may have of 'em at the *French* Stalls in *Newport-Market*.

(2) *The Wild Iſland.*] There is no Reaſon to believe that, by *the Wild Iſland*, *Rabelais* means *Culinary Fire*, Fire in the Kitchens. The Company go thither to dry themſelves, and the Ships Crews to melt the *Phyſetere*'s Fat. What's more, it is the very Element of *Chitterlings*; and, laſtly, Nothing is ſo *wild* as Fire is, ſince it devours every Thing.

ceived

ceived certain little ſly Chitterlings clambering up a high Tree near the Pantry as ſtill as ſo many Mice; which made him aſk *Xenomanes*, what Kind of Creatures theſe were, taking them for Squirrels, Weaſels, Martens, or Ermins. They are Chitterlings, replied *Xenomanes*. This is the Wild Iſland, of which I ſpoke to you this Morning: There hath been an irreconcileable War this long Time between them and *Shrovetide*, their malicious and antient Enemy. I believe that the Noiſe of the Guns which we fired at the *Phyſetere* hath alarm'd 'em, and made them fear their Enemy was come with his Forces to ſurpriſe them, or lay the Iſland waſte, as he hath often attempted to do, though he ſtill came off but bluely; by Reaſon of the Care and Vigilance of the Chitterlings, who (as *Dido* ſaid to *Eneas*'s Companions that would have landed at *Carthage* without her Leave or Knowledge) were forced to watch and ſtand upon their Guard, conſidering the Malice of their Enemy and the Neighbourhood of his Territories.

Pray, dear Friend, ſaid *Pantagruel*, if you find that by ſome honeſt Means we may bring this War to an End, and reconcile them together, give me Notice of it; I will uſe my Endeavours in it, with all my Heart, and ſpare Nothing on my Side to moderate and accommodate the Points in Diſpute between both Parties.

That's impoſſible, at this Time, anſwered *Xonomanes*. About four Years ago, paſſing, incognito, by this Country, I endeavoured to make a Peace, or at leaſt a long Truce among them, and, I had certainly brought them to be good Friends and Neighbours, if both one and the other Parties would have yielded to one ſingle Article. *Shrovetide* would not include in the Treaty of Peace the Wild Puddings, nor the Highland Sauſages, their ancient Goſſips and Confederates. The Chitterlings demanded that (3) the Fort of *Caques* might be under their Government, as is (4) the Caſtle of *Sullouoir*,

(5) *The Fort of* Caques.] *Caques* is what we call a *Keg*, or *Barrel*, or other *Veſſel*, to keep *Salt-Fiſh* in, and *Herrings*, which two are *Shrovetide*'s chief Ammunition.

(4) *The Caſtle of* Sullouoir.] In ſome Editions, *Sallouoir*. Alluſion between the Caſtle of *Solleure* in *Swiſſerland* (*Caſtrum Salodorenſe*)

oir, and that a Parcel of I-don't-know-what (5) ſtinking Villains, Murtherers, Robbers, that held it then, ſhould be expelled. But they could not agree in this, and the Terms that were offered ſeemed too hard to either Party. So the Treaty broke off, and Nothing was done. Nevertheleſs, they became leſs ſevere, and gentler Enemies, than they were before: But ſince the Denunciation of the national Council of *Chelſil*, whereby they [Chitterlings] were (6) roughly handled, hampered, and cited, whereby alſo *Shrovetide* was declared filthy, beſhitten, and (7) berayed, in Caſe he made any League or Agreement with them, they are grown wonderfully inveterate, incenſed, and obſtinate, againſt one another, and there is no Way to remedy it. You might ſooner reconcile Cats and Rats, or Hounds and Hares, together.

CHAP. XXXVI.

How the Wild Chitterlings *laid an Ambuſcade for* Pantagruel.

WHILE *Xenomanes* was ſaying this, Frier *John* ſpy'd twenty-five or thirty young, ſlender-ſhap'd,

renſe) and *Saloir*, a Powdering-Tub; which is commonly ſhaped like an *antique Tower*, and the *Chitterlings* for the moſt Part keep Garriſon therein.

(5) *Stinking*, &c.] Stinking *Herrings*, and putrify'd *Stock-Fiſh*, which are in the Kegs, enough to poiſon ſuch as come near them or eat of them.

(6) *Roughly handled, hampered, and cited.*] Read, *towzed, groped, grabbled, ruffled, tumbled, crumpled, and berumpled.* [*Farfouillées, godelurées*, &c.] It means that the Council branded the *Chitterlings* with Infamy for ſuffering themſelves and their Entrails to be ſo handled.

(7) *Berayed.*] Add *unfledged* and *Stock-fiſhify'd: Hallebrene* and *Stockfiſe. Hallebrene*; incapable of ſupporting themſelves, or flying, like unfledged wild *Ducklings*, called *Hallebrens. Stockfiſe*, excommunicated, or headleſs like a dried *Cod*, which the *Germans* call *Stockfiſh*, from a Word which in their Language ſignifies *a Fiſh without a Head. Stock-fiſch*, ex *Stock* & *Fiſch*, *ob capita truncata*, ſays *H. Ottius*, pag. 194. of his *Franco-Gallia*.

Chit-

Chitterlings in poſting as faſt as they could towards their Town, Citadel, Caſtle, and Fort, of *Chimney*, and ſaid to *Pantagruel*, I ſmell a Rat, (1) There will be here the Devil upon two Sticks, or I am much out. Theſe worſhipful Chitterlings may chance to miſtake you for *Shrovetide*, though you are not a Bit like him. Let us once in our Lives leave our Junketing for awhile, and put ourſelves in a Poſture to give 'em a Belly full of fighting if they would be at that Sport. There can be no falſe Latin in this, ſaid *Xenomanes*; Chitterlings are ſtill Chitterlings, always (2) double hearted and treacherous.

Pantagruel then aroſe from Table, to viſit and ſcour the Thicket, and return'd preſently, having diſcover'd on the left an Ambuſcade of ſquab Chitterlings, and on the right about Half a League from thence, a large Body of huge Giant-like arm'd Chitterlings, rang'd in Battalia along a little Hill, and marching furiouſly towards us at the Sound of Bagpipes, Sheep's Paunches and Bladders, the merry Fifes and Drums, Trumpets and Clarions, hoping to catch us as *Moſs* caught his Mare. By the Conjecture of ſeventy-eighty Standards, which we told, we gueſs'd their Number to be two and forty Thouſand at a modeſt Computation.

Their Order, proud Gait, and reſolute Looks, made us judge that they were none of your raw paultry Links, but old warlike Chitterlings and Sauſages. From the foremoſt Ranks to the Colours they were all arm'd *Cap-à-pié* with ſmall Arms as we reckoned them at a Diſtance, yet very ſharp and caſe-harden'd. Their right and left Wings were lin'd with a great Number of Foreſt-Puddings, heavy Pattipans, and Horſe Sauſages, all of them tall and proper Iſlanders, (3) Banditti, and Wild.

(1) *There will be here the Devil upon two Sticks.*] *Rabelais* ſays, *I luy aura icy de l'aſne, je le prevoy. We ſhall have the braying Scene here, or I am much out.* That is, ſays M. *du Chat*, There will be a Scene of Errors, as between the two Country-Bumpkins, in *Don Quixote*, who, by their counterfeit Brayings, always met each other inſtead of meeting with the Aſs they were in Queſt of.

(2) *Double-hearted.*] He quibbles upon *Andouilles* being *(doublées) lined* with ſmall Guts.

(3) *Banditti.*] *Bandoliers, Rabelais* ſays. See *Du Chat.*

Pantagruel

Pantagruel was very much daunted, and not without Cauſe, tho' *Epiſtemon* told him that it might be the Uſe and Cuſtom of the *Chitterlingonians* to welcome and receive thus in Arms their foreign Friends, as the noble Kings of *France* are received and ſaluted at their firſt Coming into the chief Cities of the Kingdom after their Advancement to the Crown. Perhaps, ſaid he, it may be the uſual Guard of the Queen of the Place; who having Notice given her, by the junior Chitterlings of the Forlorn-hope, whom you ſaw on the Tree, of the Arrival of your fine and pompous Fleet, hath judg'd that it was, without Doubt, ſome rich and potent Prince; and is come to viſit you in Perſon.

Pantagruel, little truſting to this, call'd a Council to have their Advice at large in this doubtful Caſe. He briefly ſhew'd them how this Way of Reception with Arms had often, under Colour of Compliment and Friendſhip, been fatal. Thus, ſaid he, the Emperor *Antonius Caracalla* at one Time deſtroy'd the Citizens of *Alexandria*, and at another Time cut off the Attendants of *Artabanus* King of *Perſia*, under Colour of marrying his Daughter; which, by the Way, did not paſs unpuniſh'd, for, awhile after, this (4) coſt him his Life.

Thus *Jacob*'s Children deſtroy'd the *Sichemites*, to revenge the Rape of their Siſter *Dina*. By ſuch another hypocritical Trick, *Gallienus*, the *Roman* Emperor, put to Death the military Men in *Conſtantinople*. Thus, under Colour of Friendſhip, *Antonius* inticed *Artavaſdes* King of *Armenia*; then, having cauſed him to be bound in heavy Chains and ſhackled, (5) at laſt put him to Death.

We find a Thouſand ſuch Inſtances in Hiſtory; and K. *Charles* the 6th is juſtly commended for his Prudence to this Day, in that, coming back victorious over the *Ghenters* and other *Flemmings* to his good City of *Paris*, and, when he came to *Bourget*, (a League from thence,) hearing that the Citizens with their Mallets (whence

(4) *Coſt him his Life.*] All this is taken from *Herodian*, l. 4. *Antonius Caracalla*'s Life.

(5) *At laſt put him to Death.*] See *Tacitus*'s *Annals*, l. 2.

they

they got the Name of (6) *Maillotins)* were march'd out of Town till they had laid down their Arms and retir'd to their reſpective Homes, tho' they proteſted to him that they had taken Arms with no other Deſign than to receive him with the greater Demonſtration of Honour and Reſpect.

CHAP. XXXVII.

How Pantagruel *ſent for Colonel* Maul-Chitterling *and Colonel* Cut-Pudding, *with a Diſcourſe, well worth your hearing, about the Names of Places and Perſons.*

THE Reſolution of the Council was, that, let Things be how they would, it behov'd the *Pantagrueliſts* to ſtand upon their Guard. Therefore *Carpalim* and *Gymnaſt* were order'd by *Pantagruel* to go for the Soldiers that were on-board the *Cup-Gally*, under the Command of Colonel *Maul-Chitterling*, and thoſe on-board the *Vine-Tub Frigate*, under the Command of Colonel *Cut-pudding* the younger. I'll eaſe *Gymnaſt* of that Trouble, ſaid *Panurge*, who wanted to be upon the Run: You may have Occaſion for him here. By this worthy Frock of mine, quoth Frier *John*, thou haſt a Mind to ſlip thy Neck out of the Collar, and abſent thyſelf from the Fight, thou white-liver'd Son of a Dunghill! upon my Virginity thoul't never come back. Well, there can be no great Loſs in thee; for thou would'ſt do Nothing here but howl, bray, weep, and diſhearten the good Soldiers. I'll certainly come back, ſaid *Panurge*, Frier *John*, my ghoſtly Father, and ſpeedily too; do but take Care that theſe plaguy *Chitterlings* don't board our Ships. All the while you'll be fighting, I'll pray heartily for your Victory, after the Example of the valiant Captain and Guide of

(6) Maillotins.] The *Pariſians* had taken theſe two-headed Hammers *(Maillets)* out of the Town-houſe; and this happened in 1413.

the

the People of *Iſrael*, *Moſes*; having ſaid this, he wheel'd off.

Then, ſaid *Epiſtemon* to *Pantagruel*, the Denomination of theſe two Colonels of yours, *Maul-Chitterling* and *Cut-pudding*, promiſeth us Aſſurance, Succeſs, and Victory, if thoſe *Chitterlings* ſhould chance to ſet upon us. You take it rightly, ſaid *Pantagruel*, and it pleaſeth me to ſee you foreſee and prognoſticate our Victory by the Name of our Colonels.

This Way of foretelling by Names is not new; it was in old Times celebrated, and religiouſly obſerv'd by the *Pythagoreans*. Several great Princes and Emperors have formerly made good Uſe of it. (1) *Octavianus Auguſtus*, ſecond Emperor of the *Romans*, meeting on a Day a Country-fellow, nam'd *Eutychius*, (that is, *fortunate*,) driving an Aſs nam'd *Nicon*, (that is, in Greek, *Victorian*,) mov'd by the Signification of the Aſs's and Aſs-driver's Names, remain'd aſſur'd of all Proſperity and Victory.

The Emperor *Veſpatian*, being once all alone at Prayers in the Temple of *Serapis*, at the Sight and unexpected Coming of a certain Servant of his, nam'd *Baſilides*, (that is, *royal*,) whom he had left ſick a great Way behind, took Hopes and Aſſurance of obtaining the Empire of the *Romans*. *Regilian* was choſen Emperor by the Soldiers for no other Reaſon but the Signification of his Name. See the *Cratylus* of the divine *Plato*. (By my Thirſt, I will read him, ſaid *Rhizotomus*; I hear you ſo often quote him.) See how the *Pythagoreans*, by Reaſon of the Names and Numbers, conclude that *Patroclus* was to fall by the Hand of *Hector*; *Hector* by *Achilles*; *Achilles* by *Paris*; *Paris* by *Philoctetes*. I am quite loſt in my Underſtanding, when I reflect upon the (2) admirable Invention of *Pythagoras*, who, by the Number, either even or odd, of the Syllables of (3)

(1) Octavianus Auguſtus.] See *Suetonius*, ch. 96. of the Life of *Auguſtus*.

(2) *Admirable Invention of* Pythagoras, &c.] Beſides *Pliny*, l. 2. c. 4. you may turn to *Cornelius Agrippa's Diſ. on Van. of Scien.* ch. 15. againſt *Cardan*, Exerc. 266.

(3) *Every Noun.*] Read *Every Perſon's proper Name, d'ung chaſcun*

(3) every Noun, would tell you of what Side a Man was lame, hulch-back'd, blind, gouty, troubled with the Palſy, Pleuriſy, or any other Diſtemper incident to human Kind, allotting even Numbers to the left, and odd ones to the right, Side of the Body.

Indeed, ſaid *Epiſtemon*, I ſaw this Way of Syllabifing try'd at *Xaintes*, at a general Proceſſion, in the Preſence of that good, virtuous, learned, and juſt, Preſident, *Brian Valée*, Lord of *Douhait*. When there went by a Man or a Woman, that was either lame, blind of one Eye, or hump'd-back, he had an Account brought him of his or her Name; and, if the Syllables of the Name were of an odd Number, immediately, without ſeeing the Perſons, he declar'd them to be deform'd, blind, lame, or crooked of the right Side; and of the left, if they were even in Number; and ſuch indeed we ever found them.

By this ſyllabical Invention, ſaid *Pantagruel*, the learned have affirm'd, that *Achilles* kneeling was wounded by the Arrow of *Paris* in the right Heel, for his Name is of odd Syllables; (here we ought to obſerve that the Ancients us'd to kneel the right Foot;) and that *Venus* was alſo wounded before *Troy* in the left Hand; for her Name in Greek is Αφροδίτη, of four Syllables; *Vulcan* lamed of his left Foot for the ſame Reaſon; *Philip* King of *Macedon*, and *Hannibal*, blind of the right Eye; not to ſpeak of Sciatica's broken Bellies and Hemicrania's, which may be diſtinguiſh'd by this *Pythagorean* Reaſon.

But, returning to Names: Do but conſider how *Alexander* the Great, Son to King *Philip*, of whom we ſpoke juſt now, compaſs'd his Undertaking merely by the Interpretation of a Name. He had beſieged the ſtrong City of *Tyre*, and for ſeveral Weeks battered it with all his Power, but all in vain; his Engines and Attempts were ſtill baffled by the *Tyrians*. Which made him finally reſolve to raiſe the Siege, to his great Grief, foreſeeing the great Stain which ſuch a ſhameful Retreat

chaſcum nom propre. *Nom*, in *French*, does indeed ſometimes ſignify that Part of Speech we call a *Noun*, but not here, as is plain by the Senſe. Beſides, *Nom propre* is one's Surname, *Nom de batême*, one's Chriſtian Name, ſays *Boyer*.

would

would be to his Reputation. In this Anxiety and Agitation of Mind he fell aſleep, and dream'd that a Satyr was come into his Tent, capering, ſkipping, and tripping it up and down, with his goatiſh Hoofs, and that he ſtrove to lay Hold on him. But the Satyr ſtill ſlipp'd from him, till at laſt, having pen'd him up into a Corner, he took him: With this he awoke, and, telling his Dream to the Philoſophers and Sages of his Court, they let him know that it was a Promiſe of Victory from the Gods, and that he ſhould ſoon be Maſter of *Tyre*; the Word *Satyros*, divided into two, being *Sa Tyros*, and ſignifying, *Tyre* is thine; and in Truth, at the next Onſet, he took the Town by Storm, and, by a complete Victory, reduc'd that ſtubborn People to Subjection.

On the other Hand, ſee how, by the Signification of one Word, *Pompey* fell into Deſpair. Being overcome by *Cæſar*, at the Battle of *Pharſalia*, he had no other Way left to eſcape but by Flight; which attempting by the Sea, he arrived near the Iſland of *Cyprus*, and perceiv'd on the Shore, near the City of *Paphos*, a beautiful and ſtately Palace; now aſking the Pilot what was the Name of it, he told him, (4) that it was called κακοβασιλία, that is, *Evil-King*, which ſtruck ſuch a Dread and Terror in him, that he fell into Deſpair, as being aſſured of loſing ſhortly his Life; inſomuch that his Complaints, Sighs, and Groans, were heard by the Mariners and other Paſſengers. And indeed awhile after a certain ſtrange Peaſant, call'd *Achillas*, cut of his Head.

To all theſe Examples might be added what happen'd to (5) *L. Paulus Emilius*, when the Senate elected him Emperor, [*Imperator*,] that is, Chief of the Army which they ſent againſt *Perſes* King of *Macedon*; that Evening, returning Home to prepare for his Expedition, and kiſſing a little Daughter of his call'd *Traſia*, ſhe ſeem'd ſomewhat ſad to him. What is the Matter, ſaid he, my Chicken, why is my (6) *Traſia* thus ſad

(4) *That it was called* κακοβασιλία.] Read κακοβασιλεύς. See Val. Max. l. 1. c. 5.

(5) L. Paulus Emilius.] See *Cicero de Divinatione*, &c.

(6) Traſia.] *Rabelais* has it *Tratia*. It ſhould indeed be *Tertia*, which being abbreviated into *Tria*, the Printers, none of the beſt Gueſſers becauſe ſeldom any Thing of Scholars, made it *Tratia*, inſtead of *Tertia*.

and

and melancholy? Daddy, (replied the Child,) (7) *Perſa* is dead; this was the Name of a little Bitch which ſhe loved mightily: Hearing this, *Paulus* took Aſſurance of a Victory over *Perſes*.

If Time would permit us to diſcourſe of the ſacred Hebrew Writ, we might find a hundred noted Paſſages, evidently ſhewing how religiouſly they obſerved proper Names and their Significations. He had hardly ended this Diſcourſe, when the two Colonels arrived with their Soldiers, all well-armed and reſolute. *Pantagruel* made them a ſhort Speech, intreating them to behave themſelves bravely in Caſe they were attacked; for he could not yet believe that the *Chitterlings* were ſo treacherous; but he bade them by no Means to give the firſt Offence; giving them *Carnival* for the Watch-Word.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

How Chitterlings *are not to be ſlighted by Men.*

YOU ſhake your empty Noddles now, jolly Topers, and don't believe what I tell you here any more than if it were ſome Tale of a Tub: Well, well, I can't help it. Believe it if you will, if you won't let it alone. For my Part, I very well know what I ſaw. It was in the Wild Iſland, in our Voyage to the Holy Bottle, I tell you the Time and Place, what would you have more? I would have you call to Mind the Strength of the ancient Giants that undertook to lay the high Mountain *Pelion* on the Top of *Oſſa*, and ſet among thoſe the ſhady *Olympus*, to daſh out the Gods Brains, unneſtle them, and ſcour their heavenly Lodgings. Their's was no ſmall Strength, you may well think, and

(7) Perſa.] *Plutarch*, in the Life of *Paulus Emilius*, copied this Paſſage from *Tully*, but not being thoroughly verſed in the *Latin* Tongue, as he ſomewhere owns himſelf, he made of this *Bitch* a *Dog*, which he calls *Perſeus*.

yet

yet they were Nothing but *Chitterlings* from the Waiſt downwards, or, at leaſt, Serpents, not to tell a Lie for the Matter.

The Serpent that tempted *Eve* too was of the *Chitterling* Kind, and yet it is recorded of him, that he was more ſubtle than any Beaſt of the Field. Even ſo are *Chitterlings:* Nay, to this very Hour they hold in ſome Univerſities that this ſame Tempter was a *Chitterling* called *Ithyphallus*, into which was transformed bawdy *Priapus*, Arch-ſeducer of Females (1) in Paradiſe, that is, a *Garden* in *Greek*.

Pray now tell me, who can tell but that the *Switzers*, now ſo bold and warlike, were formerly *Chitterlings?* For my Part, I would not take my Oath to the contrary. The *Himaniopodes*, a Nation very famous in *Ethiopia*, according to *Pliny*'s Deſcription, are *Chitterlings*, and Nothing elſe. If all this will not ſatisfy your Worſhips, or remove your Incredulity, I would have you forthwith (I mean drinking firſt, that Nothing be done raſhly) viſit *Luſignan*, *Parthenay*, *Vouant*, *Mervant*, and *Ponzauges* in *Poictu*. There you will find a Cloud of Witneſſes, not of your Affadavit-Men of the right Stamp, but credible Time out of Mind, that will take their corporal Oath, on *Rigome*'s (2) Knuckle-bone, that *Meluſina*, their Founder or Foundreſs, which you pleaſe, was Woman from the Head to the (3) Prick-purſe, and thence downwards was a ſerpentine *Chitterling*, or if you'll have it otherwiſe, *Chitterlingdized* Serpent. She nevertheleſs had a genteel and noble Gait, imitated to this very Day by our Hop-Merchants of *Britanny* in their *Paſpié* and Country-Dances.

What do you think was the Cauſe of *Erichthonius*'s being the firſt Inventor of Coaches, Litters, and Chariots? Nothing but becauſe *Vulcan* had begot him with *Chitterlingdized* Legs, which to hide, he choſe to ride in a Litter rather than on Horſe-back; for *Chitterlings* were not yet come in Eſteem at that Time.

(1) *In Paradiſe, that is a* Garden *in* Greek.] Read, *In Paradiſe as the* Greeks *call it, but Garden in* French.

(2) *Knuckle-Bone.*] Read *Right-Arm.*

(3) *Prick-purſe.*] *Aux Bourſavits.*

(4) The

(4) The *Scythian* Nymph *Ora* was likewiſe half Woman and Half *Chitterling*; and yet ſeemed ſo beautiful to *Jupiter*, that Nothing could ſerve him but he muſt give her a Touch of his Godſhip's Kindneſs; and accordingly had a brave Boy by her called *Colaxes*, and therefore I would have you leave off ſhaking your empty Noddles at this, as if it were a Story, and firmly believe that Nothing is truer than the Goſpel.

CHAP. XXXIX.

How Frier John *joined with the Cooks to fight the* Chitterlings.

FRier *John*, ſeeing theſe furious *Chitterlings* thus boldly march up, ſaid to *Pantagruel*; here will be a rare Battel of Hobby-horſes, a pretty Kind of of Puppet-ſhow Fight for aught I ſee; Oh! what mighty Honour and wonderful Glory will attend our Victory! I would have you only be a bare Spectator of this Fight, and for any Thing elſe leave me and my Men to deal with them. What Men? ſaid *Pantagruel*. Matter of Breviary, reply'd Frier *John*. How came *Potiphar*, who was Head-cook of *Pharoah*'s Kitchens, he that bought *Joſeph*, and whom the ſaid *Joſeph* might have made a Cuckold if he had not been a *Joſeph*; how came he, I ſay, to be made General of all the Horſe in the Kingdom of *Egypt*? Why was *Nabuzardan*, King *Nebuchadnezzar*'s Head-cook, choſen, to the Excluſion of all other Captains, to beſiege and deſtroy *Jeruſalem*? I hear you, reply'd *Pantagruel*. By St. *Chriſtopher*'s Whiſkers, reply'd Frier *John*, I dare lay a Wager that it was becauſe they had formerly engaged *Chitterlings*, or Men as little

(4) *The* Scythian *Nymph* Ora———Colaxes.] *Herodotus*, in the Beginning of his 4th Book, ſpeaks of one *Colaxais*, Son of *Jupiter*, and immediately after tells a Story of a *Scythian Nymph*, Half *Woman* and Half *Serpent*, who lay with *Hercules*. *Rabelais*, writing by Memory, has confounded and altered theſe two Fables.

valued;

valued; whom, to rout, conquer, aad deſtroy, Cooks are, without Compariſon, more fit than *Cuiraſſiers* and *Gens d'Armes* armed at all Points, or all the Horſe and Foot in the World.

You put me in Mind, ſaid *Pantagruel*, of what is written amongſt the facetious and merry Sayings of *Cicero*. During the *more than civil Wars* between *Cæſar* and *Pompey*, tho' he was much courted by the firſt, he naturally leaned more to the Side of the latter. Now one Day, hearing that the *Pompeians* in a certain *Rencontre* had loſt a great many Men, he took a Fancy to viſit their Camp. There he perceived little Strength, leſs Courage, but much Diſorder. From that Time, foreſeeing that Things would go ill with them, as it ſince happened, he began to banter now one and then another, and be very free of his cutting Jeſts: So ſome of *Pompey's* Captains playing the good Fellows, to ſhew their Aſſurance, told him, Do you ſee how many (1) Eagles we have yet? (They were then the Device of the *Romans* in War.) They might be of Uſe to you, replied *Cicero*, if you had to do with Magpies.

Thus ſeeing we are to fight *Chitterlings*, purſued *Pantagruel*, you infer thence that it is a culinary War and have a Mind to join with the Cooks. Well, do as you pleaſe. I'll ſtay here in the mean Time, and wait for the Event (2) of the Battle.

Frier *John* went that very Moment among the Suttlers into the Cooks Tents, and told them, in a pleaſing Manner, I muſt ſee you crowned with Honour and Triumph this Day, my Lads: To your Arms are reſerved ſuch Atchievements as never yet were performed within the Memory of Man. Odd's Belly, do they make Nothing of the valiant Cooks? Let us go fight yonder fornicating *Chitterlings*; I'll be your Captain: But firſt let's drink, drink, Boys——come on——Let us be of good Cheer. Noble Captain, returned the Kitchen-tribe, this was ſpoken like yourſelf; bravely offered: Huzza! we are all at your Excellency's Command, and

(1) *Eagles.*] See *Plutarch's Apophthegms.*

(2) *Of the Battle,*] Read, of theſe *Rhodomontades, de ces fanfares.*

will

will live and die by you. Live, live, ſaid Frier *John*, a God's Name; but die by no Means: That's the *Chitterlings* Lot: They ſhall have their Belly-full on't: Come on then, let us put ourſelves in Order; *Nabuzardan*'s *the Word!*

CHAP. XL.

How Frier John *fitted up the Sow; and of the valiant Cooks that went into it.*

THEN, by Frier *John*'s Order, the Engineers and their Workmen fitted up the great Sow that was in the Ship *Leather Bottle*. It was a wonderful Machine, ſocontriv'd, that, by the Means of large Engines that were round about in Rows, it threw forked Iron Bars and four-ſquar'd Steel Boults; and in its Hold two hundred Men at leaſt could eaſily fight and be ſhelter'd. It was made after the Model of the Sow of *Riole*, by the Means of which *Bergerac* was retaken from the *Engliſh* in the Reign of (1) *Charles* the Sixth.

Here are the Names of the noble and valiant Cooks, who went into the Sow, as the *Greeks* did into the *Trojan* Horſe:

Sour-ſauce,
Sweet-meat,
Greedy-gut,
Liquoriſh-chops,
Souſed-pork,
Slap-ſauce,
Cock-broth,
Slip-ſlop,
Criſp-pig,
Greaſy-ſlouch,
Fat-gut,
Bray-mortar,
Lick-ſauce,
Hog's-foot,
Hodge-podge,
Carbonadoe,
Sop-in-pan,
Pick-fowl,
Muſtard-pot,
Calf's-pluck,
Hog's-haſlet,
Chopt-phyz.

(1) *Charles* VI.] *Rabelais* miſtakes. It was in *Charles* the Vth's Reign, in the Year 1378, two Years before that *Prince*'s Death. *Froiſſart*, Vol. 2. c. 2. on that Year. *Ils envoyerent querir à la Riolle un grant engin qu'on appelle Truie*, &c. They ſent to *Riolle* for a huge *Machine*, called a *Sow*; which was ſo contrived as to caſt prodigious Stones, and could eaſily ſhelter a Hundred Men at Arms, on their Approaches to attack the Town.

Gallymaufry.

All theſe noble Cooks, in their Coat of Arms, did bear, in a Field gules, a Larding-pin vert, charged with a Chevron argent.

Lard-hog's-lard,
Nibble-lard,
Filch-lard,
Fat-lard,
Pinch-lard,
Top-lard,
Pick-lard,
Save-lard,
Snatch-lard,
Gnaw-lard,
Scrape-lard,
Chew-lard.

(2) *Gaillard,* (by *Syncope,*) born near *Rambouillet:* The ſaid culinary Doctor's Name was *Gaillard-lardon,* in the ſame Manner as you uſe to ſay *idolatrous* for *idololatrous.*

Stiff-lard,
Watch-lard,
Sweet-lard,
Eat-lard,
Snap-lard,
Catch-lard,
Cut-lard,
Mince-lard,
Dainty-lard,
Freſh-lard,
Ruſty-lard,
Waſte-lard,
Ogle-lard,
Weigh-lard,
Gulch-lard,
Eye-lard.

Names unknown among the (3) *Marranes* and *Jews.*

Balloky,
Pick-ſallad,
Broil-raſher,
Cony-ſkin,
Dainty-chops,
Pie-wright,
Pudding-pan,
Toſs-pot,
Muſtard-ſauce,
Claret-ſauce,
Swill-broth,
Thirſty,
Kitchen-ſtuff,
Verjuice,
Save-dripping,
Water-creſſe,
Scrape-turnip,
Trevit,
Monſieur-ragouſt,
Crack-pipkin,
Scrape-pot,
Porridge-pot,
Lick-diſh,
Salt-gullet,
Snail-dreſſer,
Soup-monger,
Browis-belly,
Chine-picker,
Suck-gravy,
Maccaroon,
Skewer-maker.

(2) Gaillard.] Read *Gaillardon,* as it is in *Rabelais*; elſe the *Syncope* ſhould be *Apocope*; for, his true Name was *Gaillardlardon,* as appears in the next Line.

(3) Marranes, &c.] Who abominate *Bacon* and all Sorts of *Lardings.*

Smell-

Smell-ſmock, he was afterwards taken from the Kitchen, and removed to Chamber-practice, for the Service of the noble (4) Cardinal *Hunt-veniſon*.

Rot-roaſt,
Diſhclout,
Save-ſuet,
Fire-fumbler,
Pillicock,
Long-tool,
Prick-pride,
Prick-madam,
Pricket,
Hog's Gullet.
Surloin,
Spit-mutton,
Fritter-frier,
Fleſh-ſmith,
Cram-gut,
Tuzzymuzzy,
Jacket-liner,
Guzzle-drink,
Fox-tail,
Fly-flap,
Old Grizzle,
Ruff-belly,
Saffron-ſauce,
Strutting Tom,
Slaſhed-ſnout,
Smutty-face.

(5) *Mondam*, that firſt invented *Madam*'s Sauce, and, for that Diſcovery, was thus called in the *Scotch-French* Dialect.

Loblolly,
Slabber-chops,
Scum-pot,
Gully-guts,
Rince-pot,
Drink-ſpiller,
Sloven,
Swallow-pitcher,
Wafer-monger,
Snap-gobbet,
Scurvy-face,
Trencher-man,
GoodmanGooſecap,
Munch-turnip,
Pudding-bag,
Pig-ſticker.

Robert, he invented *Robert*'s Sauce, ſo good and neceſſary for roaſted Conies, Ducks, freſh Pork, poached Eggs, ſalt Fiſh, and a Thouſand other ſuch Diſhes.

Cold-eel,
Thornback,
Gurnard,
Grumble-gut,
Alms-ſcrip,
Taſte-all,

(4) *Cardinal Hunt-veniſon.*] In *Rabelais*, *Cardinal le Veneur*, *John le Veneur Carrouges*, Biſhop of *Liſieux*, made Cardinal, at *Marſeilles*, by Pope *Clement* VII. in 1533. He was ſuch a Lover of Partridges, that he had them kept all the Year round at his Country-houſe.

(5) *Mondam*, &c.] Our Author ridicules the *Scotch* Pronunciation of the *French* Tongue, which *Brantome* likewiſe ſays is perfect Jargon in the Mouth of a *Scotchman*, whoſe natural Speech is in itſelf *rurale*, *barbare*, *malſonnante*, & *malſeante*. See *Dam. Illuſt.* of *Brantome*, *Diſc.* 3. Before, in *l.* 2. *c.* 9. *Saint Treignant*, *foutys vous d'Eſcouſſ. ſi j'ai failli à entendre.*

Scrap-merchant,
Belly-timber Man,
Haſhee,
Frig-palate,
Powdering-tub,
Frying-pan,
Man of Dough,
Sauce-doctor,
Waſte-butter,
Shit-breech,
Thick-brown,
Tom-t—d,
Mouldy-cruſt,
Haſty,
Red-herring,
Cheeſe-cake,
Big-ſnout.
Lick-finger,
Tit-bit,
Sauce-box,
All-fours,
Whimwham,
Baſte-roaſt,
Gaping Hoyden,
Calf-pluck,
Leather-breeches.

All theſe noble Cooks went into the Sow, merry, cheery, hale, briſk, old Dogs at Miſchief, and ready to fight ſtoutly. Frier *John*, ever and anon waving his huge Scimitar, brought up the Rear, and double-locked the Doors on the Inſide.

CHAP. XLI.

How Pantagruel *broke the Chitterlings at the Knees.*

THE Chitterlings advanced ſo near, that *Pantagruel* perceived that they ſtretched their Arms, and already began to charge their Lances; which cauſed him to ſend *Gymnaſt* to know what they meant, and why they thus, without the leaſt Provocation, came to fall upon their old truſty Friends, who had neither ſaid nor done the leaſt ill Thing to them. *Gymnaſt*, being advanced near their Front, bowed very low, and ſaid to them, as loud as ever he could, We are Friends, we are Friends; all all of us your Friends; yours, and at your Command; we are for *Carnival*, your old Confederate. Some have ſince told me, that he miſtook, and ſaid (1) *Cavernal* inſtead of *Carnival*.

(1) Cavernal, *inſtead of* Carnival.] *Gymnaſt* had ſaid, after the Manner of the *Gaſcons*, *Gradimars*, inſtead of *Mardigras*; which provoked the *Chitterlings* Wrath; for they imagined he did it on Purpoſe to affront their good Friend, *Mardigras*, which here means our *Shrove-Tueſday*, or rather all the whole Carnival.

What-

Whatever it was, the Word was no ſooner out of his Mouth, but a huge wild Squab-ſauſage, ſtarting out of the Front of their main Body, would have griped him by the Collar. By the Helmet of *Mars*, ſaid *Gymnaſt*, I'll ſwallow thee, but thou ſhalt only come in Chips and Slices; for, big as thou art, thou could'ſt never come in whole. This ſpoke, he lugs out his truſty Sword, *Kiſs-mine-arſe*, (ſo he called it,) with both his Fiſts, and cut the Sauſage in twain. Bleſs me, how fat the foul Thief was! It puts me in Mind of the huge Bull of *Berne* that was ſlain at *Marignan*, when the drunken *Switzers* were ſo mauled there. Believe me, it had little leſs than four Inches Lard on its Paunch.

The Sauſage's Job being done, a Crowd of others flew upon *Gymnaſt*, and had moſt ſcurvily dragged him down, when *Pantagruel*, with his Men, came up to his Relief. Then began the martial Fray, higgledy pickledy. *Maul-Chitterling* did maul Chitterlings; *Cut-Pudding* did cut Puddings; *Pantagruel* did (2) break the Chitterlings at the Knees; Frier *John* play'd at leaſt in Sight within his Sow, viewing and obſerving all Things; when the *Patty-pans*, that lay in Ambuſcade, moſt furiouſly ſallied out upon *Pantagruel*.

Frier *John*, who lay ſnug all this While, by that Time perceiving the Rout and Hurly-burly, ſet open the Doors of his Sow, and ſallied out with his merry *Greeks*, ſome of them armed with Iron Spits, others with Andirons, Racks, Fire-ſhovels, Frying-pans, Kettles, Gridirons, Oven-Forks, Tongs, Dripping-pans, Brooms, Iron Pots, Mortars, Peſtles, all in Battle Array like ſo many Houſe-breakers, hallowing, and roaring out all together moſt frightfully, *Nabuzardan*, *Nabuzardan*, *Nabuzardan*. Thus ſhouting and hooting, they fought like Dragons, and charged through the *Patty-pans* and *Sauſages*. The *Chitterlings*, perceiving this freſh Reinforcement,

(2) *Break the Chitterlings at the Knees.*] A proverbial Expreſſion for attempting Impoſſibilities; as is that of breaking Chitterlings by mere Strength of Arm. *Amadis*, l. 8. ch. 53. "The "Gods have permitted the Death of your Brother. They have "preſerved my Father; they are pleaſed to fruſtrate your Deſigns, "and favour his; and you are for breaking the Eel at your "Knees."

and that the others would be too hard for them, betook themſelves to their Heels, ſcampering off with full Speed, as if the Devil had been come for them. Frier *John*, with an Iron Crow, knocked them down as faſt as Hops; his Men too were not ſparing on their Side. O! what a woeful Sight it was! The Field was all over ſtrewed with Heaps of dead or wounded *Chitterlings*; the Hiſtory relates, that, had not Heaven had a Hand in it, the *Chitterling* Tribe had been totally routed out of the World by the culinary Champions. But their happened a wonderful Thing; you may believe as little or as much of it as you pleaſe.

From the *North* flew towards us a huge, fat, thick, grizzly, Swine, with long and large Wings like thoſe of a Windmill; (3) its Plumes red Crimſon, like thoſe of a *Phenicopter*, (which, in *Languedoc*, they call *Flaman*;) its Eyes were red and flaming like a Carbuncle; its Ears green like a *Perſian* Emerald; its Teeth like a Topaz; its Tail long, and black like Jet; its Feet white, diaphanous, and tranſparent, like a Diamond, ſomewhat broad and of the ſplay Kind, like thoſe of Geeſe, and as (4) Queen *Dick*'s uſed to be at *Tholoſe* in the Days of Yore. About its Neck it wore a Gold Collar, round which were ſome *Ionian* Characters, whereof I could pick out but two Words, ΣΥΣ ΑΘΗΝΑΝ; *Hog teaching* Minerva.

The Sky was clear before, but, at that Monſter's Appearance, it changed ſo mightily for the worſe, that we were all amazed at it. As ſoon as the *Chitterlings* per-

(3) *Its Plumes red Crimſon.*] If, as ſome imagine, the Chitterlings of this Chapter are the *Swiſſers* at the Battle of *Marignan*, this Phenicopter may mean the Cardinal of *Sion*; and the Muſtard, which he laid to their Wounds, may be the Gold with which he pacified them.

(4) *Queen* Dick.] *La Reyne Pedauc que. Pié d'oie:* Gooſe-foot. At *Toulouſe* there is a Bridge called Queen *Pedauque*'s Bridge. *Menage* ſays, that the Statue of that Queen, with Gooſe-feet, is to be ſeen at *Dijon*, in the Porch of St. *Benigne*'s Church, and at *Nevers* in the Cathedral Church there; and he aſſerts that ſhe was called *Pedauque*, becauſe of her Splayfootedneſs. But M. *du Chat* gives a conjectural Account of this Queen's Name, which I have not Room to inſert now, and muſt therefore adjourn that, and many other curious Obſervations, to another Opportunity.

ceived

ceived the flying Hog, down they all threw their Weapons, and fell on their Knees, lifting up their Hands, joined together, without ſpeaking one Word, in a Poſture of Adoration. Frier *John*, and his Party, kept on mincing, felling, braining, mangling, and ſpitting, the *Chitterlings* like mad; but *Pantagruel* ſounded a Retreat, and all Hoſtility ceaſed.

The Monſter, having ſeveral Times hovered backwards and forwards between the two Armies, with a Tail-ſhot voided above twenty ſeven Butts of Muſtard on the Ground; then flew away through the Air, crying all the While, *Carnival*, *Carnival*, *Carnival*.

CHAP. XLII.

How Pantagruel *held a Treaty with* Niphleſeth, *Queen of the* Chitterlings.

THE Monſter being out of Sight, and the two Armies remaining ſilent, *Pantagruel* demanded a Parly with the Lady *Niphleſeth*, Queen of the *Chitterlings*, who was ſitting (1) in her Chariot by the Standards; and it was eaſily granted. The Queen alighted, courteouſly received *Pantagruel*, and was glad to ſee him. *Pantagruel* complained to her of this Breach of Peace: But ſhe civilly made her Excuſe, telling him, that a falſe Information had cauſed all this Miſchief; her Spies having brought her Word, that *Shrovetide*, their mortal Foe, was landed, and ſpent his Time in examining the Urine of *Phyſeteres*.

She therefore intreated him to pardon them their Offence, telling him, that Sirreverence was ſooner found

(1) *In her Chariot.*] In Ch. 38. it is ſaid, that *Erichthonius* firſt brought into Uſe Coaches and Litters to hide the Uglineſs of his Legs; which is taken from *Servius*, on theſe Verſes of the 3d Book of his Georgics:

Primus Erichthonius currus & quatuor auſus
Jungere equos, rapidiſque rotis inſiſtere victor.

It was with the ſame View that *Niphleſeth* choſe to appear in her Chariot.

in Chitterlings than Gall; and offering, for herſelf, and all her Succeſſors, to hold him, and his, the whole Iſland and Country, to obey him, in all his Commands, be Friends to his Friends, and Foes to his Foes; and alſo to ſend every Year, as an Acknowledgement of their Homage, a Tribute of ſeventy eight thouſand royal Chitterlings, to ſerve him at his firſt Courſe at Table, (2) ſix Months in the Year; which was punctually performed: For, the next Day, ſhe ſent the aforeſaid Quantity of royal Chitterlings to the good *Gargantua*, under the Conduct of young *Nipheſeth*, Infanta of the Iſland.

The good *Gargantua* made a Preſent of them to the great King of *Paris*. But, by Change of Air, and for Want of Muſtard, (the natural Balſam and Reſtorer of Chitterlings,) moſt of them died. By the great King's particular Grant, they were buried in Heaps in a Part of *Paris*, to this Day called, *La Rue pavée d'Andouilles, the Street paved with Chitterlings*. At the Requeſt of the Ladies at his Court, young *Nipheſeth* was preſerved, honourably uſed, and, ſince that, married to her Heart's Content; and was the Mother of many Children, for which Heaven be praiſed.

Pantagruel civilly thanked the Queen, forgave all Offences, refuſed the Offer ſhe had made of her Country, and gave her (3) a pretty little Knife; after that, he aſked her ſeveral nice Queſtions concerning the Apparition of that flying Hog; ſhe anſwered, that it was the Idea of *Carnival*, their tutelary God in Time of War, firſt Founder and Original of all the *Chitterling* Race; for which Reaſon he reſembled a Hog; for Chitterlings drew their Extraction from Hogs.

Pantagruel, aſking to what Purpoſe and curative Indication he had voided ſo much Muſtard on the

(2) *Six Months in the Year.*] Chitterlings are not eaten above ſix Months in the Year at moſt.

(3) *Gave her a pretty little Knife.*] As they do the Savages of *America*. The'e Knives are called *Parguois*, corruptly, for *Pragois*, being made at *Prague* in *Bohemia*. To confirm this Etymology of the Word, M. *du Chat* quotes *Buſbequius*'s Embaſſy to *Turky*. *Ante me*, ſays he, *proximè pedites aliquot ambulabant, horum unus veluti anſatus ubnixis nudis brachiis ingrediebatur, quorum utrumque ſupra cubitum cultello (quod genus nos* Pragenſes *vocamus) transfixum habebat.*

earth,

Earth, the Queen replied, that (4) Muſtard was their *Sang-real* and celeſtial Balſam, of which, laying but a little in the Wounds of the fallen Chitterlings, in a very ſhort Time the wounded were healed and the dead reſtored to Life. *Pantagruel* held no farther Diſcourſe with the Queen, but retired on Ship-board. The like did all the bon Companions, with their Implements of Deſtruction and their huge Sow.

CHAP. XLIII.

How Pantagruel *went into the Iſland of* Ruach.

TWO Days after, we arrived at the Iſland of *Ruach*; and I ſwear to you, by the celeſtial Hen and Chickens, that I found the Way of Living of the People ſo ſtrange and wonderful, that I can't for the Heart's Blood of me Half tell it you. They live on Nothing but Wind, eat Nothing but Wind, and drink Nothing but Wind. They have no other Houſes but Weather-cocks. They ſow no other Seeds but the three Sorts of Wind-flowers, Rue, and Herbs, that make one break Wind to the Purpoſe. Theſe ſcour them off charmingly. The common Sort of People, to feed themſelves, make Uſe of Feather, Paper, or Linen Fans, according to their Abilities; as for (1) the Rich, they live by the Means of Windmills.

(4) *Muſtard*, &c.] *Henry* Vth, King of *England*, was wont to ſay, in the ſame Senſe, that War without Fire was not worth a Ruſh, any more than Sauſages without Muſtard. See *J. Juvenal des Urſin*'s Hiſt. on Ch. VI. on the Year 1420.

(1) *The Rich live by the Means of Windmills.*] *Rabelais* introduces into the Iſle of *Winds* divers Sorts of Perſons, and even more than one Nation. By the common Sort of People, who make Uſe of Fans of various Kinds, we may underſtand, literally, the great Number of male and female Dealers in Fans; who not only make Fans for *Paris* and all *France*, but alſo ſend them abroad to *England*, and other Countries. As for the Rich, who feed on Windmills, they are the Proprietors of ſuch Sort of *uſeful* Country-Houſes, (explained in the *Trevoux* Dictionary under the Word *Uſines*,) which are very frequent about *Paris*, and bring in a conſiderable Revenue to the Owners.

When they wou'd have ſome noble Treat, the Tables are ſpread (2) under one or two Windmills. There they feaſt as merry as Beggars, and, during the Meal, their whole Talk is commonly of the Goodneſs, Excellency, Salubrity, and Rarity, of Winds; as you, jolly Topers, in your Cups, philoſophize and argue upon Wines. The one praiſes the South-eaſt, the other the South-weſt; this the Weſt and by South, and this the Eaſt and by North; another the Weſt, and another the Eaſt; and ſo of the Reſt. As for Lovers, and amorous Sparks, no Gale for them like a Smock Gale: For the Sick they uſe Bellows as we uſe Clyſters among us.

Oh! (ſaid one to me, a little diminutive ſwoln Bubble) that I had now but a Bladder full of that ſame *Languedoc* Wind which they call *Cierce!* (3) The famous Phyſician *Scurron*, paſſing one Day by this Country, was telling us, that it is ſo ſtrong, that it will make Nothing of overturning a loaded Waggon. Oh! what Good would it not do my (4) oedipodic Leg. The biggeſt are not the beſt; but, ſaid *Panurge*, rather would I have had here a large Butt of that ſame good *Languedoc* Wine, that grows at *Mirevoux*, *Canteperdrix*, and *Frontignan*.

I ſaw a good likely Sort of a Man there, much reſembling *Ventroſe*, tearing and fuming in a grievous Fret, with a tall burly Groom and a pimping little Page of his, laying them on, like the Devil, with a Buſkin. Not knowing the Cauſe of his Anger, at firſt I thought

(2) *Under one or two Windmills.*] In *Italy* and *South France* they make Uſe of large Fans which are hung to the Cieling, and are waved to and fro by a Servant to cool the Rooms, particularly at Meals.

(3) *The famous Phyſician* Scurron.] His Name was *Schyron*, witneſs the Inſcription over the Gate of the Anatomy-Theatre, at *Montpellier*, built by K. *Henry* II. *Curantibus Johanne Schyronio, Antonio Saporta, Gulielmo Rondeletio, & J. Bocatio*, 1556. See *Teſſier*'s Additions to *G. Rondelet*'s Elogium. *Schyron* was Counſellor of the King, royal Profeſſor and Chancellor of the Univerſity of *Montpellier*, and died very old in the aforeſaid Year, 1556, after he had made a Figure among the Learned from the Year 1530. See the Hiſt. of the Univ. of *Montpellier*, written in *Latin* by *J. Stephen Strobelberger*, and printed in 16mo. at *Nuremberg*, *Anno* 1625.

(4) *Oedipodic Leg.*] Lame or gouty Leg; from οἰδέω, *tumeo*, & πῦς, *pes*. See *Robertſon*'s Lexicon. *Cotgrave* ſays, *Oidema* is a painleſs Swelling only, but *Robertſon*, *Tumor quilibet & ſpecialis, tumor ex pituita.*

that

that all this was by the Doctor's Advice, as being a Thing very healthy to the Maſter to be in a Paſſion, and to his Man to be bang'd for it. But, at laſt, I heard him taxing his Man with ſtealing from him, like a Rogue as he was, the better Half of a large leathern Bag of an excellent (5) ſoutherly Wind, which he had carefully laid up, like a hidden Reſerve, (6) againſt the cold Weather.

They neither exonerate, dung, piſs, nor ſpit, in that Iſland; but, to make Amends, they belch, fizzle, funk, and give Tail-ſhots in Abundance. They are troubled with all Manner of Diſtempers: And, indeed, all Diſtempers are engendered and proceed from Ventoſities, as *Hippocrates* demonſtrates, *lib. de Flatibus*. But the moſt epidemical among them is the Wind-cholic. The Remedies which they uſe are large Bliſters, whereby they void Store of Windineſs. They all die of Dropſies and Tympanies; the Men farting, and the Women fizzling, ſo that their Soul takes her Leave at the Back-door.

Some Time after, walking in the Iſland, we met three hair-brained airy Fellows, who ſeemed mightily puffed up, and went to take their Paſtime, and view the (7) *Pluvers*, who live on the ſame Diet as themſelves, and abound in the Iſland. I obſerved, that as you true Topers, when you travel, carry Flaſks, leathern Bottles, and ſmall Runlets, along with you, ſo each of them had at his Girdle a pretty little Pair of Bellows. If they happened to want Wind, by the Help of thoſe pretty

(5) *Southerly Wind.*] Read, *South-Weſt*: *Vent Guarbin*, in *Rabelais*.

(6) *Againſt the cold Weather.*] Read, *Againſt the ſultry hot Weather*, not *cold Weather*. *Arriere-ſaiſon* means *Autumn*, *Vintage*, or *Harveſt-time*. In *Lower Languedoc* they call *Garbin* a certain cool Breeze of Wind, which freſhens up in that Country, about Noon, in Autumn. It comes very ſeaſonably for the Harveſters and Vintagers, who, without it, would never be able to endure the exceſſive Heats of that Seaſon: Which makes the Author ſay, that he had carefully laid it up *comme une viande rare*, as a Tid-bit.

(7) *The Pluvers, or Plovers*, &c.] The 32d Novel of the *Heptameron*: — *You live then upon Faith and Hope, as the Plover does upon Wind: You are very eaſy to maintain, and are ſubſiſted at a cheap Rate.* This is a vulgar Error, the Plovers living on Wind. See *Belon.* l. 5. c. 18. of his *Ornithologia*.

Bellows they immediately drew ſome freſh and cool by Attraction and reciprocal Expulſion; for, as you well know, Wind, eſſentially defined, is Nothing but fluctuating and agitated Air.

A While after, we were commanded, in the King's Name, not to receive, for three Hours, any Man or Woman of the Country on-board our Ships; ſome having ſtolen from him a (8) rouſing Fart, of the very individual Wind which old Goodman *Æolus*, the Snorer, gave *Ulyſſes* to conduct his Ship, whenever it ſhould happen to be becalmed. Which Fart the King kept religiouſly, like another *Sangrael*, and performed a World of wonderful Cures with it, in many dangerous Diſeaſes, letting looſe, and diſtributing to the Patient, only as much of it as might frame a virginal Fart, which is, if you muſt know, what our *Sanctimonials*, alias *Nuns*, in their Dialect, call (9) ringing backwards.

CHAP.

(8) *A rouſing Fart.*] *Une-Veze* does not mean a *Fart*, much leſs a rouſing one; it ſometimes means a *Fizzle*, but even that is but the ſecondary Meaning of the Word *Veze*; whoſe primary Meaning (and ſo it muſt certainly be underſtood here) is a *Barracho*; a great Leather Bottle, or Budget, like a Bottle, made commonly of a Goat's Skin, and uſed for the conveying of Wine, Oil, &c. through Places which cannot be paſſed by Carts. The *French* call them *Outres*, from the antiquated *Latin* Word, *Utris*, (a Bladder blown,) as that comes from *Uterus*, the Paunch. The *Borracha*, (for that is the true *Spaniſh* Word, *Borracho* being a Drunkard,) when empty, falls together like a Purſe. M. *du Chat* quotes the following Words of the *French* Arioſto, Canto 44. to confirm this Senſe of the Word *Veze*. *Et leur bailla Aſtolphe le trouble Auſter à porter dedans le cloiſtre uterin, je dy, que dans le ventre de cuyr il leur donna enclos de vent, &c.* If the Reader will ever ſo little conſider the Senſe of the whole Period, he will ſee *Veze* can mean no other than a *Vas ventoſum*, not *Ventus* itſelf. *Rabelais* ſays, *On luy* (from the King) *avoit robbé une Veze pleine du vent propos que jadis à Ulyſſes donna le bon ronfleur, Eolus, pour guider ſa nauf en temps calme.*

(9) *Ringing backwards.*] The Tranſlator, though a *Frenchman*, ſomewhat miſtakes *Rabelais*'s Meaning; at leaſt I think ſo. *Rabelais* ſays, *Les Sanctimoniales appellent ung pet* Sonnet; i. e. *The Nuns call a Fart* Sonnet. Had *Rabelais* ſaid *Sonner*, or *Sonnette*, inſtead of *Sonnet*, it might have meant *Ringing*; whether backwards, or not, is another Queſtion. *Sonner* is *to ring*, and *une Sonnette* is *a little Chamber-bell*, of Silver, Braſs, &c. But *Sonnet* I take to be a Diminutive of the Word *Son*, (*Sound*,) and means a Sort of a ſmall, ſtill, ſilent, (or, if you will, *ſilentiſh*,) Sound. *Sonnet* likewiſe ſignifies *a Song*, or

CHAP. XLIV.

How a ſmall Rain lays a high Wind.

PANTAGRUEL commended their Government and Way of Living, and ſaid to their *Hypenemian* Mayor, If you approve *Epicurus*'s Opinion, placing the *ſummum bonum* in Pleaſure, (I mean Pleaſure that is eaſy and free from Toil,) I eſteem you happy; for your Food, being Wind, coſts you little or Nothing, ſince you need but blow. True, Sir, returned the Mayor; but, alas! Nothing is perfect here below: For, too often, when we are at Table, feeding on ſome good bleſſed Wind of God, as on celeſtial Manna, merry as ſo many Friers, down drops, on a ſudden, ſome ſmall Rain, which lays our Wind, and ſo robs us of it; thus many a Meal is loſt for Want of Meat.

Juſt ſo, quoth *Panurge*, *Jenin Toſs-pot*, of *Quinquenois*, evacuating ſome Wine of his own burning [Urine] on his Wife's Poſteriors, laid the ill-fumed Wind that blowed out of their Center as out of ſome magiſterial Æolipyle. Here is a Kind of Whim on that Subject which I made formerly:

One Ev'ning, when Toſs-pot *had been at his Buts,*
And Joan, *his fat Spouſe, cramm'd with Turnips her Guts,*
Together they pigg'd; nor did Drink ſo beſot him,
But he did what was done when his Daddy begot him.
Now when, to recruit, he would fain have been ſnoring,
Joan's *Back-door was filthily puffing and roaring:*
So, for Spite, he bepiſs'd her, and quickly did find,
That a ſmall Rain lays a very high Wind.

or *Tune*, as in *Engliſh*. I had writ this Note before I was apprized that M. *du Cöat* had made any on this Article; but, ſince he has done ſo, I will e'en give it in his own Words. *Sainctimoniales*, &c.] *Nonnains, dont le parler même eſt ſi chaſte, que, faiſant ſcrupule d'appeller un pet par ſon nom, elles ne le nomment que* ſonnet. That is: "Sanctimonials, &c.] Nuns, whoſe very Speech is ſo chaſte, that they "ſcruple to call a Fart by its Name; and an Eſcape of that Nature is "never mentioned by them any otherwiſe than by the Term *Sonnet*."

We

We are alſo plagued yearly with a very great Calamity, cried the Mayor; for a Giant, called *Widenoſtrils*, who lives in the Iſland of *Tohu*, comes hither every Spring to purge, by the Advice of his Phyſicians; and ſwallows us, like ſo many Pills, a great Number of Windmills, and of Bellows alſo, at which his Mouth waters exceedingly.

Now this is a ſad Mortification to us here, who are fain to faſt over three or four whole Lents every Year for this, beſides certain petty Lents, Ember-weeks, and other oriſon and ſtarving Tides. And have you no Remedy for this? aſked *Pantagruel*. By the Advice of our *Mezarims*, replied the Mayor, about the Time that he uſes to give us a Viſit, we garriſon our Windmills with good Store of Cocks and Hens. So, the firſt Time that the greedy Thief ſwallowed them, they had like to have done his Buſineſs at once; for they crowed and cackled in his Maw, and fluttered up and down, athwart and along, in his Stomach, which threw the Glutton into a lipothymy-cardiac Paſſion, and dreadful and dangerous Convulſions, *as* if ſome Serpent, creeping in at his Mouth, had been friſking in his Stomach.

Here is a Comparative, *as*, altogether incongruous and impertinent, cried Frier *John*, interrupting them; for I have formerly heard, that, if a Serpent chance to get into a Man's Stomach, it will not do him the leaſt Hurt; but will immediately get out, if you do but hang the Patient by the Heels, and lay a Panful of warm Milk near his Mouth. You were told this, ſaid *Pantagruel*, and ſo were thoſe who gave you this Account, but none ever ſaw or read of ſuch a Cure. On the contrary, *Hippocrates*, in his fifth Book of *Epidem.* writes, *That, ſuch a Caſe happening in his Time, the Patient preſently died of a Spaſm and Convulſion.*

Beſides the Cocks and Hens, ſaid the Mayor, continuing his Story, all the Foxes in the Country whipped into *Widenoſtrils*'s Mouth, poſting after the Poultry; which made ſuch a Stir, with *Reynard* at their Heels, that he grievouſly fell into Fits each Minute of an Hour.

At laſt, by the Advice of a (1) *Baden* Enchanter, at

(1) Baden *Enchanter.*] *Ung enchanteur badin*, (not *baden.*) It only means a Juggler, or Mountebank-Quack, or Tumbler.

the

the Time of the Paroxyſm, he us'd to (2) flea a Fox, by Way of Antidote and Counter-poiſon: Since that he took better Advice, and eaſes himſelf with taking a Clyſter made with a Decoction of Wheat and Barley Corns, and of Livers of Goſlings; to the firſt of which the Poultry run, and the Foxes to the latter. Beſides, he ſwallows ſome of your Badgers, or Fox-dogs, by the Way of Pills and Boluſſes. This is our Misfortune.

Ceaſe to fear, good People, cried *Pantagruel*, this huge *Widenoſtrils*, this ſame Swallower of Windmills, is no more, I'll aſſure you; he died, being ſtifled and choaked with eating a Lump of freſh Butter at the Mouth of a hot Oven, by the Advice of his Phyſicians.

CHAP. XLV.

How Pantagruel *went a-ſhore in the* Iſland *of* Pope Figland.

THE next Morning, we arrived at the Iſland of *Popefigs*, formerly a rich and free People, called the *Gaillardets*, but now, alas! miſerably poor, and (1) under the Yoke of the *Papimen*. The Occaſion of it was this:

(2) *Flea a Fox.*] This proverbial Expreſſion, for *vomiting*, does admirably well here, in ſpeaking of *Widenoſtrils* diſemboguing the Foxes that were got down to the Bottom of his Maw.

(1) *Under the Yoke of the* Papimen.] Read *Papimanes*, as in the original. It is a Word compoſed of *Papa*, *Pope*, and *Mania*, *Madneſs*, (in *Greek*,) and means ſuch whoſe Love and Zeal for the *Pope* is ſo exceſſive, that it may be counted Madneſs. Here M. *du Cha:* obſerves, that *Spain* is a true *Papimany* Country: Therefore, adds he, it is not at all unlikely that, by the *Iſland* of *Pope Fig-land*, ſubject to the *Papimanes*, *Rabelais* means *Navarre*, after that, about the Year 1512, *Ferdinand* the *Catholic* had ſeized that Kingdom by Virtue of a certain pretended Bull which had put it under an Interdict for adhering, as was pretended, to the Council convened at *Piſa* againſt *Pope Julius* II.

On

On a certain yearly (2) high Holiday, the Burgermaſter, Syndics, and topping Rabbins, of the *Gaillardets* chanced to go into the neighbouring Iſland of *Papimany*, to ſee the Feſtival, and paſs away the Time. Now, one of them, having eſpied the Pope's Picture, (with the Sight of which, according to a laudable Cuſtom, the People were bleſſed on high-offering Holidays,) made Mouths at it, and cried a Fig for't, as a Sign of manifeſt Contempt and Deriſion. To be revenged of this Affront, the *Papimen*, ſome Days after, without giving the others the leaſt Warning, took Arms, and ſurpriſed, deſtroyed, and ruined, the whole Iſland of the *Gaillardets*, putting the Men to the Sword, and ſparing none but the Women and Children, and thoſe too only on Condition to do what the Inhabitants of *Milan* were condemned to by the Emperor *Frederick Barbaroſſa*.

Theſe had rebelled againſt him in his Abſence, and ignominiouſly turned the Empreſs out of the City, mounting her (3) a *Horſeback on a Mule*, called (4) *Thacor*, with her Breech foremoſt toward the old jaded Mule's Head, and her Face turned towards the Crupper. Now *Frederick*, being returned, maſtered them, and cauſed ſo careful a Search to be made, that he found out and got the famous Mule *Thacor*. Then the Hangman, by his Order, clapped a Fig in the Mule's Jim-crack, in the Preſence of the enſlaved Cits that were brought into the Middle of the great Market-Place, and proclaimed, in the Emperor's Name, with Trumpets, that, whoſoever of them would ſave his own Life, ſhould publicly pull

(2) *High Holiday.*] *Feſtes à doubles baſtons*; for that is the true Reading according to *Rabelais*'s Copy; not *Baſtans*, as ſome Editions read it. Theſe Feſtivals *à Batons* are thoſe grand ſolemn Holidays, when the Chanters of the Church, the Feaſt whereof is celebrating, walk proceſſionally in their Habits of Ceremony with their Staves, (*Batons,*) which are a Sort of *Pilgrims* Staves, covered with very thick Leaves of Silver.

(3) A Horſeback, *&c.*] This infamous Puniſhment is ſtill inflicted in *Germany* on profeſſed Proſtitutes.

(4) Thacor.] A Scab or Pile in the Fundament, *Cotgrave* ſays; but, according to the *Cambridge* Dictionary, it means the Fundament itſelf. See under the Word *Anus*. The *Hebrew* Word is *Tachor*, not *Thachor*, for the *Hebrews* have two Sorts of T's, a T ſimple and a *Th*. With the firſt of theſe *Tachor* is ſpelt.

the

the Fig out with his Teeth, and after that put it again in the very individual Cranny whence he had drawn it, without uſing his Hands; and that whoever refus'd to do this ſhould preſently ſwing for't, and die in his Shoes. Some ſturdy Fools, ſtanding upon their *Punctilio*, choſe *honourably* to be hang'd rather than ſubmit to ſo ſhameful and abominable a Diſgrace; and others, leſs nice in Point of Ceremony, took Heart of Grace, and ev'n reſolv'd to have at the Fig, and a Fig for't, rather than make a worſe Figure with hempen Collar, and die in the Air, at ſo ſhort Warning: Accordingly, when they had neatly pick'd out the Fig with their Teeth from old *Thacor*'s Snatch-blatch, they plainly ſhew'd it the Headſman, ſaying, *Ecco lo fico*, (behold the Fig.)

By the ſame Ignominy the Reſt of theſe poor diſtreſs'd *Gualardets* ſav'd their Bacon, becoming Tributaries and Slaves, and the Name of *Pope-Figs* was given them, becauſe they had ſaid, *A Fig for the Pope's Image*. Since this the poor Wretches never proſper'd, but every Year the Devil was at their Doors, and they were plagu'd with Hail, Storms, Famine, and all Manner of Woes, as an everlaſting Puniſhment for the Sin of their Anceſtors and Relations. Perceiving the Miſery and Calamity of that Generation, we did not care to go farther up into the Country, contenting ourſelves with going into a little Chapel near the Haven, to take ſome Holy-water. It was dilapidated and ruin'd, wanting alſo a Cover, like St. *Peter* at *Rome*. When we were in, as we dipp'd our Fingers in the ſanctify'd Ciſtern, we ſpy'd, in the Middle of that holy Pickle, a Fellow muffled up with Stoles, all under Water, like a diving Duck, except the Tip of his Snout to draw his Breath. About him, ſtood three Prieſts, true Shavelings, clean ſhorn and poll'd, who were muttering ſtrange Words to the Devils out of a conjuring Book.

Pantagruel was not a little amaz'd at this; and, inquiring what Kind of Sport theſe were at, was told, that, for three Years laſt paſt, the Plague had ſo dreadfully rag'd in the Iſland, that the better Half of it had been utterly depopulated, and the Lands lay fallow and unoccupy'd. Now, the Mortality being over, this ſame

Fellow,

Fellow, who had crept into the holy Tub, having (5) a large Piece of Ground, chanced to be ſowing it with white Winter Wheat, at the very Minute of an Hour that a Kind of a ſilly ſucking Devil, who could not yet write or read, or hail and thunder, unleſs it were on Parſly or Colworts, had got Leave of his Maſter *Lucifer* to go into this Iſland of *Pope-Figs*, where the Devils were very familiar with the Men and Women, and often went to take their Paſtime.

This ſame Devil being got thither, directed his Diſcourſe to the Huſbandman, and aſk'd him what he was doing. The poor Man told him, that he was ſowing the Ground with Corn, to help him to ſubſiſt the next Year. Ay, but the Ground is none of thine, Mr. *Plough-jobber*, cry'd the Devil, but mine: For, ſince the Time that you mock'd the *Pope*, all this Land has been proſcrib'd, adjudg'd and abandon'd to us. However, to ſow Corn is not my Province; therefore I will give thee Leave to ſow the Field; that is to ſay, provided we ſhare the Profit. I will, replied the Farmer. I mean, ſaid the Devil, that, of what the Land ſhall bear, two Lots ſhall be made; one of what ſhall grow above Ground, the other of what ſhall be covered with Earth; the Right of chooſing belongs to me; for, I am a Devil of noble and antient Race, thou art a baſe Clown. I therefore chooſe what ſhall lie under Ground, take thou what ſhall be above. When doſt thou reckon to reap, hah? About the Middle of *July*, quoth the Farmer. Well, ſaid the

(5) *A large Piece of Ground.*] In the Original it is not only *ung champ grand*, (a large Piece of Ground,) but *reſtile* alſo, which Mr. *M——x* leaves out. *Champ reſtile* means *Ground that is ſow'd and bears Fruit every Year*, the ſame as the *Latin Reſtibilis*, from whence the *French* borrow it. Some Editions, the Publiſhers whereof not knowing what *Reſtile* meant, have it, ridiculouſly, *Sterile*. Theſe Obſervations, tho' purely grammatical, may be of Uſe to ſuch Gentlemen as are poſſeſs'd of thoſe erroneous Editions of *Rabelais* in *French*. Not that I pretend to have clear'd them of all ſuch Blemiſhes, or rectify'd every Thing that is amiſs in the *Engliſh* Tranſlations, much leſs ſupply'd all the Omiſſions. I have had neither Time nor Encouragement ſufficient for ſuch a tireſome Work.

Devil.

Devil, I will not fail thee then: In the mean Time, ſlave as thou oughteſt. Work, Clown, work: I am going to tempt, to the pleaſing Sin of Whoring, (6) the Nuns of *Dryfart*, the ſham Saints of the Cowle, and the gluttoniſh Crew: I am more than ſure of theſe. They need but meet, and the Job is done; true Fire and Tinder touch and take; down falls Nun, and up gets Frier.

CHAP. XLVI.

How a junior Devil was fooled by a Huſbandman of Pope-fig Land.

IN the Middle of *July*, the Devil came to the Place aforeſaid, with all his Crew at his Heels, a whole Choir of the younger Fry of Hell; and, having met the Farmer, ſaid to him: Well, Clod-pate, how haſt thou done ſince I went? Thou and I muſt now ſhare the Concern. Ay, Maſter Devil, quoth the Clown, it is but Reaſon we ſhould. Then he and his Men began to cut and reap the Corn; and, on the other Side, the Devil's Imps fell to work, grubbing up and pulling out the Stubble by the Root.

The Countryman had his Corn thraſhed, winnowed it, put it into Sacks, and went with it to Market; the ſame did the Devil's Servants, and ſat them down there, by the Man, to ſell their Straw. The Countryman ſold off his Corn at a good Rate, and with the Money filled an old Kind of Demi-Buſkin which was faſtened to his Girdle. But the Devil a Sous the Devils took; far from taking Handſel, they were flouted and jeered by the Country Louts.

Market being over, quoth the Devil to the Farmer, Well, Clown, thou haſt chouſed me once; it is thy Fault: Chouſe me twice, it will be mine. Nay, good Sir De-

(6) *The Nuns of* Dryfart.] *Nonnains de Petteſec.* In ch. 19. of l. 2. it is ſaid of the *Engliſh Thaumaſt*, that, with very Grief and Vexation, he let a Baker's Fart, *Bran* and all; for ſo *Bren* means ſometimes; not always Sir-reverence.

vil,

vil, replied the Farmer, how can I be ſaid to have chouſed you, ſince it was your Worſhip that choſe firſt? The Truth is, that, by this Trick, you thought to cheat me; hoping that Nothing would ſpring out of the Earth for my Share, and that you ſhould find, whole under Ground, the Corn which I had ſown, and with it tempt the poor and needy, the cloſe Hypocrite, or the covetous Griper, thus making them fall into your Snares. But, Troth, you muſt e'en go to School yet; you are no Conjurer, for aught I ſee: For the Corn that was ſown is dead and rotten, its Corruption having cauſed the Generation of that which you ſaw me ſell: So you choſe the worſt, and therefore (1) are curſed in the Goſpel. Well, talk no more of it, quoth the Devil: What canſt thou ſow our Field with for next Year? If a Man would make the beſt of it, anſwered the Ploughman, it were fit he ſow it with Radiſh. Now, cried the Devil, thou talkeſt like an honeſt Fellow, Bumpkin. Well, ſow me good Store of Radiſh: I will ſee and keep them ſafe from Storms, and will not hail a Bit on them: But harkye me, this Time I beſpeak, for my Share, what ſhall be above Ground; what is under ſhall be thine. Drudge on, Looby, drudge on. I am going to tempt Heretics: Their Souls are (2) dainty Victuals, when broiled in Raſhers and well powdered. My Lord *Lucifer* has the Griping in the Guts; they will make a dainty warm Diſh for his Honour's Maw.

When the Seaſon of Radiſhes was come, our Devil failed not to meet, in the Field, with a Train of raſcally Underlings, all waiting Devils; and, finding there the Farmer and his Men, he began to cut and gather the Leaves of the Radiſhes. After him, the Farmer, with his Spade, dug up the Radiſhes, and clapped them up

(1) *Are curſed in the Goſpel.*] An old Proverb, which involves *Slanderers* and *Devils* in one and the ſame Malediction; foraſmuch as the former, chooſing rather to ſpeak Evil than Good of their Neighbours, are like the *Devils*, who, in the Day of Judgement, ſhall fall on the Wicked, and let good Men alone.

(2) *Dainty Victuals.*] Thoſe, whom the *Devil*, in thoſe Days, tempted to burn the *Lutherans*, did really believe his *Deviliſhip*'s Mouth watered at the Souls of thoſe ſuppoſed Strayers from the Fold of the Church.

into

into Pouches. This done, the Devil, the Farmer, and their Gangs, hied them to Market, and there the Farmer preſently made good Money of his Radiſhes; but the poor Devil took Nothing, nay, what was worſe, he was made a common laughing Stock by the gaping Hoidens. I ſee thou haſt played me a ſcurvy Trick, thou villanous Fellow, (cried the angry Devil;) at laſt I have fully reſolved e'en to make an End of the Buſineſs between thee and myſelf about the Ground, and theſe ſhall be the Terms: We'll clapperclaw each other; and, whoever of us two ſhall firſt cry *hold*, ſhall quit his Share of the Field, which ſhall wholly belong to the Conqueror. I fix the Time for this Trial of Skill on this Day ſe'nnight: Aſſure thyſelf that I'll claw thee off like a Devil. I was going to tempt your Fornicators, Bailiffs, Perplexers of Cauſes, Scriveners, Forgers of Deeds, two-handed Counſellors, prevaricating Solicitors, and other ſuch Vermine; but they were ſo civil as to ſend me Word, by an Interpreter, that they are all mine already: Beſides, our Maſter *Lucifer* is ſo cloyed with their Souls, that he often ſends them back to the ſmutty Scullions aud ſlovenly Devils of his Kitchen, and they ſcarce go down with them, unleſs now and then, when they are (3) high-ſeaſoned.

Some ſay there is no Breakfaſt like a Student's, no Dinner like a Lawyer's, no Afternoon's Nunchion like (4) a Vintner's, no Supper like a Tradeſman's, no (5) ſecond Supper like a ſerving Wench's, and none of theſe (6) Meals together like a frockified Hobgoblin's. All this is true enough. Accordingly, at my Lord *Lucifer*'s firſt Courſe, Hobgoblins, alias Imps in Cowles, are a ſtanding Diſh. He willingly uſed to breakfaſt on Students: but, alas, I do not know by what ill Luck they

(3) *High-ſeaſoned.*] It is ſaid ſuch Sort of Souls ſoon corrupt.

(4) *Vintner's.*] Read, *Vine-dreſſer.* Vigneron.

(5) *Second Supper.*] *Ragou billoner*; to ſteal an after-Supper; banquet late a-nights, as Servants frequently do when their Maſters and Miſtreſſes are in Bed.

(6) *Meals like a frockify'd Hobgoblin's.*] i. e. *Monks.*

Nil mendicatis Sociorum dulcius Offis.

Il n'eſt Vie que de Coquin, no Life like a Beggar's, ſays the old Proverb.

have

have, of late Years, (7) joined the holy Bible to their Studies; ſo the Devil a one we can get down among us; and I verily believe that, unleſs the Hypocrites of the Tribe of *Levi* help us in it, taking from the enlightened Bookmongers their St. *Paul*, either by Threats, Revilings, Force, Violence, Fire, and Faggot, we ſhall not be able to hook-in any more of them, to nibble at below. He dines commonly on Counſellors, Miſchief-mongers, Multipliers of Law-ſuits, ſuch as wreſt and pervert Right and Law, and grind and fleece the Poor: He never fears to want any of theſe. But who can endure to be wedded to a Diſh?

He ſaid t'other Day, at a full Chapter, that he had a great Mind to eat the Soul of one of the Fraternity of the Cowle, that had forgot to ſpeak for himſelf, in his Sermon; and he promiſed double Pay, and a large Penſion, to any one that ſhould bring him ſuch a tit Bit piping hot. We all went a-hunting after ſuch a Rarity, but came Home without the Prey; for they all admoniſh the good Women to remember their Convent. As for Afternoon-Nunchions, he has left them off, ſince he was ſo wofully griped with the Cholic; his Foſterers, Sutlers, Charcoalmen, and boiling Cooks, having been ſadly mauled and peppered off (8) in the northern Countries.

His high Devilſhip ſups very well on Tradeſmen, Uſurers, Apothecaries, Cheats, Coiners, and Adulterers of Wares. Now and then, when he is on the merry Pin, his ſecond Supper is of ſerving Wenches, who, after they have by Stealth ſoaked their Faces with their Maſters good Liquor, fill up the Veſſel with it at ſecond Hand, or with other ſtinking Water.

(7) *Joined the holy Bible*, &c.] Here *Rabelais* ſmells of the Faggot, ſays M. *du Chat*. A *French* Way of ſpeaking, ſignificative of the Danger one runs of being burnt for a Heretic: Thus, *Cette doctrine, cette opinion, ſent le fagot*; is as much as to ſay, *a Doctrine* that's heretical, dangerous, and *combuſtible (digne du feu.)*

(8) *In the northern Countries.*] This ſeems to regard the Expulſion of the *Monks* out of *England*, under *Henry* VIII. and *Edward* VI. and alſo that of the *Religious* out of the two *northern* Kingdoms.

Well,

Well, drudge on, Boor, drudge on: I am going to tempt (9) the Students of *Trebiſonde*, to leave Father and Mother, forego for ever the eſtabliſhed and common Rule of Living, diſclaim and free themſelves from obeying their lawful Sovereign's Edicts, live in abſolute Liberty, proudly deſpiſe every one, laugh at all Mankind, (10) and, taking the fine jovial little *Cap* of *poetic Licence*, become ſo many (11) pretty Hobgoblins.

(9) *The Students of* Trebiſonde.] Read *Trebizonde*, with an z, as *Rabelais* ſpells it. The Author ſeems here to derive the Name of the imperial City of *Trebizonde* from the *Greek* τράπεζα, *menſa, a Table*, for the Opportunity of inſinuating as if none but *Gormandizers* and *Idle-Bellies* would take up with a cloiſtered Life.

(10) *And, taking the fine jovial little* Cap *of* poetic Licence—] *Rabelais* ſays, *And, taking the fine jovial little Biggen of poetic Innocence*—. On which M. *du Chat* obſerves, *Beguin (Biggen* in *Engliſh)* is the *Capuche*, or *monachal Hood*, invented to diſtinguiſh, from Seculars, *(or People of the World,)* ſuch Perſons as make Profeſſion of a *Benignity* and an *Innocence* worthy of the *golden Age* of the *Poets*. In *Flanders*, they called *Benings* and *Beningues* (ſome Years after the Eſtabliſhment of the two firſt Orders of *religious Mendicants)* certain Men and certain Women, who, without making Vows, devoting themſelves, in an eſpecial Manner, to Works of Charity and Mercy, took, in Imitation of the ſaid *Religious*, a Sort of *Hood*, as a *Badge* that ſhould prevent People's looking upon them to be entirely of the ſecular Kind. From thoſe Words it is that they have ſince, corruptly, been called *Beguins* and *Beguines*; and at Length their *Hood*, too, was called *Beguin*. Frier *James de Guiſe*, in his *Chronicles* of *Hainault*, Vol. 3. Ch. 133. ſays: — *The Counteſs of Flanders began the Benignage and inſtituted the firſt Chappellany.* — And lower, *And there inſtituted Brether-Beguins and Siſter-Beguines.* ——— *in the ſame Place where her Siſter, Margaret, afterwards enlarged the Grand Begninage and the Hoſpital.* — *Beguin*, the Name of a Family of *Dijon*, is thought to be no other than *Benigne*, the Name of a *Martyr* venerated at *Dijon*.

(11) *Pretty Hobgoblins.*] *Farfadets gentils.* Gentlemen *Hobgoblin*, i. e. Gentlemen *Monks* The Author ridicules the *Benedictins* and *Bernardins*, who aſſume the Title of *Dom*, (from *Dominus*,) as if they were all Gentlemen.

The End of the Third Volume.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM